

Australian PENT

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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SEPTEMBER 1985

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WANT

CRIME:
THE PLIGHT OF
AUSTRALIANS
IN FOREIGN
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SPORT:
SPAIN'S
AMAZING
MIDGET
MATADORS

PROFILE:
KEITH
WILLIAMS,
KING OF
HAMILTON
ISLAND

INVESTIGATION:
INSIDE THE
ORANGE
PEOPLE

WIN A
SOUTH
PACIFIC
CRUISE
FOR TWO!

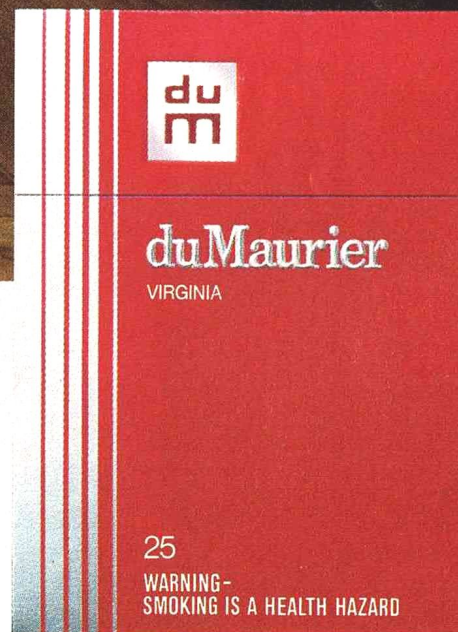
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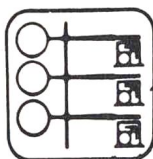
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Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 6 No 9/September 1985



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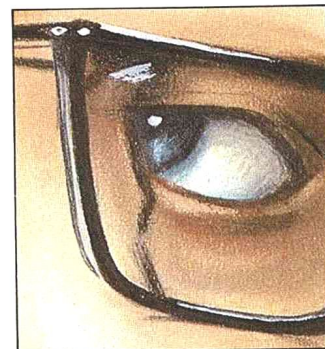
Behind Foreign Bars



Rancho Rajneesh



Fantasy Island



Steve's Birthday

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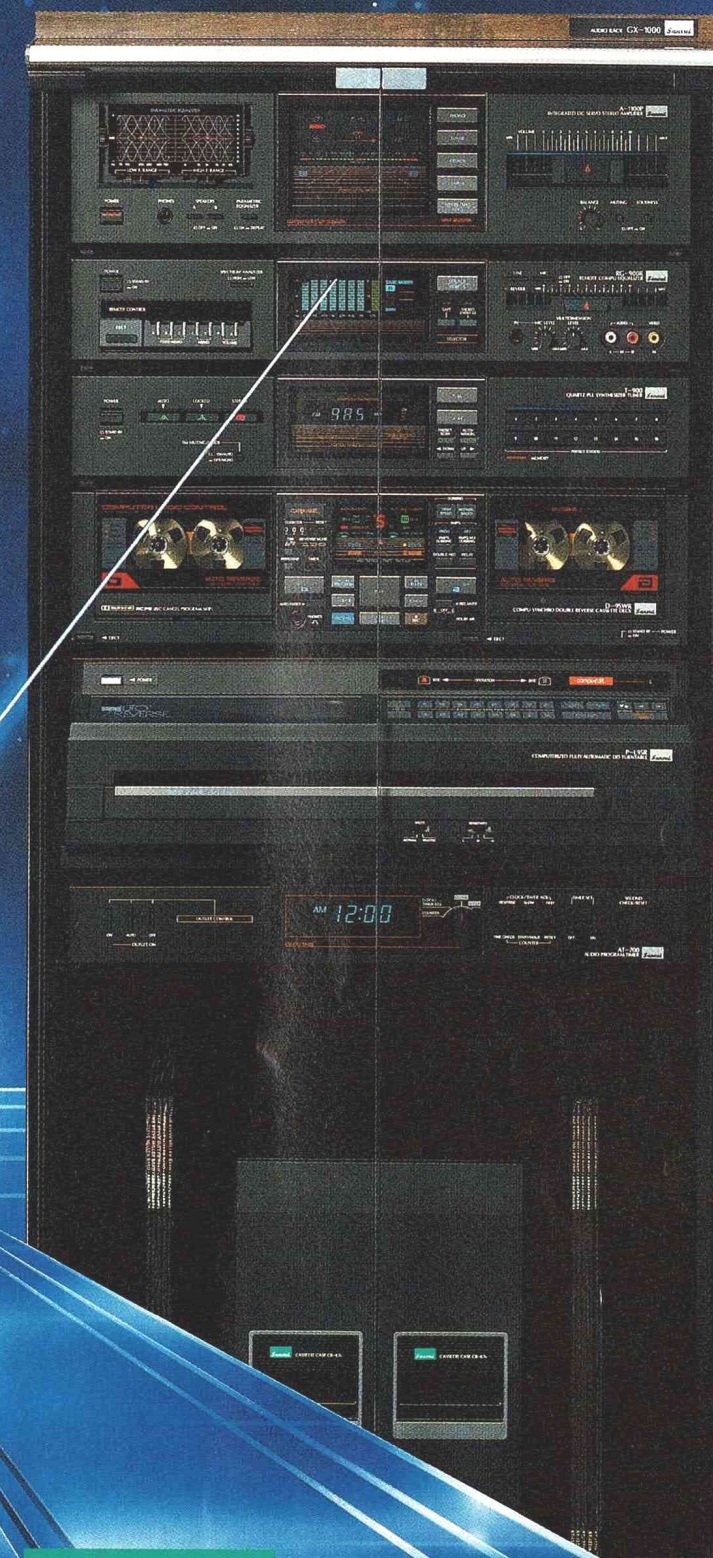
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PUBLISHERS

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144.

ADVERTISING OFFICES

Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex: AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 957 1814.

DISTRIBUTORS

Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd; Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD

(US edition)

Bob Guccione (Chairman); Kathy Keeton (Vice-chairman); David J. Myerson (Chief Operating Officer); Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer); John Evans (Senior Vice President/Foreign Editor)

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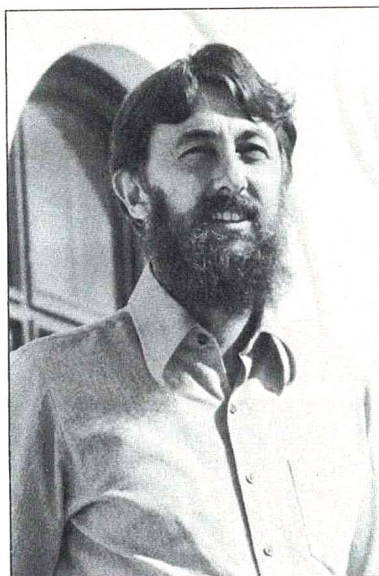
EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831.

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Brazil: Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; Germany: Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; Japan: Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; Spain: Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; United Kingdom: Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Harbours, London E14 9PB, England.

SEPTEMBER



MUNGO MACCALLUM



FRANTS KANTOR



NIGEL BUCHANAN



GRAEME ORR



FRANK ROBSON

HOUSECALL

PET OF THE MONTH

When you feast your eyes on the centre pages you'll agree that our September Pet of the Month, Sydney's Julie Mulherin, is pretty special. American photographer Stephen Hicks spent a month Down Under photographing a selection of stunning local girls and you'll see more of his efforts in the next few months. Hicks' photographs of Julie, shot in the Whitsunday Islands, set a new standard of excellence for the *Australian Penthouse* Pet of the Month. Be prepared for a breathtaking pictorial.

WHAT MEN WANT

Do men like being seduced? Do they lust after younger women? Do they always initiate on-the-job affairs, or are women more likely to be the culprits these days? To find out how the rest of the male sex is coping with the pace of events on the sexual front, turn to page 58 for the surprising results of an exclusive *Penthouse* survey compiled by Brigitte Nioche and illustrated by Yosuke Ohnishi.

BEHIND FOREIGN BARS

Thinking of indulging your wildest drug fantasies, or maybe dabbling in a bit of innocent drug smuggling, on your next overseas jaunt? You'd better think again. The records show that a lot of Australians are harboring the dangerous delusion that they'll be dealt with leniently by overseas authorities because they happen to come from a civilised country. As Graeme Orr's article points out, nothing could be further from the truth. Nigel Buchanan's illustration begins that story on page 34.

FANTASY ISLAND

A few days before the mystery fire, Frank Robson went to Hamilton Island in search of God — otherwise known as Keith Wil-

liams, creator of the new \$250 million antipodean playground of the rich and famous. Frank found God, and the experience was indeed a revelation. Turn to page 78 for an hilarious glimpse into the future of dedicated snobbery in Australia. Frants Kantor supplied the illustration.

RANCHO RAJNEESH

Rancho Rajneesh is the biggest, the richest and by far the strangest commune in America. The followers of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh are under siege in the USA, as they were in India before the Perfect Master bailed out of his ashram, described by some as a "classic den of iniquity", in order to escape tax difficulties. Now the Rajneeshes are arming themselves with machine guns and assault rifles in preparation for what they see as the beginning of a civil war. Mark Christensen details the weird goings-on down at the ranch. That story starts on page 52.

MINI MATADORS

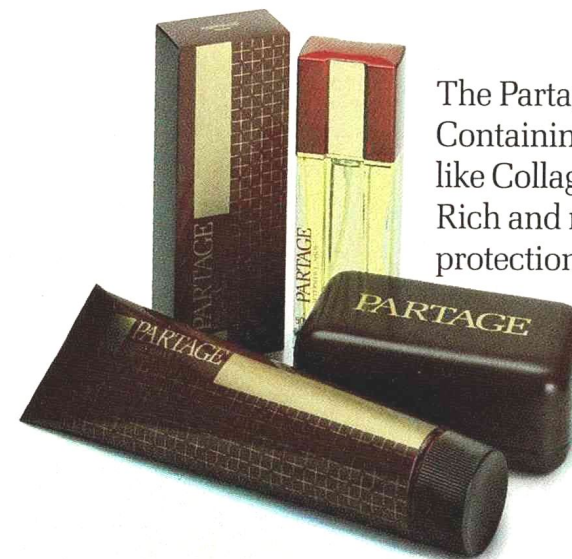
In Spain today there are 30 dwarves who make a mockery of their cruel deformities by stabbing bulls to death for the amusement of bloodthirsty audiences. The machismo of the midget matadors is captured in words by Tim McGirk and photos by Christopher Pillitz, beginning on 86.

CLYDE HOLDING INTERVIEW

The Aboriginal Affairs portfolio has been a graveyard for ministers on both sides of federal politics since its inception in the Sixties. And yet Clyde Holding actually asked for the job. Mungo MacCallum's interview with the tough, cynical and often abrasive Holding reveals a profoundly idealistic social reformer beneath the surface armor. The interview, accompanied by a Bill Erington photo, is on page 116. ☐



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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Logicbusters

I bought your June issue initially on the strength of the article on life extension, Deathbusters. Something about the lunacy of these supposedly venerable scientists really tickles my fancy. I just can't believe men of such wealth and standing should be trying so hard to invent ways to extend their lives in such pathetic ways.

Why don't these nongs put their energy into extending the lives of those taken from the Earth prematurely? There's no riddle about car accidents and heroin, and plenty of room for those sort of extravagant budgets to go toward averting such carnage. — *John Fleming, Auckland, NZ*

Sea for yourself

Aboard a mate's yacht on the weekend — as we lay at anchor off an uninhabited island in the Whitsunday Passage, setting sun going down on a perfectly still afternoon — I grabbed a drink, June *Penthouse*, heaved a sigh, and thought again that this must be paradise.

One look at Katie Ryan and I had to reassess; the setting could only be complete with her at my helm. — *Captain Jim, Caloundra, Qld*

Your June Pet Of The Month Katie Ryan personified my idea of the perfect Australian woman. Tall, tanned, statuesque and blonde she may be, but the element I found most alluring was the aura of self-assurance and open sexual confidence she radiated. She struck me as a woman not to be meddled with unless you're prepared to give her your best shot. It's a rare woman who can convey those signals to me on the strength of a photograph. Ms Ryan is, indeed, something special. — *J.R.L., South Perth, WA*

Sexpert knowledge

I consider myself a trivia sexpert after reading the Trivial Sex quiz in the June issue. We wasted hours at work firing questions back and forward at each other last week. A few of the office deviates, both male and female, surprised me with the extent of their grasp of such matters. Never underestimate the diverse talents of public servants!

However, we did find one error regarding the length of John Holmes' old fella. Big John may have gone down in history (as well as numerous other places) for the size of his member, but the length you printed



Katie Ryan... anchors away

was stretching things a bit too far. All the same, the quiz was a lot of fun. — *Ray Frost, Melbourne, Vic*

For further office entertainment check out *Totally Tasteless Trivia* in this month's *Loose Ends* section. — *Ed*

Hugh Batters, author of *Trivial Sex* (June *Penthouse*), contends that 90 percent of everything we see, hear or do is meaningless. A cursory reading of the magazine in which Batters' article appeared convinced me he's right. — *J.P.J., Armidale, NSW*

How I missed the joke

I got a kick out of reading the humor story 1943 — How I Missed The War in the June issue. The writer Colin Bowles dredged up a few chestnuts that they were probably cracking around the bonfire when Fred Flintstone was a lad, but the story gave me a good chuckle nonetheless. More humor articles in future magazines, please. — *A. Percival, Randwick, NSW*

1943 — How I Missed The War came close to being the biggest load of cocky cack I've ever read anywhere. When it comes to humor I'm fully aware that you can't please all the people all the time, but I'd come to expect a fresher brand of gags from *Penthouse*. If writer Colin Bowles performed that piece as a stand-up routine he'd be booed off stage at a convention

for the deaf. If he changed his name to Bowles he'd make a good opening act at any dunny in Australia. — *Name withheld by request*

The Candy Apple

I seldom write letters of appreciation to magazines, though I have been known to thunder off the odd critical note if something shits me severely. I'm making an exception to commend you on the publication of the erotic paintings by Blair Dawson under the title of *The Candy Apple*.

I subscribe to a wide variety of general interest magazines, including *Australian Penthouse* — for both its editorial and pictorial content. The decision to use the work of an erotic artist was seen by me as a bold one, as the appreciation of all kinds of art is such a subjective field, with appreciation of eroticism being perhaps the most personal. It is no doubt for this reason that no other Australian men's magazine has published such a portfolio. I look forward to seeing further features in forthcoming issues. — *Allan Compton, Adelaide, SA*

Case in point

Your first pictorial in the June issue, a lady by the name of Angela, reckons she could be my boss one day. All I can say to that is: long live the revolution. I can think of nothing I'd like better. On the subject of pictorials, I reckon *Penthouse* is showing a definite improvement in that area lately: more girls, better shots, and an element of fantasy just to get the juices flowing a little faster. The Katie Ryan centrefold in June *Penthouse* was a case in point. What a way to wind down after a hard day at the office! Keep up the good work, *Penthouse*. — *Paul Williams, Penrith, NSW*

Shock value

Congratulations on the stunning pictorial, entitled *Shock Value*, in your May edition. As long as *Penthouse* continues to feature such beautiful ladies as Danuta Wycoff, I'll remain an avid subscriber. I have one minor criticism of photographer John Copeland, though. I feel the excessive use of diffusion filters in that pictorial detracted from its overall effect.

Once again, Frank Robson really caught a live one with Clayton Crowe. Clayton's *Commandments* was really like a shot in the arm for battlers like me. — *Brad Palmer, Collinsville, Qld* ☐

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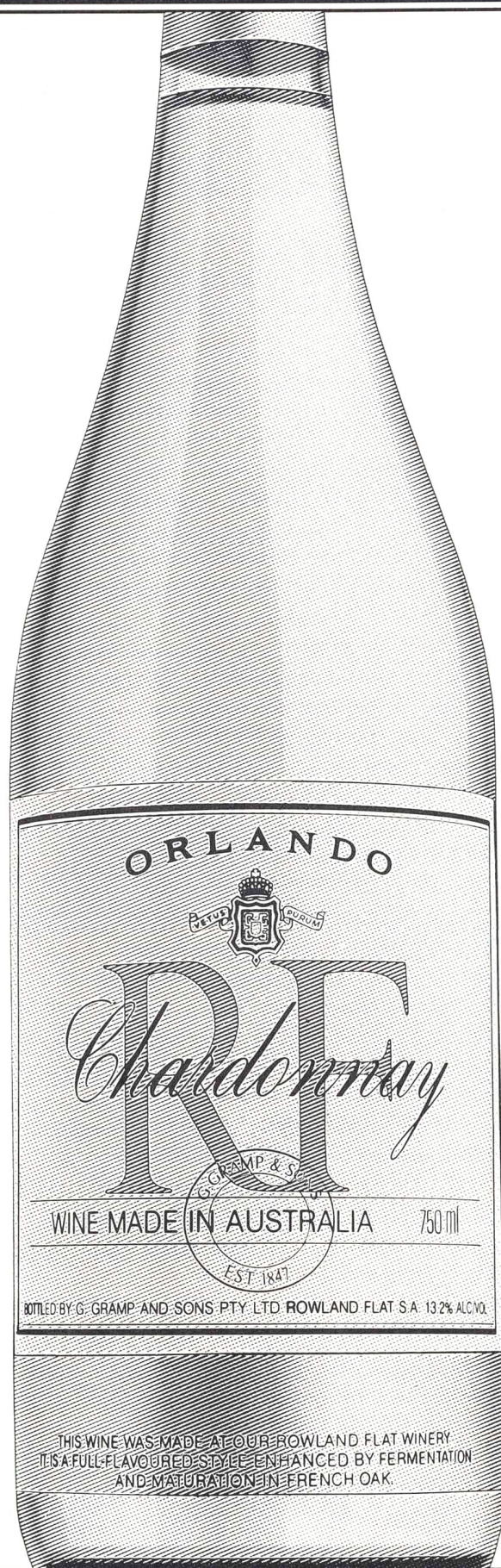
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* The 1985 Dr. Henry John Lindeman Memorial Perpetual Prize for the best Chablis or White Burgundy in older vintage and aged vintage open classes.
† The 1985 Champion Chablis/White Burgundy Prize for the best Chablis/White Burgundy exhibited in the open classes.
‡ The 1985 Arthur Kelman Memorial Medal for the champion Chablis.

Orlando RF Chardonnay

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Out of this world

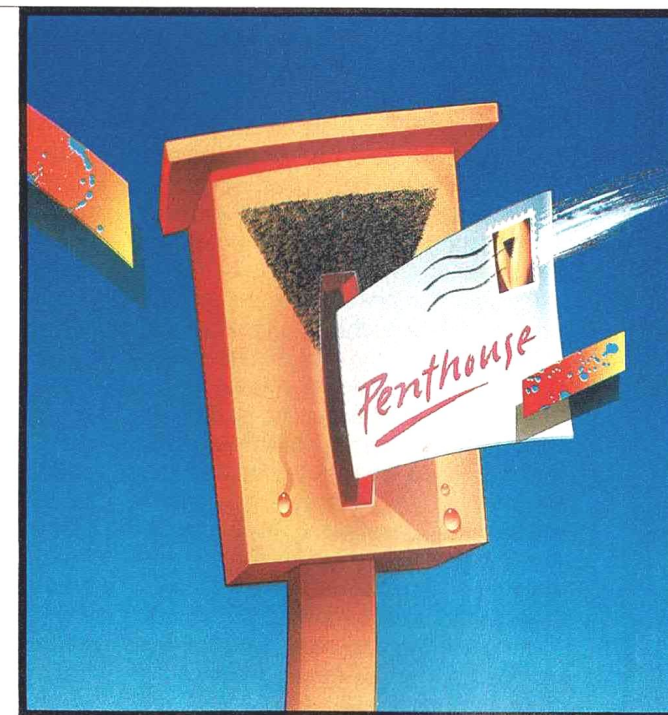
For three wonderful years I have been a loving, dutiful mistress to a man almost twice my age. Charles is everything a girl could want in a man: educated, attractive, financially secure, patient and protective. I doubt there is anything Charles could ask of me that I would not give gladly. In my favorite and wildest sexual fantasy I envision Charles as my lord and me a spirited young woman learning to please him totally, body and soul.

We are light years away from the present, upon a forbidden planet — a savage, feral world of incessant warfare. Here, the vanquished mercenaries are immediately slain and their women and children, boys and girls alike, are captured and taught to serve the victors.

Charles has brought me here to complete my own training as his slave, and no place in all the galaxies is better suited to his purpose. For who on this forbidden planet would pay the slightest attention to a slave girl crying out under the lash? And none would find it strange to see her naked and in shackles, chained to the stirrup of her owner as he rides through the busy streets.

So here I must call him "my lord" and wear his collar about my neck. On my knees, I serve wine to him and his guests, and I dance the wild, erotic tarantella before them, clad, if at all, in the sheerest of veils. Yes, here upon this barbaric world I am nothing but a naked, defenceless dancing girl, and this complete enslavement has affected me strangely. At first, of course, I was horrified at the depravity and discipline imposed upon me. But I also found myself becoming a thousandfold more conscious of my femininity, my sexuality, and now I'm more vibrant, more sensual and more impassioned than I would have dreamed possible. Oh yes, I muse to myself, I'm certainly learning the role of slave girl.

These reveries are interrupted by a call from my master, who smiles upon me, kisses me lightly and then gently presses me to my knees before him. Of course I know at once what is expected of me, and I part his robe to reach hungrily for his warm flesh. Even as I enclose his rod within my



mouth, I remind myself of his dictates that I must kiss and lick and suck him with infinite respect and patience to prolong his enjoyment. But I immediately become aroused as I feel his organ growing big and hard between my lips, and I thirst for the taste of his semen spurting over my tongue. And so it is that I again forget myself and am soon sucking him with passion, my head bobbing avidly up and down.

He immediately grasps my hair and pulls my head up with a painful yank. "Can't you ever learn, slave?" he growls and slaps me hard across both cheeks. Still clutching my hair, he turns to a slave page waiting in attendance and gruffly tells him to strip off his kilt-like garment and stretch out on the nearby couch. Puzzled and frightened, the lad quickly obeys.

Charles leads me across the room by the hair and forces me to kneel beside the prone figure. "You're to keep that cock of his in your mouth for half an hour," he tells me. "See to it that his prick is erect the entire time, but if he climaxes in less than 30 minutes, you'll be flogged. And then you can try again tomorrow and the day after that, until you finally learn to suck cock slowly and patiently. Now get to it!"

I am stunned at the order. Only the stable sluts and field girls are shameless enough to be intimate with enslaved men. It's the ultimate disgrace, and there are

tears in my eyes as I bend forward to obey. As I timidly bring his penis to my lips, I feel my master's hand pressing upon my head, forcing me to accept it deep in my mouth. I hear the young man moan with pleasure, and in just moments, his prong begins to swell and grow until it seems to fill my mouth completely. I quickly withdraw my lips before he can climax, and for some time I merely lick the plumlike knob in order to keep him aroused.

Perversely, though, I too become excited at the thought of the lewd scene we present, and I gently draw him into my mouth again. Suddenly with no warning at all, he groans and thrusts his hips, and then my mouth is filled to overflowing with his pearly cream. I'm terrified, for I know I've failed the test, and I

plead with my master to forgive me, but I know it's useless. I'm flogged severely and thrown naked into my cold, hard cell with only gruel and water to sustain me.

The same scene is repeated the next day. And again I fail, for without my expecting it, the lad suddenly gasps and spurts into my mouth as one spasm follows another. And again I'm whipped and locked away. It's in the solitude of my cell that I realise what a fool I've been — the youth has deliberately been misleading me! He's cleverly hidden the extent of his arousal because he *wants* me to fail so he may have the scenario repeated, to his delight, day after day. I'm determined to avenge myself.

My determination falters the next day, when I find that Charles has been joined by a friend to witness my disgrace. The two of them discuss the erotic drama with the bawdiest of words. But I'm determined to even the score, and so I secretly scratch and bite the lad, squeeze and pinch him incessantly. He squirms about, of course, even cries out now and then, but he dares not speak without permission, so my master and his friend think he's driven by passion rather than pain. I smile spitefully and stick my tongue out at him when a half hour has passed without an orgasm. Then still kneeling, head bowed, I turn to Charles and meekly whisper, "Now may this slave pleasure her master?"



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The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

He smiles, but seems to feel that hospitality requires him to first offer my lips and tongue to his guest. Of course he cares not at all how I feel about being loaned out like a library book, to be opened and paged through by others. And so I carefully, slowly, respectfully draw upon this alien member for some time. Finally he turns to Charles and says, "You've certainly trained this slave beautifully. She sucks a cock as well as any wench on this planet." And how do I react to this vulgar comment? I beam with pride like a silly schoolgirl who's just received a gold star for deportment! For my master is now pleased with me and pats my head as I again slowly lower my lips until the hairs at his friend's loins tickle my nose.

My many fantasy voyages to my forbidden planet delight me no end. I can actually see myself as the cringing, naked slave girl who is used as her master wishes. Perhaps one day, here on the planet Earth, I will be able to demonstrate my devotion to Charles through total subservience. After all, thanks to my fantasy, I have become quite adept at satisfying his needs. — *Name and address withheld*

Love in the afternoon

I'm a 23-year-old male who loves to masturbate while watching the lovely female contestants play *The New Price Is Right* on TV. It really gets me hot when they jump up and down in the aisles and then jiggle their tits all the way to "contestant's row."

When a really gorgeous brunette with a healthy set of knockers gives the host a hug, I *really* envy him. The women seem to love him, especially the fantastic models who smile and extend their pretty hands towards the luxurious showcase prizes. I'll bet they're good in the sack. They certainly are in my dreams.

First, I stroke my cock slowly but steadily as the show goes on. It's such a pleasant feeling to work up slowly.

About three quarters of the way through the show, I start to pick up speed, stopping periodically to catch my breath. By the time I feel the flow of come beginning its rapid shoot, the bids for the grand prize showcase are beginning.

I start to stroke furiously until my hand is nothing more than a blur between my tense legs. I let out an ecstatic moan and press another pillow between my thighs and bite my lower lip. When Ian Turpie chirps, "A brand new car!!!" I go nuts. It's like simultaneous orgasm. — *Name and address withheld*

Dead boring

It had started innocently enough. I met her at a party one Friday night in April about three years ago. She wore a baggy white top, and so at first I did not realise

she had nice big tits. There was something about her — her smile perhaps — that I was immediately attracted to. She introduced herself as Lydia and bowed her head slightly while sexily glancing up into my eyes. After telling her my name, I offered to get her another beer. She readily accepted. I have never seen a woman gun down a tinnie so quickly; I had barely touched mine meanwhile. I volunteered to get her another. Again she consented, and again she guzzled it down so fast that a little of it trickled down the side of her mouth. The sight of her drinking like that was a turn-on and she knew it. We repeated this scenario a few more times during which the alcohol appeared to have little or no effect on her. But I, who had resumed drinking in order to keep her company, managed to obtain a fairly substantial buzz. I didn't understand how she could drink so much and not get drunk.

Not long after we had finished another beer, we went out on the dance floor and boogied to some old rock. When a couple of slow songs came on, we rubbed our crotches together, which gave me a pounding, very noticeable hard-on. Lydia's breasts pressed firmly up against my chest. I wanted nothing more than to take her back to my place, rip off all of her clothes and handcuff her to the bed. I imagined what it would be like to have her naked flesh subject to my every whim — I would tease her gently, pulling on her nipples and alternately exposing her body to hot candle wax and ice cubes.

But she had another idea.

"Let's go for a walk," she said.

Great, I said to myself. "Anywhere in particular?" I asked as we left the party.

She didn't answer, but once we were outside, she took my hand and led me down a nearby overgrown path by the river. It was a peaceful evening. The stars were out and the moon was full. We continued in silence, but after winding our way through bushes and weeds for a while, she stopped and embraced me. First she dug her long, meticulously manicured nails into the flesh of my neck and back, and then she tugged on my hair. I kissed her hard, darting my tongue in and out of her mouth while caressing and squeezing her arse. I thought for sure I was going to blow my load right then and there. It was great. But then she stopped and pushed me away.

"Not here," she pleaded and she led me further along the path. I could hear the water spilling over the dam and an occasional cicada chirping away. It soon became apparent to me where we were heading — the graveyard! Having always been superstitious, I grew increasingly nervous as we approached the rusty front gate. Naturally, it creaked when she opened it, and my heart sank when she slammed it shut behind us.

"C'mon," she said, giggling, "there's nothing to be afraid of." Meanwhile images from lurid horror tales ran through my

alarmed mind. Not a soul was around, which was not surprising. Who did I expect to see at three o'clock in the morning in a desolate old cemetery? I was literally shaking and wondering what kind of nut I had picked up at the party.

She clasped my hand tight, as if to make sure that I would not escape. I could distinguish numerous gravestones silhouetted against the moonlit sky as we persevered along the road, which was now merely two tyre ruts. I wondered how many hearses had travelled this route. At the point where the road started to curve back around, we veered on to a much narrower and less used path that had become overgrown with foliage from years of neglect. I honestly thought I was going to be murdered and mutilated before long, and I have no idea what kept me from tearing my hand out of her grasp and running for my life.

Finally, Lydia stopped in front of a crumbling gravestone that was about three feet high. She quickly removed her jumper and draped it over the top of the grave, thereby covering the name that was engraved on it. I may have seen bigger, better-formed boobs, but I cannot remember when. These were monsters. Before I had an opportunity to play with and torment them, she was on her knees unfastening my belt and unzipping my fly. My pants were completely off in no time. She ran her fingers underneath my balls while she took all six and a half inches of my cock down her throat. Her nose nestled in my pubic hair; she used her tongue to manipulate the sensitive areas of my prick. Almost forgetting where we were, I started breathing harder and quicker. Soon I was completely oblivious to the bleak, shadowy trees in the background and totally lost in the rapture of a beautiful blowjob. Oh God, it was good. I get off just thinking about it now. Soon I began coming, some of my jism spilling from her mouth on to her face and tits. She greedily swallowed as much as she could and smeared some of the excess on to her breasts.

In a matter of seconds, as she stood up and unsnapped and unzipped her skintight jeans, Lydia had me rock-hard again. Slowly, she slid them down over her wide hips, her firm thighs, her ankles and on to the ground. She was not wearing any panties, and I stared at her dark, fuzzy bush.

"Fuck me now," she said dropping down on all fours with her head facing the gravestone.

I did not need a second invitation! As I jammed my rod into her tight, wet hole from behind, her left hand clutched the top of the grave for balance. She began moaning and let out a yell, which nearly freaked me out. Next thing I knew, scenes from *The Howling* were flashing across my feverish brain. I feared a hand would reach up from the grave and grab me or that Lydia would twist her head completely around and smile at me. Total paranoia forced me to pump her harder and faster, just to get it

over with. I swear I even heard the wind calling my name. I was scared shitless and held on to her breasts for security. Finally, after what seemed like hours, I had the best climax of my life, after which we lost no time getting the hell out of there! To this day, that weird fucking session in the cemetery has been my ultimate sexual experience.

Much to my disappointment, I have not seen nor heard from Lydia since that night, and in spite of my curiosity, I've never had the balls to go back to the graveyard and check the name on the gravestone. — *Name and address withheld*

Office politics

I am 39 years old and have been happily married for 18 years. I am 5' 6" tall, my eyes are green, my hair is short and dark. My tits are small, but I think they have a nice shape, and I have very large nipples. My arse is very firm and nicely rounded, but my legs are my best asset, long and nicely shaped.

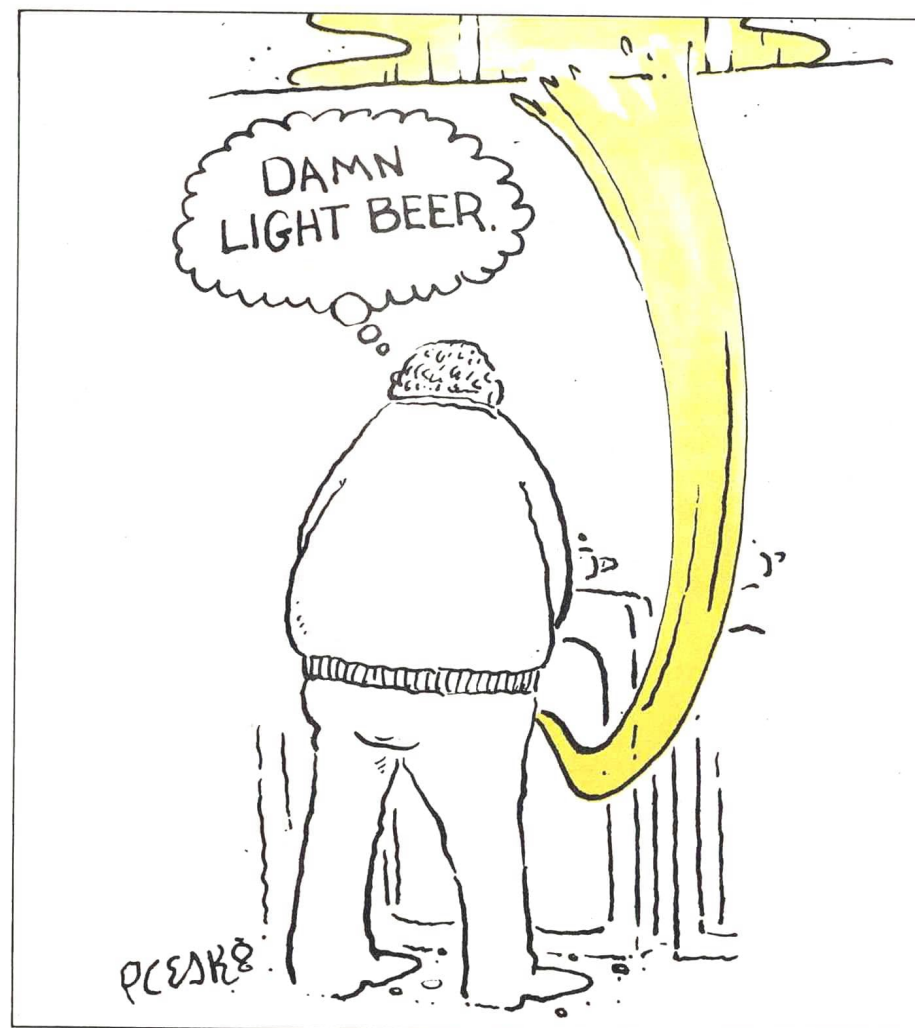
Two years ago I took a job in an office and quickly became friends with Steve. He was a lot of fun to be around and I enjoyed the attention he paid me. He was constantly trying to steal a peek up my skirt or giving me a pat on my arse when I passed him, and I rather enjoyed teasing him. One day I wore a suspender belt and stockings to work. That afternoon I had the chance to give him a clear view all the way up my skirt. When I saw the look on his face I

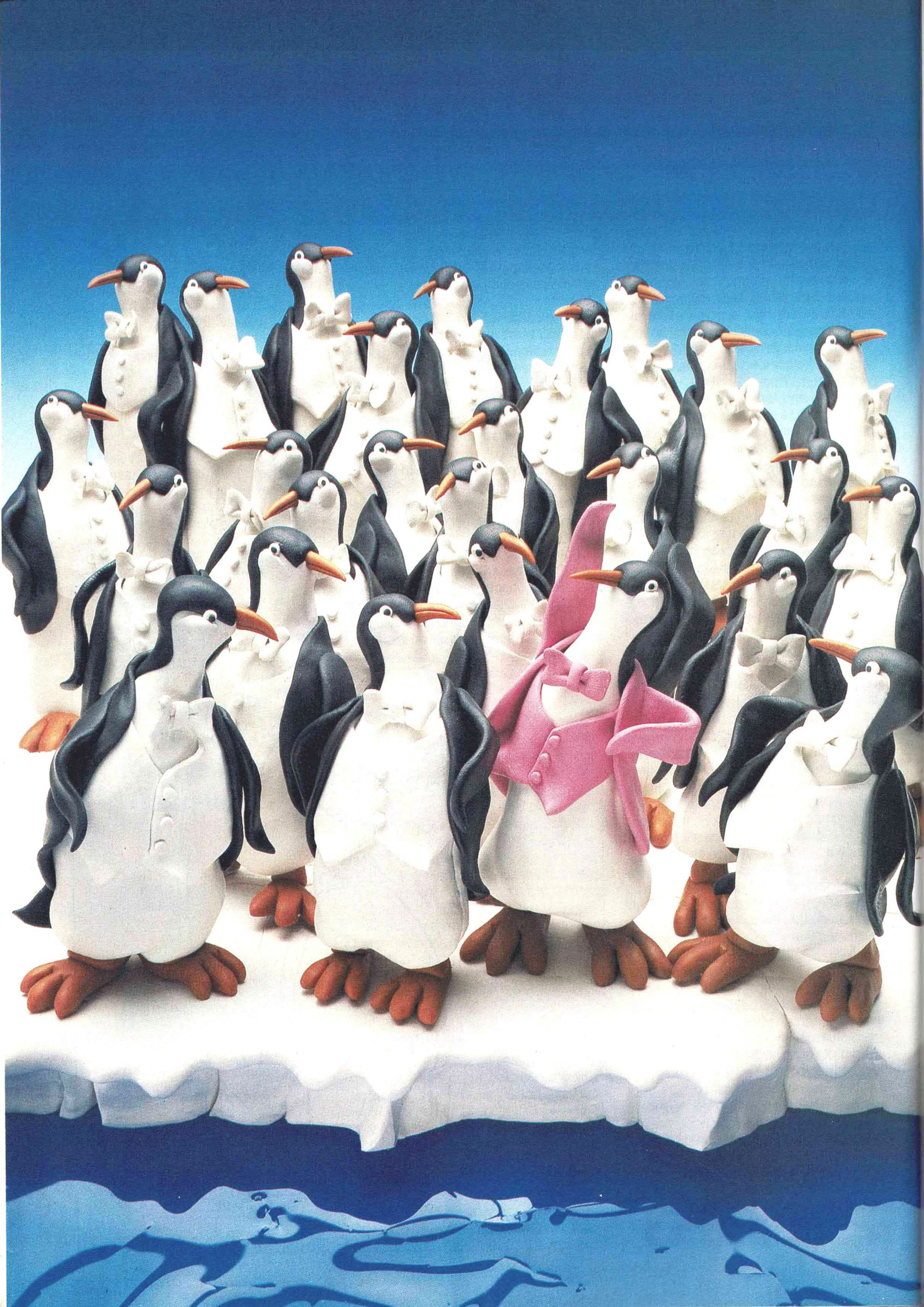
knew I had gone a little too far.

Later in the day I found myself alone with Steve in his office. He slipped his hand under my skirt and reached the tops of my stockings before I could stop him. That night I was still hot after my husband made love to me. After he went to sleep I lay there feeling myself up. I found myself thinking about Steve and wondering what it would be like to let him fuck me. The idea brought me to a shattering orgasm!

Over the next few weeks Steve became more aggressive in his advances. He kept trying to talk me into going out with him. I let him kiss me and run his hands over my legs and tits. Eventually I was letting him feel me up, but I still had no intention of putting out to him. One morning I had to go out on business. As I got in the car I saw Steve coming toward me. He slipped in beside me, took my hand in his and pulled it to his crotch. He had a hard-on, and I suddenly realised just how big it was. He slipped his hand under my skirt and started feeling me up. When Steve asked when I was going to let him fuck me I told him I was taking the next day off, and that I would be home alone all day. Steve told me he would see me at noon.

When he walked into the house he took me into his arms and started kissing me. I let him undress me, then led him into the bedroom. We stood kissing while I helped him out of his clothes, then I felt his hands on my shoulders, urging me to kneel be-





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fore him. I had never sucked my husband's cock, but I didn't hesitate to take Steve's prick into my mouth. I couldn't believe how much I enjoyed it, especially when he pulled me down on the bed in a 69 position and I felt him licking my cunt!

Steve ate me until I was on the verge of coming. When he turned around I was begging him to put it in me. I started coming as soon as he drove his cock up my cunt. I put my legs around him and I was fucking him more than he was giving it to me. I would guess he screwed me for close to half an hour, and I made it at least three times.

It seemed as though we spent most of the afternoon with his cock either in my pussy or in my mouth, and I let him come in my mouth. Maybe it was the newness of the experience, but I became a cock-sucking convert. Most of the time we were just laying back with his cock in my cunt while we talked and played around.

I have been putting out to Steve at least once or twice a week since then. At times we work back and fuck in the office. From time to time my husband is gone overnight and Steve sleeps with me. There is no "love" between us but we are very good friends, and I look forward to every fucking he can give me. — Ann A., Rockdale, NSW

The wild ones

For many years I'd always had a low opinion of motorcycle freaks, because of the Hell's Angels stereotype. But last year I changed my mind — a lady's prerogative, right?

My best friend Julie and I took a drive in my Kombi into the mountains last spring. After we'd set up camp, I looked out and saw two big guys on bikes pulling into the campsite next to ours. I turned to Julie and fearfully said that we ought to move before those guys tried to rape us. Julie suggested that we wait a while to see if they'd move, but they didn't and by then we were too tired to find a new campsite before dark. When we stepped out, it was obvious that the blokes hadn't expected to have two sexy chicks camped next door because they both stopped in their tracks. Julie introduced herself and me, and we found out that their names were Doug and Eric. Doug, a tall, strong blond with blue eyes, was toggled out from head to toe in jet-black leather, which glistened and rippled when he moved his beautiful, muscular body. Darker and with very rugged features, Eric was also tall and strong. He wore a tan jacket, brown riding breeches and tan knee boots.

Julie and I wanted to get to know them better, and so when they asked if we'd like to go riding with them, we jumped at the chance. Then Doug told us that we'd have to put on some leather before going rid-

ing, to protect our beautiful bods. Since he put it that way, we could hardly disagree. They had extra jackets with them and leather chaps that we were able to put on over our jeans.

In a few minutes we were all set. I slid down on to the bike saddle behind Doug and soon realised that I'd be pretty well jammed up against his arse. Before long I was holding on for dear life, and I began to appreciate the sensation of gripping him through his leather suit, which made me feel as if I were stroking his nude body. About then we rounded a turn and were leaning into the curve; I ended up grabbing Doug below the belt to keep my balance and was excited to learn that he was just as turned on as I was. His big cock was straining against the leather. I stroked the ample bulge and wished wildly that I could get my hand inside his tight jeans. By now the crotch of my jeans was becoming wet from my pussy juices. Not only did I have this big, handsome guy locked in my arms, but also the motorcycle was vibrating under me like a huge electric dildo.

Soon we reached the mountaintop and stopped to rest. The guys spread out their sleeping bags. Then Doug, giving me a piercing look, said, "Why don't you girls take off your regular clothes and then put the leathers back on? Leather isn't just good for biking, you know. Besides, you'll find it's a tough chick who can take what we're about to give you. When we fuck, it's

as physical as that run up the mountain was, but you both look like you can handle it and maybe dish out a little rough and tumble of your own." They helped us out of our clothes, and I ended up wearing only a waist-length jacket, a pair of chaps belted tight at my waist (leaving my tail and crotch all exposed for Doug to play with) and a pair of knee boots. Julie wore the same things, except that she had on a vest instead of a jacket.

Doug and Eric, obviously excited by our outfits, began to fondle us feverishly. By the time Doug finally let me pull his cock out of his leather pants, we were both ready to explode. He took me down in almost a footie tackle on the rocky, dirty hilltop and rode me like a wild man. Finally he thrust one deep last time into my cunt, and we both exploded in a thundering climax.

Eric and Julie were still at it meanwhile. He had mounted her from the rear, grinding her bare nipples into the rocky ground as he plunged against her backside. She was shrieking hysterically, but obviously out of passion, not pain. I was turned on again by now, so Doug laid me down across his motorcycle and mounted me from behind. Then he lifted me up and let me sit on his pulsing tool, pushing me forward so that my breasts dangled on either side of the petrol tank. He began to hump me as if this were the last fuck he'd ever have. It seemed the more Doug got, the rougher he wanted to play. I was glad that

I was wearing the leather, because he was almost brutal in the way he handled me. It wasn't exactly S&M, I guess, but it was the closest I ever came to it, and it wasn't bad at all!

That night we went back to the camper and slept together, but the next morning Doug and Eric were up and packing before Julie and I were quite awake. Doug asked me if I wanted to come with him, but I foolishly decided that I should return to my job in town. It was the best sex I've ever had in my life, and if I ever run into a bikie again, I won't be so quick to pass any negative judgment; I'll just grab him and never let him go. — Name and address withheld

Artistic licence

I am an attractive 27-year-old graphic arts designer. It has always been my policy to keep my personal and professional lives separate. This has not been too hard to do, because until last autumn I was the only person under 45 in the small public relations firm where I work.

Then my bosses announced that a new partner was joining us. I suspected that this successful consultant was about the same age and physical makeup as the other partners. So you can imagine my surprise when I found a slender man of about 35 unpacking boxes. Jack is single, interesting and sexy in a Woody Allen way. Within a few weeks I found myself actively fan-

tasising about my new boss. I knew that when the opportunity came I would try to seduce him.

A few weeks later, Jack asked me to give a presentation to one of his regular clients. When I told him that it would be my first, he offered to help me to get ready. Several days later we agreed to come back to the office after dinner, so Jack could go over the presentation with me. Realising that this was my chance, I put on tight jeans and, minus a bra, left the top four buttons on my silk blouse open.

When I got to the office, Jack was sitting on the couch reading part of the text we were writing. He glanced over the top of the page when I entered, then did a double take when I removed my jacket. I tried to play it cool, as if I let my tits hang out all the time, but I wasn't very convincing. Jack called my bluff, observing that I wasn't dressed for work. He asked why I was dressed the way I was, and I blurted out that he turned me on!

I crossed the room, shedding my blouse as I went. He reached up and pulled me on to his lap, and we kissed while he massaged my tits. Somehow we managed to undress each other. Jack's cock was a good eight inches long. He eased me on to the floor and started kissing his way from my nipples down to my dripping pussy. I was sighing and shivering by the time he finally reached my clit. Within seconds I was having one of the best orgasms of my



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life.

When I recovered, Jack climbed on top of me, slid his cock into my pussy and fucked me to another orgasm. Then he pulled out, rolled me over and took me doggy-style. I was having a great time letting him play with my tits and nipples while he pumped into my pussy. We were getting closer and closer to coming when we heard noises in the hall. Whoever it was didn't enter the office, but we realised that it wasn't safe to continue fucking there.

Looking down at his still-hard eight inches of love muscle, I suggested that we head over to my apartment. Jack was in no condition to object. We quickly dressed and left. Fifteen minutes later we were at my house. As we headed into the bedroom, I told Jack that he could do everything that turned him on. A moment later we were both naked, but I noticed that Jack was still holding on to his necktie. All he said was, "Turn around", and when I did he tied my wrists behind my back. He lowered me to my knees, then turned and walked into the living room. I followed on my knees, wondering what fun and games were in store for me.

When I crawled into the living room, I found Jack sitting in an easy chair, his cock standing at full attention and waiting for me. Knowing what he wanted, I opened my

mouth and swallowed as much of him as I could. I kept my head bobbing up and down as he moaned with pleasure. He steered my willing mouth with one hand and massaged my breasts with the other. After a few minutes of this, he pulled out of my mouth and told me he wanted to tit fuck me. Playing my submissive role to the hilt, I told him that he could do anything he wanted.

Jack went to get some hand lotion, and when he returned he had me get on my back on the carpet. Jack is obviously a tit man. He delighted in kissing, sucking, biting and pinching my sensitive nipples. I knew he really wanted to put his cock between my twin peaks, so I begged him to tit-fuck me. He pumped his thick eight inches back and forth in my cleavage, clearly enjoying the combination of my soft mammarys and the gooey hand lotion. When he could stand the pleasure no more, he stuffed his cock into my mouth and pumped gobs of come down my throat. I did my best to drink it all down, but some smeared across my cheek. This seemed to turn him on more, and he finished by rubbing his sticky and still-hard cock across my face.

When he finished, he untied me and took me to bed. He fucked me through two more orgasms before we collapsed. When he pulled out, I felt like every muscle in my body and every erotic nerve had been used up. I collapsed exhausted on to the

sheets and fell asleep in no time.

That was the first of many times we have been together. At first I was afraid he would begin to take advantage of our sexual compatibility, but he has proven to be a most considerate boss, master and lover. — *Name and address withheld*

A dicky question

Can you believe that a 40-year-old woman is writing this? Admittedly, it will seem that I'm either naive or just plain dumb, but my curiosity over a certain recent incident is still driving me up the wall.

About a year ago two very attractive girls in their early twenties moved into the unit immediately next to mine. They're both awfully nice, and over the months we have become quite good friends, to the point where our units are pretty well open to one another. At first I thought they were lesbians because of their apparent devotion to each other and the obvious lack of male visitors, but now I'm not at all sure. Also, a few months ago, one of them made an obvious but thinly disguised sexual overture, and although I gracefully declined at the time, now I could just kick myself in the arse for not responding. Because since then I saw something strange that really aroused my curiosity.

To shorten a long story, about a month ago I came home from work early one day, and hearing noises next door, decided to go over for a little neighborly chitchat. Every pair of home units in our complex shares a common balcony or patio, and it's a simple matter, and convenient, to step over the low iron railing between the patios to get back and forth from each place. Anyway, that afternoon I went over as usual and, to my surprise, immediately saw what was causing the noise.

Through the sliding glass door, I could see to the far side of the living room, and there on the couch were my neighbors — one flat on her back, the other astride her and between her spread legs. And both were quite obviously enjoying an act of passionate and satisfying coitus! Heterosexual intercourse, at that!

They saw me at the very instant I saw them, and in a twinkling they were up and dashing for the bedroom door, their backs toward me so that I couldn't discern who was who. They are both about the same height and shape, with long hair of almost identical color.

However, I *did* see a fairly good-sized and erect male organ on one of them. Not a dildo either. Of that I am absolutely certain. To resolve any doubts on that score, let me also add that my arrival on their balcony apparently either coincided with, or triggered, an orgasm, for as they arose and fled, the penis was obviously spurting its ejaculate.

Embarrassed, I froze and turned to leave when one of them called out for me to stay and said that they'd be right out. Well, what could I do? I was already there; so I thought

I might just as well stick it out. And besides I was truly interested in the whitish liquid on the carpet and couch. I looked at it while I was waiting, and it was semen all right.

Sure enough, barely five minutes later they emerged, glowy of face, from the bedroom, and the three of us chatted politely for quite some time, carefully avoiding any reference to the episode. I'm sure they must have thought that what I had seen would merely make me think that they were lesbians.

How it's done, I don't know, and I'm certainly dying of curiosity to find out. There is nothing in either's voice to indicate masculinity, and although I'm not absolutely positive that I saw female breasts on both of them that day (I was looking more at the erect penis), they do wear skimpy sleeveless blouses and low cut bras, and the underarm area appears decidedly feminine. And how is the male lump disguised? They wear tight pants frequently, neither bothering to keep her legs together. Also, the curve of the rounded hip line on both is obviously female. You can't disguise that in tight pants. Hips, breasts, legs, arms, shoulders and face — nothing seems other than female. Could they be taking hormones? If so, doesn't a male's libido diminish or cease altogether with an overbalance of oestrogen? All I can say is, I'd give almost anything for the opportunity to have the sexual encounter I refused earlier. Then I'd know, or would I? — *Name and address withheld*

Filly fervor

I think that if any man were to try on a pair of pantyhose, feel the wonderful fit, the nonbinding nylon surrounding every inch of his entire lower body, he would find, as I have, that this is the most wonderful and stimulating experience he'll ever have. If you men are into great personal satisfaction and the ability to communicate with yourself, your body and others, I would think that the least you would want to do would be buy yourself several pairs of pantyhose (a \$10 investment), whether they're the support kind or fully sheer to the waist. Where is it written that men cannot possess erotic attire?

I now have about four dozen pairs of pantyhose and have expanded my lingerie wardrobe to include some of the sexiest bikini panties and briefs, in such fashionable shades as light-blue, yellow and off-white.

Fashion magazines show that these days women are wearing men's underwear, so I no longer experience guilt feelings because I enjoy the wonderful lingerie surrounding my tremendous hard-on.

My inner life is so much richer now that I've discovered what I love. And after all, it's my inner life that lies hidden in that secret place — my lingerie drawer. I suspect that millions of men would become true lovers of lingerie if only they would make that first bold purchase. — *Name and address withheld* 



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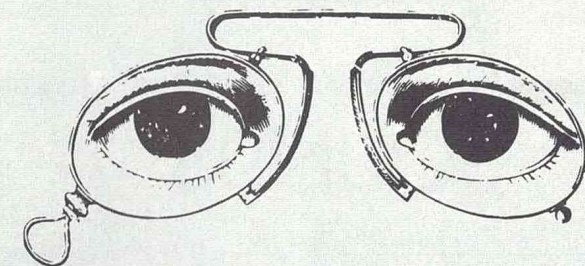


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VIEW FROM THE TOP

NEW NATIONAL PASTIMES

BY EMILY PRAGER

The modern world has brought us many things: computers, artificial implants, Prince clones. Computers have revolutionised our way of working; artificial implants, our chances of survival; and Prince clones, our view of megalomania. So many things have changed, it's only natural that out of these technological and social developments should come some new ways of playing, new ways of having fun. I like to call them New National Pastimes.

Talking On The Phone While Watching Mini-Series. Remember the old days when families would gather around the TV and watch their favorite show? That's where programmers got the phrase "family entertainment." Well, those days are over. Families don't like each other much anymore. There's drugs. And, well, you don't take drugs and watch TV with the family. It simply isn't done. In most families now there's a single parent and TV watching is hardly a group event. It is definitely a latch-key world. And one of the best new pastimes around is sitting alone in your flat watching a tawdry mini-series on TV while talking to some other single who is doing the same thing. The logistics are simple: you call during a commercial or at an explosive moment, such as when Dr Kildare screwed Rachel Ward in the mini-series *Shogun*. Fabulous! Or when Suzanne Somers got beaten up in *Hollywood Wives*. Tremendous! Or when Phoebe Cates found out who her father was in *Lace*. Diabolical! During these calls, you can talk about the costumes, slander the actors, or vilify the writers, but sometimes just squealing loudly is the most fun. My favorite line in *Hollywood Wives* went like this: "Imagine how I felt when I discovered my husband was having an affair with a woman who could sit down at a typewriter and within three or four hours come up with something meaningful. It made me feel worthless." Great!

Visiting Former Slums That Are Now Model Home Unit Complexes. There is nothing

more enjoyable for an afternoon than strolling around a former slum that, after a really dinky facelift, is now boasting glittering apartments selling at \$250,000 a shot. There is usually a model unit to be seen, and if you dress like a coke dealer, the salesperson is sure to give you the big tour. What fun it is to see an old Housing Commission flat stapled with plasterboard, butcher blocks slapped on the kitchen counters, and a shiny two-foot-long bathtub where the seven-foot claw foot once stood, now selling for 10,000 times what the rent used to be. Take in the extraordinarily ugly slate fireplace replacing the old one of marble and wood and the complete absence of decorative moldings on windows and floor-boards, and don't forget to check out the plywood doors on the built-ins as compared with the solid ones out in the garbage bin by the full-security aluminium entrance.

On your way home, count the number of corner shops, hardware stores and working men's pubs that have been forced out of business by developers. Architectural crime is a New National Pastime, too.

Attacking "Pornography" Vociferously While Beating Off To It. The

Newest National Pastime is being hysterical about pornography and attacking it nonstop, while at the same time buying it like it's going out of style. People love this, they do. How many Yuppie wives who scream about the exploitation of women have rented X-rated cassettes and watched them with their extremely upright husbands? Quite a few. It's wonderful fun to wander into a local porn palace and then declaim against it loudly at cocktail parties. The best fun, though, was during the mother and daughter period, when my colleagues and I were assaulted on a daily basis by people ranting and raving about how vile we all were, and then, when they were done, to watch as sweet smiles crept over their faces as they asked us for free copies of the issue. We loved it. Wonderful fun.

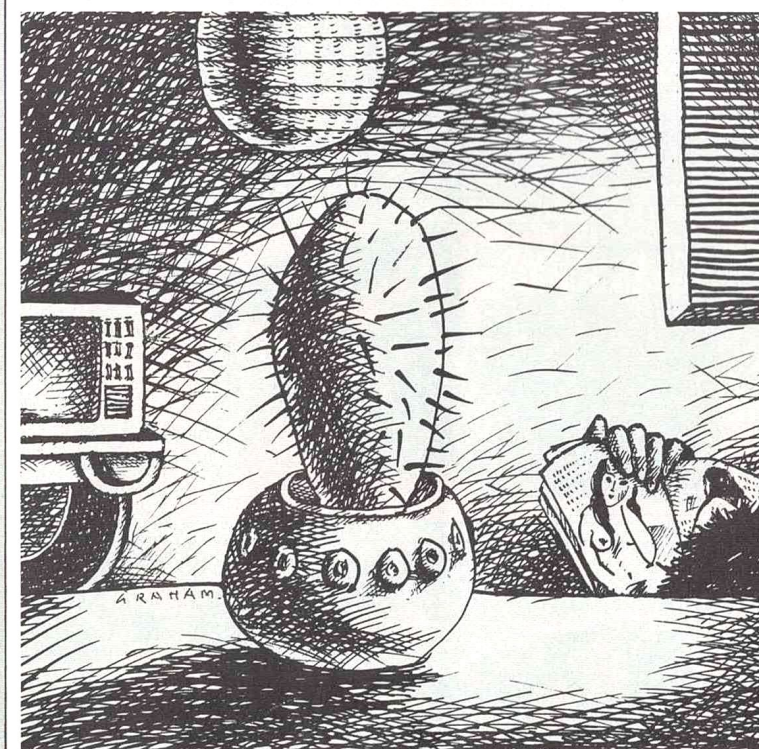
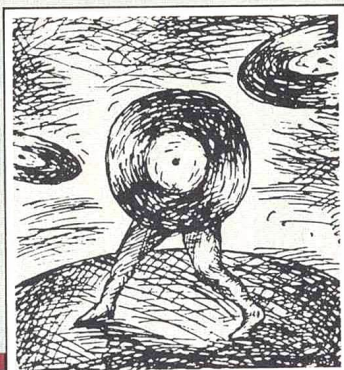


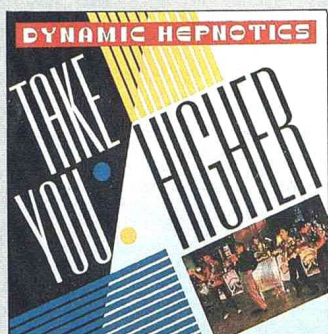
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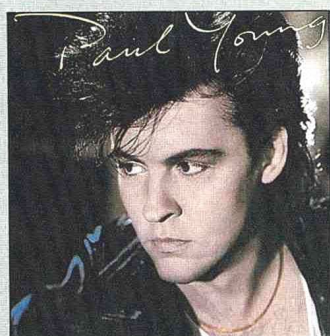
SOUNDS

FOR THE RECORD

Australian bands often eke out an existence without the impetus of a recorded product. Too bad they tend to be regarded simply as live fixtures while overseas bands are picked for radio promotions. Soul-party band the **Dynamic Hepnotics** had Mushroom's biggest selling single last year ("Soul Kind Of Feeling") after a largely unrecorded but very visible five-year career.



Musicians need to be able to take stock of their two potential outlets — stage performance and recordings are different animals — and have the foresight and record company incentive to complement them. Thus the Hepnotics deserve some reward for perseverance and the resultant *Take You Higher* (White). The better songs shine in the studio, though some still sound like an easy-going gig rather than the Classic Album.



English singer **Paul Young** and his Royal Family share a solid grounding in soul with the Hepnotics, as well as a desire for the preservation of the endangered Hammond organ. Still it wasn't until Young left the Q-Tips (a soul revue similar in feel to the Hepnos) and concentrated on recording

that he broke through in a big way. Young is back from his recent illness (he lost his voice) and is in full form, as *The Secret Of Association* (CBS) demonstrates. He and keyboardist Ian Kewley have penned half the tracks this time; the rest are from diverse sources like Daryl Hall and Tom Waites. Young's often wistful tones come drenched in ambient space — melancholic fretless bass, shifting string and keyboard layers with a suitably powerful beat.

The gritty soulful vocals of **Robert Palmer** have teamed with John and Andy Taylor (bass and guitar from Duran Duran) and drummer Tony Thompson (Chic, David Bowie) for a thumping rock-flavored album. Something like what they did in their holidays away from their main projects. Palmer has one of those voices that sounds good reciting the back of bus tickets, which is about the lyric level of much of *The Power Station* (EMI) — "I do this and I do that and when it's cold I wear a hat." The above comment does not apply to Marc Bolan's "Get It On (Bang A Gong)", included for historical perspective. (Bolan absolved himself from all charges of

lyrical banality with the classic couplet: "I drive a Rolls Royce cos it's good for my voice.")

Killing Joke have established a reputation at home in England for manic live shows and despicable attitudes about people outside their sphere of influence. For all that, *Night Time* (EG) sees them in the production hands of the Stones' Chris Kimsey for a guitar-based album of drive and control without the mindless plod of guitar heroes like AC/DC. At least they sound like they mean it. If conviction ensures a performer's longevity then it could be curtains for the **Venetians** as they *Step Off The Edge* (Parole) for the first and possibly last time. Their passion, drive and originality are summed up in their press release's accolade: "Intelligent pop/rock songs in an up-to-date setting" — one lump or two, vicar?

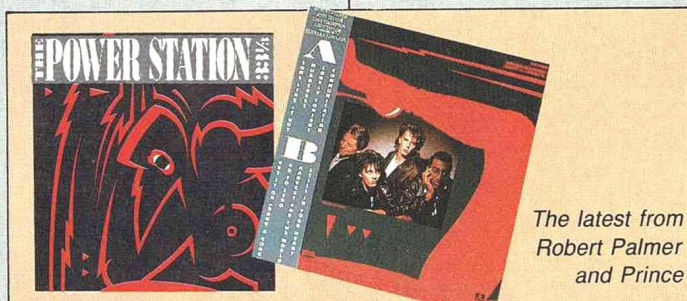
While we weren't looking **Prince** has died and come back as a San Franciscan circa 1969. *Around The World In A Day* (WEA) is his swansong (hopefully temporary) from live work with the Revolution. He strives to take you out of your current turgid little condition: "A feeling of self-worth will caress

you, the size of the whole wide world will decrease, the love of God's creation will undress you." A snappy dance disc this isn't; the rhythm tracks have the feel of an evangelical clap-along. Prince meanders through the melodies with his sensuous high whoops and growls while strings fill much of the backing.

Melbourne troubador **Paul Kelly** sure has a way with words, if not radio programmers. When the Dots became a full stop after the "critical success" of *Manila*, Kelly retreated from the impoverished rock band medium to that of the solo performer. *Post (White)* adds occasional extra harmonies, guitar, keyboards and reeds to Kelly's acoustic guitar and he shines like a local street-poet laureate. **Tears For Fears** have obviously been keeping up the primal scream therapy — "Shout, shout, let it all out" — and it's working. *Songs From The Big Chair* (Phonogram) is one of those finely crafted pop albums that thankfully deserves its high chart ratings.

One of the most beautifully executed rockumentaries ever would have to be the film **Spinal Tap**. The band's story is so absurd that at times it borrows heavily from the reality of the music industry. Soundtrack disc *This Is Spinal Tap* (Polydor) dutifully chronicles these lads' progress from Sixties' beads and incense ("Listen To The Flower People") to Eighties' thinking-man's heavy metal ("Sex Farm").

Real British poseurs dabbling in heavy metal, **Queen**, leave *Queen Live* (Elektra) as a tour memento, while head mince **Freddy Mercury** breaks out as *The Bad Guys* (CBS) — a disco queen with "25 Truck Driving Favorites" cover. — *Jeremy Cook*



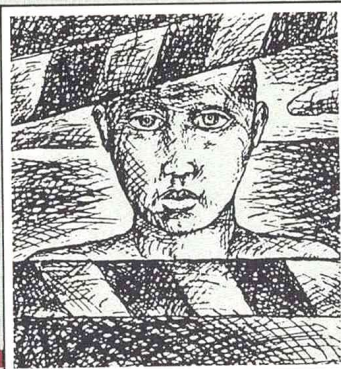
The latest from Robert Palmer and Prince



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FILM

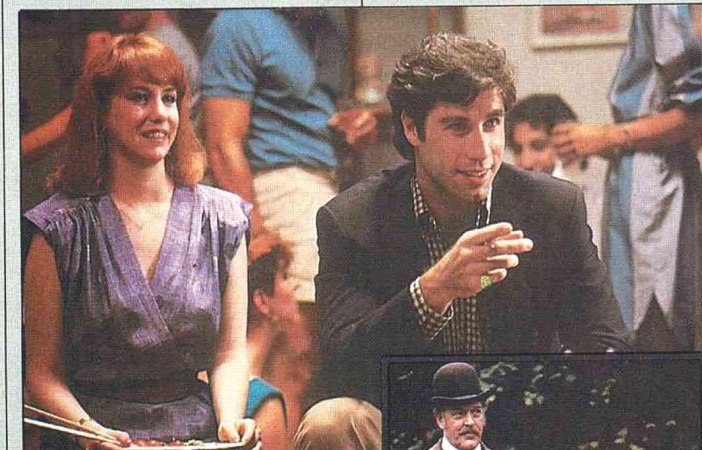
HOLD THE FRONT PAGE

In the good ol' days of the Thirties and Forties, journalism Hollywood-style revolved around men who chain-smoked Lucky Strikes and wore pork pie hats with cards saying "Press" shoved in the band. They made a habit of yelling, "Hold the front page!" down telephone lines and falling in love with dames with tough cookie exteriors that concealed fetching vulnerability.

Well, the porkpie titfer and the packets of Luckies may have gone the way of Bogey, but Hollywood-style reporters may not have changed as much as you think if the film **Perfect** is anything to go by. This is an Eighties-Forties film about a hard-hitting journalist who falls for the subject of one of his



Scenes from *Perfect* and *The Shooting Party*



rip and tear articles — a gorgeous dame with a cool-as-ice exterior.

Adam Lawrence is a reporter for *Rolling Stone* magazine — a publication with an image of rock 'n' roll glamor mixed with serious socio-political stuff. Lawrence's style is ruthless — he seduces his subjects to spill their souls, then ridicules them in print with their own words. His motto when he sits down to tap out a story is: "Forget your subject's got a mother." He's a hard man.

Lawrence is sent to California to cover the trial of a DeLorean-style cocaine king and to write a puff article about the West Coast health boom as a sidelight. He turns in a scoop article based on an exclusive interview with the coke boss,



which in the film establishes his credentials as a "serious" journalist, but the fitness story proves more than he bargained for. His angle is to show the body beautiful parlors as the pick-up joints of

the Eighties, chockful of jocks with more biceps than brains and air-head bimbos who pump iron as a means to pumping anything in trackpants. His pre-written story hits a stumbling block when he meets Jesse Wilson, the best little aerobics instructor at the Sports Connection. She's a cool, enigmatic lady who refuses to be a part of Lawrence's story, having been cruelly dealt with at the hands of the press in the past.

After winning Jesse's confidence, Lawrence gets involved in some extracurricular aerobics classes with her, and a love blooms that eventually shows Lawrence the error of his scurrilous scribbles.

Perfect is based in part on articles by Aaron Latham in *Rolling Stone*. Latham teamed with producer-director James Bridges to write the screenplay and secured John Travolta for the role of Lawrence. Latham describes *Perfect* as a film about what's right and wrong in journalism today — the "forget they've got a mother" side and the "necessary right to a free press in a free society" side.

It's a rather overblown description of what is in fact a very facile,

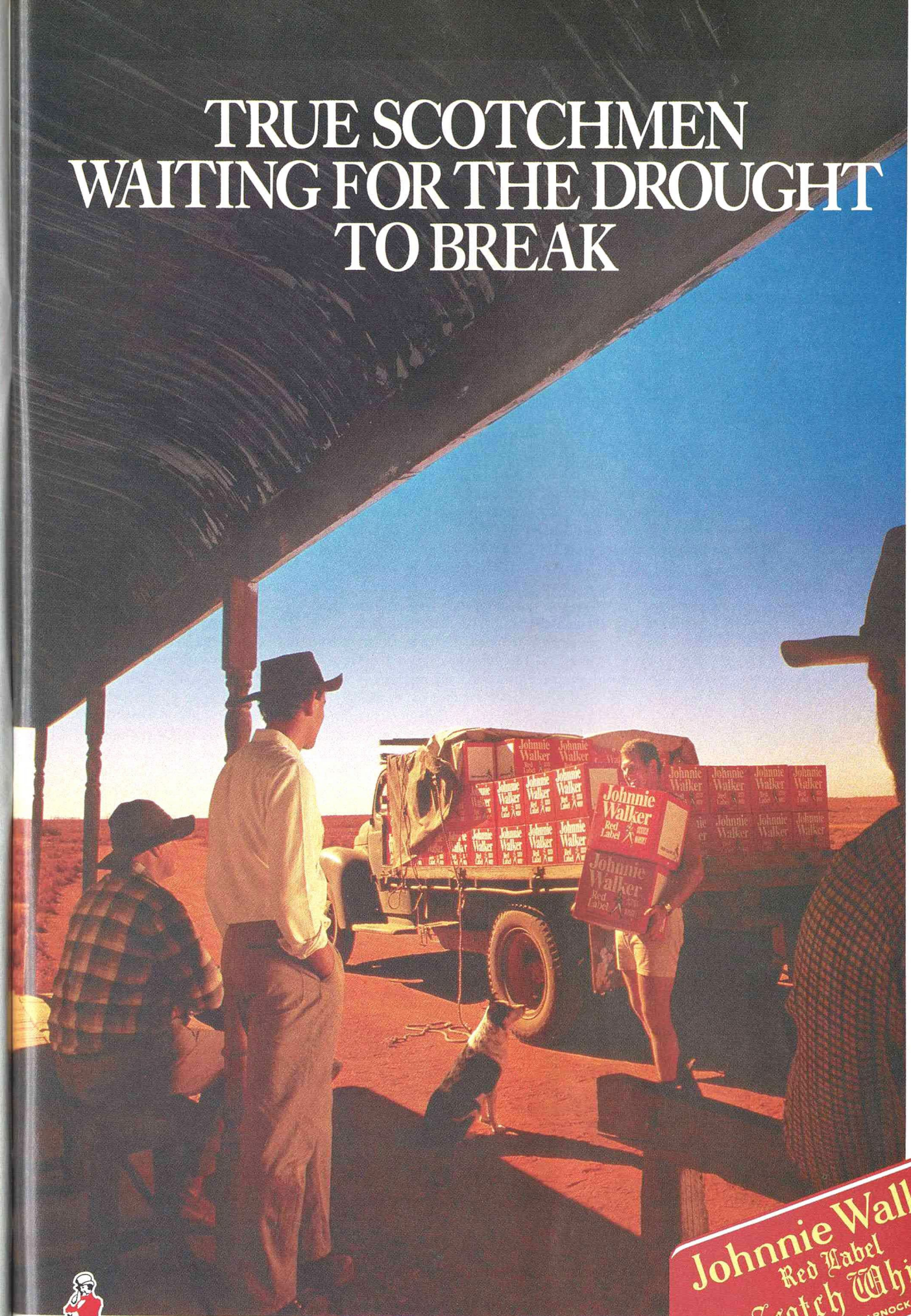
and very glamorous view of journalism. The entertainment value of the film, however, needs no highfalutin' justification, for it's a fast-paced and diverting adventure spiced with the high life, and oodles of gorgeous bods bumping and grinding to great music — just what the box office ordered. John Travolta notches up his best performance yet, as does Jamie Lee Curtis, whose portrayal of Jesse Wilson is the best thing the film has going for it.

The true story on which **Mask** is based arrives with a stamp of ugly truth. This is the story of Rocky Dennis, a boy born with a rare disease that grotesquely deforms his face and condemns him to a short, painful life.

Directed by Peter Bogdanovitch, the film is a tribute to a courageous and good-hearted teenager, presented in a manner that doesn't beg for sympathy and tears but through humor and sensitivity evokes them anyway. An exemplary performance from young actor Eric Stoltz as Rocky forms the strong spine of the film, and Cher as his mother Rusty displays further the talent so lately explored. If you're feeling like a bit of a cry, *Mask* will undoubtedly break the dam.

For something completely removed from the present, try **The Shooting Party**, a gloriously cinematographed slice of British upper crust life in 1913. Directed by Alan Bridges, this film employs the talents of some of Britain's finest thespians, who evoke the atmosphere of aristocratic mores and working class socialist tensions in the framework of a shooting party at an Edwardian manor house. James Mason, in his last role, gives perhaps his finest performance and uniformly fine support from a cast including Edward Fox, Sir John Gielgud and Gordon Jackson destined this to be among the quiet classics of British film. — C.J. Mackay

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You are standing in the hard green glare of the spots that light a club in downtown New York City; the place looks like it was decorated by heroin addicts on a rainy night. Streams of straight young suburban girls are pouring in. Then, suddenly, the tedium is relieved. Through the tomb-like door wafts a small swarm of vampiresses so sensuously clad that they could make even the most jaded necrophiliac stalk them with an angry passion. They are the Sex Ghouls.

Petra Simmons, aka Petra Plasm, is one of them — a child of the night. She paints her face stark white, her lips blood red. Black cir-



cles ring her eyes and her tangled mass of hair is dyed blue-black. Despite all this, she's radiating sex. She's dressed with the cold sensuality of Transylvanian high society, her breasts revealed by slits in her long formal dress.

By day Petra programs computers; she sits at a terminal in a windowless office which she laughingly refers to as "my private tomb." Looking at her tonight, at an hour when all but the hard core have given in to sleep, you would never suspect Petra's occupation. And as she raises her leg over the barstool and rests her heel on the bar, you would be hard put to pin her down as a girl from a middle-class family in the Mid West.

Who are the Sex Ghouls? Are they as kinky as their outfits would lead us to believe? And should you

SEX

NEW YORK'S GO GO GHOULS

wear garlic when taking one to bed?

The Sex Ghouls are not a movement in the sense of being an organised group with common goals. The undead do not need goals. They're young people who are up all night and often working all day. Beyond this they're constantly searching for new and more bizarrely sensual characters to play. Petra takes an average two hours to don her outfit, and once she's done, she'll remain in

by a tear in her Victorian lace nightie. As Nancy speaks she strokes the exposed breast as if it were a pet mouse. "I never leave my apartment," she says in a hoarse whisper, "unless I'm going to a club or a job. I meet a lot of men, but they come over here."

Glancing around the unit you get the sensation that you're on the set of a horror movie. All the chairs have high, stiff backs. A computer terminal sits in one corner with the screen displaying one of Nancy's own clothing designs — which itself looks like a deliberately shredded Victorian nightie. There are at least three expensively framed posters featuring mushroom clouds, plus a poster for the film *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*.

Nancy's hair is dyed platinum with blue streaks and covers her eyes. Her body is covered with hardware — skull rings on each finger, intricate bracelets, and a belt that is so heavy that when she stands her posture is actually altered. Despite all her attempts to hide her face under her thick makeup, her bone structure is so apparent and her lips so full that it's hard not to be mesmerised.

One year ago Nancy was 21 and, after a failed suicide attempt, decided she would "play possum." She did all the drugs she could find and cultivated an immeasurable cool. She never saw daylight and quit her job as a legal secretary, living off men she met at clubs. She was spotted by a video director and thus began her modelling career.

The way to become a Sex Ghoul is to sleep with one. Case in point: Anita Shuelberg started hanging around the clubs in her native Philadelphia at age 19. She became intrigued by the weird glamor of a guy she met there. His face was whiter than pale. One half of his head had been shaved

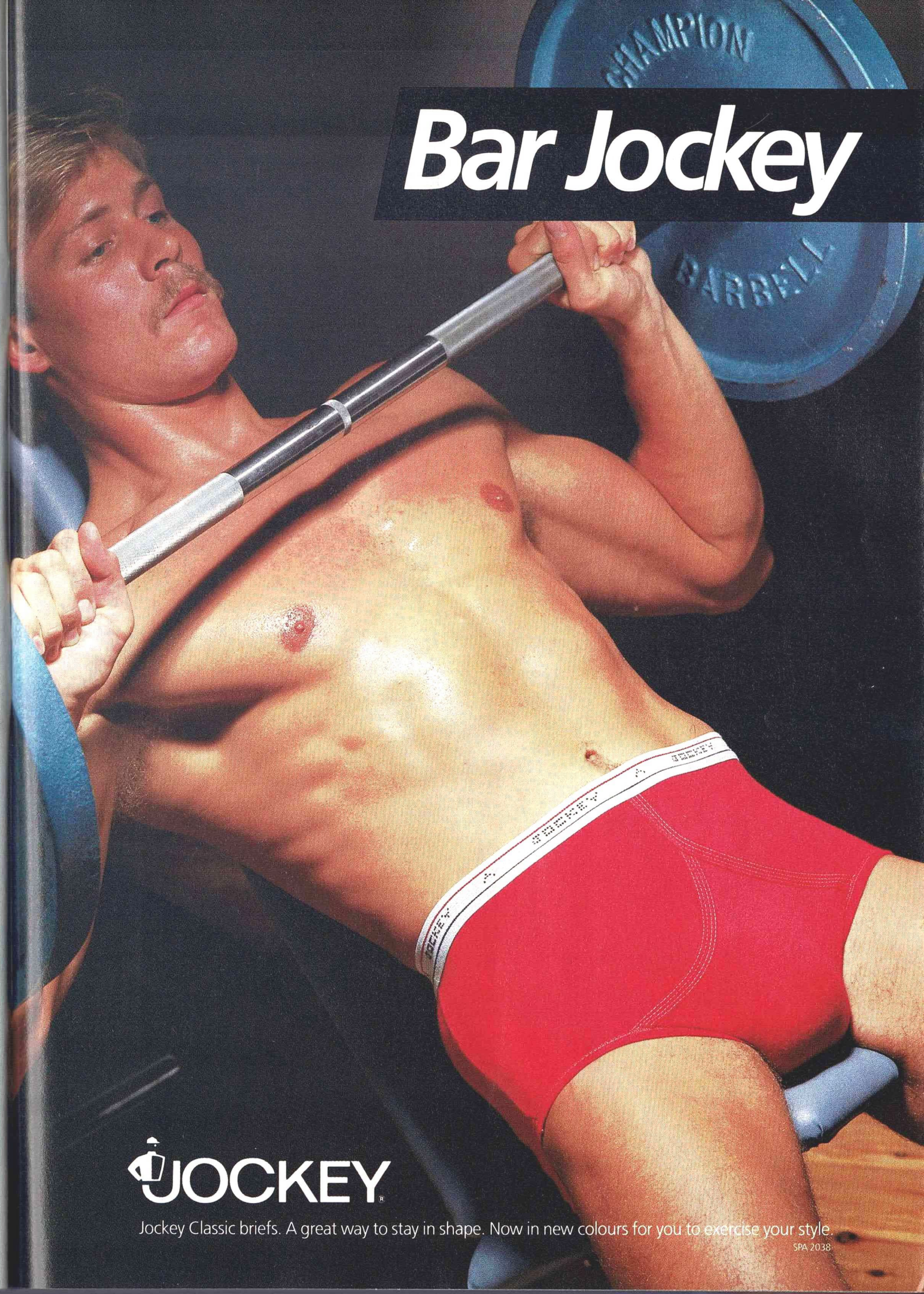
clean and he had a Tibetan symbol tattooed on his skull. Around his neck he wore a dyed-black surgical neck brace, for purely cosmetic reasons, and he was always dressed androgynously. Despite Anita's blue jeans and "nice girl" attire, she succeeded in taking the Sex Ghoul home. Anita was struck by the man's extraordinary calm. "He never spoke, but he could dominate the attention of the entire room just by turning his head... and that wasn't just because he wore the brace."

They slept together twice. But it was long enough for the myth to flash like a thousand strobes in Anita's 19-year-old eyes. Now, six months later, we find Anita standing in the eerie light beside the dance floor at the Garage Club in Manhattan nearly every night.

The more serious and arty Sex Ghouls have been recently making their presence felt on the airwaves and in movie theatres. Their theme song is Frankie Goes To Hollywood's "Relax", a high-energy celebration of gay sex. The film *The Hunger* has also been incorporated into the mythology. Catherine Deneuve plays an ageless, ancient vampire who lures the likes of David Bowie and Susan Sarandon to her home, seduces them, and turns them into vampires. Sex Ghoul bands, too, are springing up. The nightclub Danceteria was recently host to a performance by a native Sex Ghoul band, Latex Sex Camp, and an English band, Alien Sex Fiends.

In a curious way, it's fitting that rock should embrace the imagery of vampires. For the thousands of kids who stayed up late to watch Bela Lugosi on TV, the vampire became a sexual symbol — the symbol of romantic desolation. For a generation that has grown up with sex and nuclear doom, it's the spot in our collective mythology where the two can fit comfortably together. Don't bother wearing garlic. As Petra Plasm says, "We're all going to die. Let's make love." — Robit Hairmain

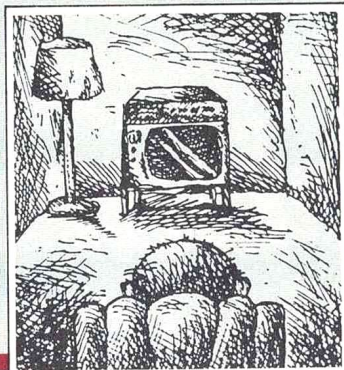
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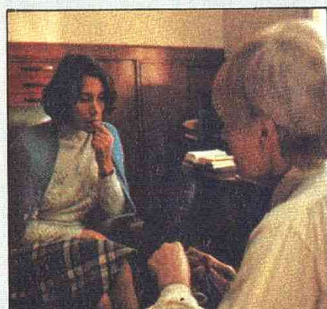


VIDEO

COX TALES

Melbourne-based director Paul Cox is something of a darling of the "true believers" of the Australian film business. His films come dripping with AFI (Oz Film Institute) awards, rave reviews (and never a slam for what the critics perceive as pretentiousness), international release and acclaim (especially in New York), and the stamp of the *true* artist — the offer to direct overseas. But no, Cox prefers to remain Melbourne-based and do what he does best... which is to make quasi-Swedish films in Carlton. Cox makes his films at low cost and therefore only requires a limited exposure through cinema, video and TV to recoup costs.

Lonelyhearts (K-Tel Video),



Scenes from *Lonely Hearts* and *My First Wife*



Cox's 1982 feature, collector of AFI awards and next to no box office receipts, concerns itself with the drab world of a middle-aged, toupee-wearing, piano-tuning bachelor and his coming together with a spinster, played by Wendy Hughes. Her transformation is one of the most spectacular achievements of cinematic make-up: that a woman of Hughes' beauty and style should be submerged into the tweedish demeanor of Cox's and screenwriter John Clarke's Cinderella figure, and survive, is a credit to her fine talent as one of our leading actresses. Norman Kaye, the dour bachelor, does the soulful routine as if stepping into the shadow of Max von Sydow. Unlike Bergman, Cox is blessedly short on symbolism, yet he unwinds his tale at a snail's pace as if all was being orchestrated by the

toneless plod of the piano tuner's hand.

The symbolism has been kept back for **Man Of Flowers** (Palace Video), again showcasing Kaye, this time as a man with a bent for flowers, sculpture and an artist's model, Lisa, who arrives at his house each week to strip to the "Love Duet" from Lucia Di Lammermoor.

In both works, Kaye's character suffers at the hands of Mother (departed). In the course of *Man Of Flowers*, Kaye's character Bremer is in the process of writing a letter to his dearly departed, describing his obsession with Lisa the model. This was the stuff the AFI hooted for when it came to handing out its awards for that particular year, giving Kaye another nod for emulating von Sydow. That's not to detract from Norman Kaye's abilities — but the sameness of his performance in both films does



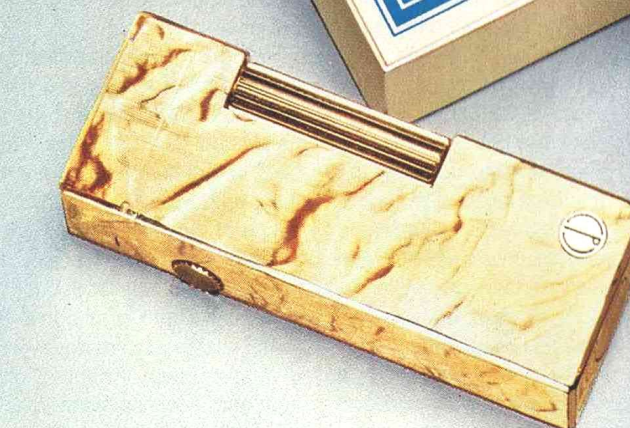
Man Of Flowers

strike a telling note about those who vote for these awards. Worth watching for is the appearance of Cox's co-writer, Bob Ellis, playing the psychiatrist to whom Bremer looks for guidance in unlocking himself from the obsessive state into which he has fallen.

Continuing his angst and journey into the darker side of the soul is Cox's **My First Wife** (Palace Video). Again co-written by Ellis, it is, we are told, a very personal work, a slice of Cox's past — the breakup of a marriage. Don't be fooled by the video cover, a sunset-toned picture of Wendy Hughes, the beaming bride, throwing a bouquet skyward. This is still dour stuff. Music is something of a fixation of Cox's and here he has John Hargreaves playing a man immersed in music to the exclusion of his marriage. He is the last to discover that it is disintegrating around him.

Actors like Hargreaves, Hughes, Kay and Chris Hayward (the model's artist in *Man Of Flowers*) are attracted to Cox because of the opportunity he offers them to immerse themselves in the roles of real people. It could certainly be argued that their creations are in fact as close to the heart of real Australian characters as, say, Barry McKenzie and his breed. — *Denis Whitburn*

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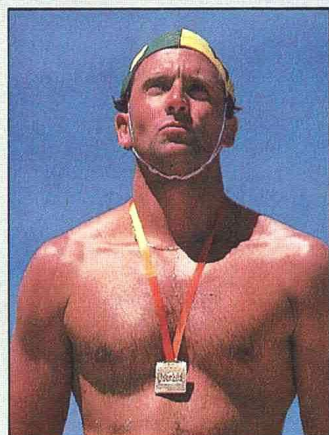
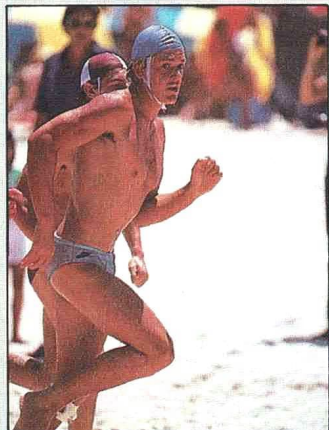
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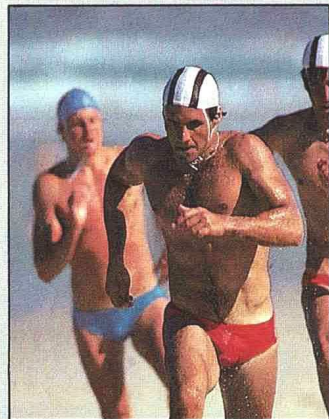
SPORT

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The Iron Men... Leech, Chapman and Kenny



their aitches and win consistently, Iron Men are very marketable items.

So it would certainly seem that the financial prospects for a budding Iron Man are particularly bright. Media exposure, sponsorships, TV commercials and paid promotions should guarantee financial security. On closer inspection, however, the pot of gold at the end of the Iron Man rainbow can be elusive even to the most dedicated competitor. The case histories of Robert Chapman, Guy Leech and Grant Kenny provide testimony to the real story behind the blood, sweat and fears of Australia's number one surf lifesaving title.

Robert Chapman, 28, has witnessed at first hand the growth of the sport during the last ten years. When he first took to the surf the Iron Man event had a very low profile in lifesaving carnivals. Competitors would enter a number of events apart from the Iron Man and the media paid little attention to it. Barry Rodgers dominated the Iron Man in those days but few people knew it — indeed, his Olympic swimming cousin, Neil Rodgers, was much better known in Australian households. A couple of years later we saw the emergence of Iron Man specialists, including the likes of Ken Vidler and John Holt. The Iron Man was becoming the event to win, and a few more years down the track, with the arrival of Grant Kenny, business began to show some interest in the sport.

Chapman has given up a lot to remain competitive as an Iron Man. It demands total commitment: two or three training sessions a day, early nights, a disciplined diet and vast amounts of self-motivation. He won the event in 1978 and 1984, and is now chasing a third title, mainly to

prove to himself that he can come back from the serious knee injury that stopped him from defending his title this year.

Chapman has virtually pioneered the modern Iron Man event, yet over the years he's only attracted two major sponsors, who foot the bill for his training and travelling expenses. When he finally retires he won't be quitting the sport a rich man.

Guy Leech offers another piece to the Iron Man jigsaw. Good-looking and with a winner's attitude, he can be seen training by himself most mornings and afternoons at Sydney's Manly Beach. The dream of becoming Mr Iron Man keeps him going. At 20 years of age and as twice winner of the most publicised Iron Man event, the Coolangatta Gold, it would seem that Leech is all set to clean up. In fact that's nothing like the case. Sure, he has a few sponsorships and now does some modelling but he's also far from financial security. For the first 12 months after his initial Coolangatta success Leech's only job was as a pool attendant at the Warringah Aquatic Centre.

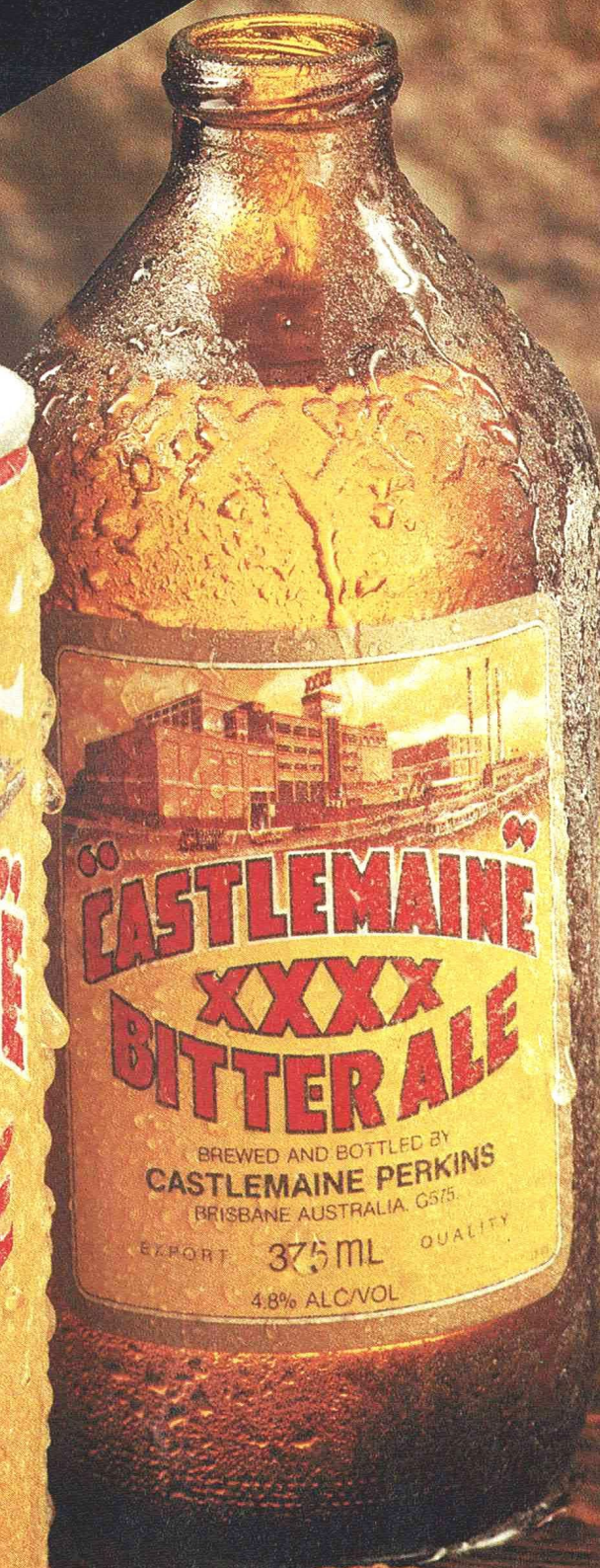
One problem facing Leech is that, despite performing well in the Coolangatta Gold, his form has been inconsistent in the shorter, more definitive Iron Man events. He shares some other problems with every Iron Man competitor. The fact is that Iron Men only gain widespread media attention a few times each year. And not many corporate marketing executives are willing to base a million-dollar promotion campaign on someone in that situation. Even if Leech should win the national title, how is that going to help sell a product when the event is held at the end of summer and straight after it the sport goes into compulsory hibernation for six months?

Grant Kenny is the exception — the only Iron Man making a living. There are some obvious reasons for this, the most apparent of which is that the man is the definitive Iron Man: his name is synonymous with the event. Most importantly, he's also been consistent, having won four consecutive Iron Man titles (the first time he took out both senior and junior events), and those victories convinced Kelloggs that he was going to be around for a long time. Equally importantly, Kenny was very marketable in terms of his looks, his physique and his personality. With the increasing community awareness of the need for a healthy lifestyle, Kenny appeared to be an ideal promotional vehicle.

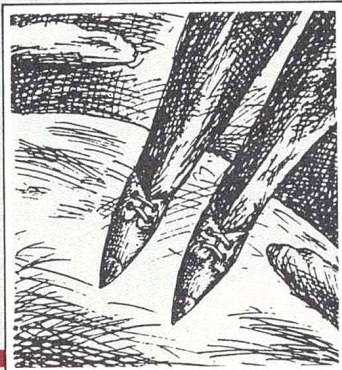
Kelloggs thought it worthwhile to spend a lot of money in order to familiarise Australians with the name and face of Grant Kenny, even before he started promoting their products. They then ran a series of TV commercials featuring Kenny, confident that he could sustain public interest through his competitive and promotional efforts. The results represented a marketing coup — Kenny's prestige and success were quickly transferred to the product he was endorsing for Kelloggs, Nutri-Grain. He is now successfully involved in the promotion of quite a few other companies aside from Kelloggs.

Although Kenny has not won the National Iron Man title for three years he is still considered in the minds of the public as *the* Iron Man. He continues to enjoy public adoration; he continues to get the lion's share of product endorsements. It looks like the challenge is now up to another athlete to come along and so predominate in the sport that the marketers just have to sit up and take notice. The way the system operates it seems that there can be only one Iron Man in Australia at a time... and for the moment that man is Grant Kenny. — *John Bay*

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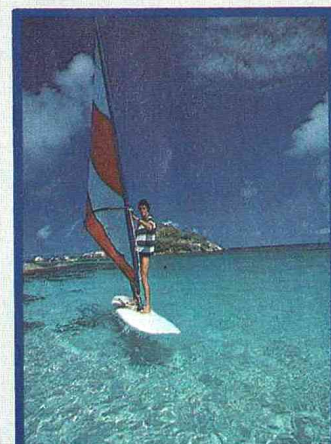


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Financing travel can be a problem. Although the arrival of foreign banks has made the locals get a little friendlier with their money, many bank managers still regard a loan for a holiday as slightly frivolous. Consequently, most people save for their holiday, which has some minor benefit in that interest accrues. But this year the seesawing Aussie dollar has plunged a lot faster than interest accumulates.

There's another disadvantage to the "save-up" method of financing your holiday, too: travel operators often announce advance purchase or top-up discounts several months before you've reached your target. What's infuriating about this is that you can frequent-



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ly save up to 20 percent — sometimes even more — by booking and paying on the spot for these advance purchase discounts. Such discounts usually outweigh interest charges on money you could borrow to finance the trip, and it's frustrating to see such chances slip away because you don't have the ready cash at hand.

Another aspect of travel finance is that banks which are in the travel industry often use the carrot of finance to induce you to buy their travel product — which may not necessarily be the one you want. But if the finance is available, you think, what the hell?

Help, however, has now arrived. The finance giant Avco has a new

scheme to finance your holiday which seems to be simple to use, easy to understand and not too dreadfully crippling. Right now they're operating through another giant, Jetset Tours; Jetset sweetens the interest pill slightly by offering a special discount to Avco's travel finance customers, which provides some welcome relief.

Any Jetset office (or a Jetset-associated travel agent) can organise the finance for you more or less on the spot; there's no need to traipse from travel agency to bank, bite your nails for a week while the bank grinds through its procedures, and then rush down to pick up your tickets.

The Avco scheme provides for clearance within four hours, and as soon as approval comes through, tickets can be issued. That's an important advantage and not just as a time-saver. There may be occasions, such as a family or business emergency overseas, which necessitate immediate departure.

Soon, Avco says, the finance scheme will be spread to other agents which will liberate money for travel of all kinds. And the deal covers more than just fares and accommodation: you can borrow spending money, too.

The rate is, quite frankly, rather steep at 12.5 percent flat, but Avco's credit criteria aren't as demanding as most bank managers'. The payback period is 12 months, and the reason for this is that Avco probably wants you to come back next year for another go. In some circumstances (not spelt out and probably discretionary) the payback period can be longer. The limit is \$15,000 per transaction, which is enough for all except the most extravagantly up-market traveller.

There's also a built-in insurance cover. If you get taken by head-

hunters up the Sepik River or ski over a cliff in the Austrian Alps, Avco just says, "Ah well — them's the breaks" and makes no claims on your estate. Comforting, I suppose.

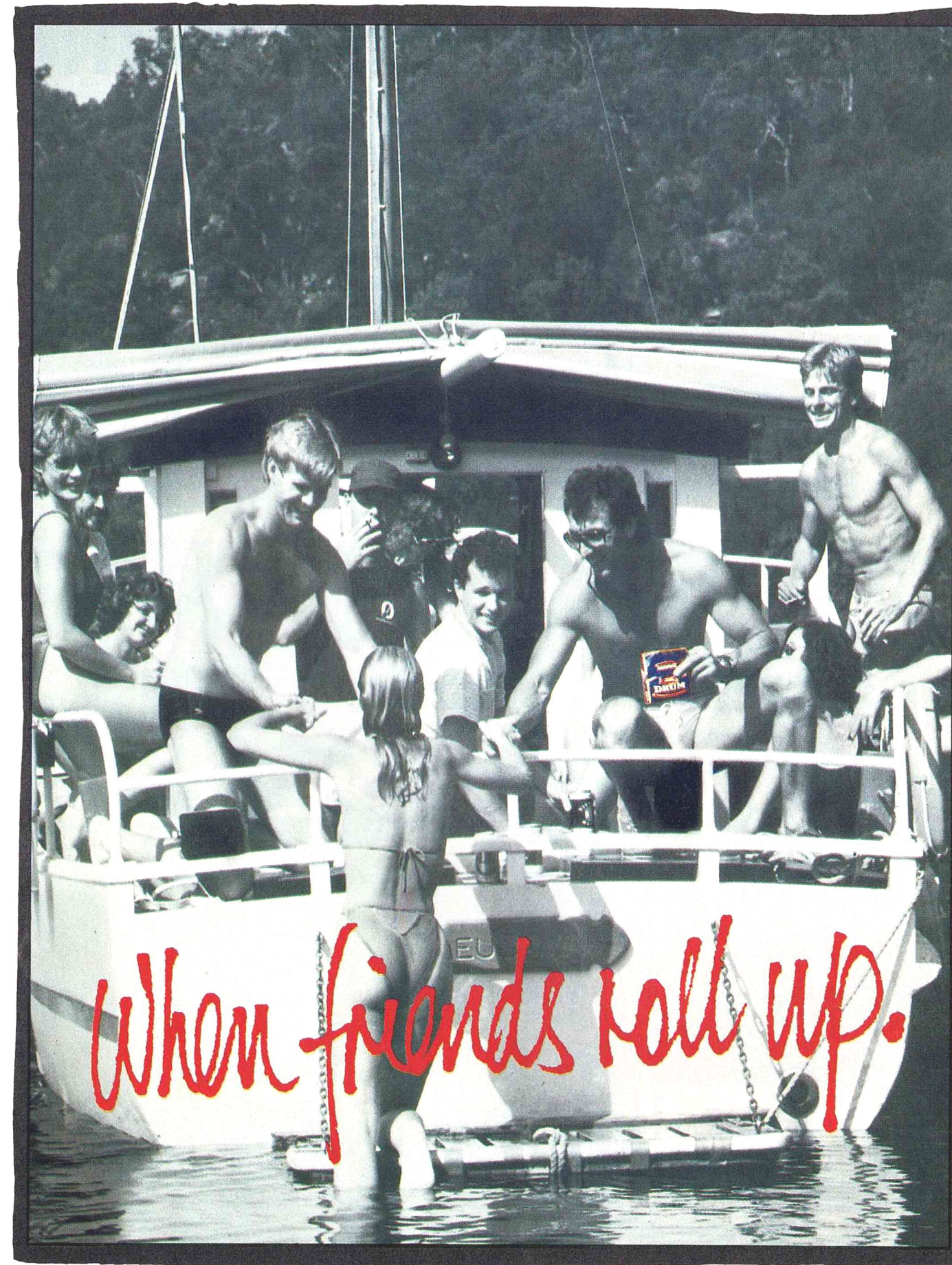
I've always plugged the Northern Territory like mad, urging people to get up there before big business stuffs it up. That will take some time, but it's happening.

At the moment, unless you're prepared to rough it, it's not too welcoming a place for fat, bad-tempered softies like me once you move out of Darwin. The place is long on spectacle but short on what I regard as absolutely essential creature comforts. But that could change, if a bold and novel scheme comes off. The Territory has a number of big rivers, and good sources tell me that one of these might be used to park a cruise ship — a very modern one at that — as a floating hotel, to provide a little luxury after a hard day's bush-bashing, pig-shooting, crocodile-snapping or just plain rubbernecking.

Now that sounds ideal to me — a fly-free, air-conditioned environment complete with top restaurants, a show if you like that sort of frill, a casino for those with money to burn, and dark bars for lurking in. It will certainly make holidaying in the NT a lot easier. Until now, it's been restricted because outside the Alice, Darwin and Katherine, there's really nowhere to stay.

Traditionally, NT holidays have been little more than blunders through the bush, involving bus travel, camping at night and having to put up with traditional atrocities like damper — not to mention mosquitoes that are fully capable of biting through a tin roof for a pint or two of your blood.

It's been worth that ordeal to be in one of the last great wildernesses — but if there's somewhere comfortable to stay as well, then the NT could be the next great destination for Australians and overseas visitors. — Fred Baker



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JVC 17 Forbes Macfie Hansen

Just because you come from a civilised country doesn't mean you have immunity from the harsh penalties imposed by the law in foreign lands

Since 1980, the hangman at Pudu Prison in Malaysia has ended the lives of 30 drug traffickers. All have been Singaporean or Malaysian nationals, but two Australians currently held in Penang Prison could soon become the first foreigners to feel the lethal sting of Malaysia's new anti-drug laws. Brian Geoffrey Chambers, 27, of Perth, and Kevin Barlow, 26, of Adelaide, have had almost two years to contemplate, in the most appalling surroundings imaginable, a fact that ought to be uppermost in the minds of every Australian citizen who travels abroad. It is simply this: if you are arrested in a foreign country, you are not going to be bailed out by some all-powerful benevolent authority just because you happen to come from a civilised country. It matters not how corrupt the legal system into whose clutches

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

BEHIND FOREIGN BARS

BY GRAEME ORR



BARS

you've fallen; it matters not how barbaric the sentence or how inhuman the penal conditions; it matters not, in some cases, whether you're guilty or innocent. If you get busted, you're in deep shit — and unless you're extremely lucky, chances are you're going to stay there for longer than you can bear.

At present a total of 128 Australian citizens are serving time in 32 countries, and of these 112 have been convicted of drug-related offences. For those unfortunates who are being held by Asian authorities, the experience of Chambers and Barlow is typical.

The pair were arrested at Penang's Bayan Lepas airport on November 9, 1983 and charged with trafficking 410 grams of heroin. According to official reports they were intending to fly to Kuala Lumpur to catch a connecting flight to Perth. Chambers and Barlow had bought first class tickets, apparently believing this would ensure their luggage would not be searched. The two Australians had made the mistake of dressing scruffily and, according to witnesses, "looking dirty."

While Chambers paid the taxi driver, Barlow picked up all the bags and headed for the check-in counter. There was a fuss when a security officer asked if he could search the luggage. In a vinyl bag clearly marked with Chambers' name the officer discovered the heroin in plastic bags beneath the clothing. In his defence, Chambers claims his companion was in possession of the bag; Barlow claims he was simply carrying the bag while Chambers paid off the taxi. Although the heroin was of relatively poor quality, Malaysian police at the time said it was enough to kill 1600 people — more than sufficient to ensure the death penalty on conviction.

Chambers and Barlow were certainly guilty of very poor timing; they were nabbed soon after the Malaysian Parliament had approved amendments to the Dangerous Drugs Act making the death sentence mandatory for anyone in possession of more than 15 grams of heroin. Australian and local authorities in Malaysia hold little hope that they'll escape the noose. At best, according to a senior official, one will face the death penalty and the other a life sentence. Both men are on remand pending trial and at the time of writing no date had been fixed for the proceedings. Delays of up to three years are not uncommon under the country's backlogged judicial system. When the trial does get underway, the defendants' lawyers probably won't be holding any aces.

Chambers' lament is common among prisoners held in overseas jails: "I just wish they would set a trial date so we could get it over with and know what will happen." Little wonder he's anxious for any kind of change in his circumstances. As remand

prisoners in the 135-year-old jail, he and Barlow are confined to their cells for 22 hours per day. Designed to hold 800, Penang Prison is now accommodating 1800 men, which means the Australians must share their dingy two by four-metre cells with at least three others. They're not allowed out for exercise; there are no radios or television; they sleep with one blanket on a concrete floor next to the shared latrine bucket.

Although Chambers maintains some hope of deliverance, Barlow is apparently showing signs of cracking under the strain. He still has a drug problem and a reputation as a troublemaker, according to officials. That was evidenced by the fact that he once threw a latrine bucket over a warder. "Kevin just can't handle the pressure of being locked up," according to Robert Pavone, an Australian who was sentenced last May to life imprisonment and eight strokes of the *rotan* for drug trafficking.

A lot of Australians are harboring the delusion that their nationality confers upon them some sort of diplomatic immunity

In Malaysia, 12 Australians are serving jail sentences. Three are "lifers" (in Malaysia that means 14 years) and most have been caned — a particularly nasty experience that in no way resembles the discipline once imposed in our schools. The instrument, called a *rotan*, is a vicious Oriental version of the cat o' nine tails. All the Australians have been convicted of possessing or trafficking in drugs.

Thai prisons are currently accommodating 26 Australians, with one sentenced to 50 years and nine others to 25 years or more. Singapore is hosting four Australian men, one of whom received 20 years for possession of almost two kilos of cannabis. He also received 15 strokes of the *rotan*.

Women don't get a comfortable passage through foreign legal systems either. Robyn Bradstone, of Brisbane, was charged in Singapore, along with her German boyfriend, with possession of a small quantity of hashish. After nine months of imprisonment awaiting trial she was finally acquitted, although her boyfriend won't be leaving the island nation until 1992. "The prison experience was horrific," she

recalls. "Women were held, mostly three to a cell, in very poor conditions. The system of keeping out of trouble inside involved favoring the warders with food, money and sex."

Despite the severity of the penalties imposed in many countries for breaches of drug laws, the records suggest that a lot of Australians are harboring the delusion that their nationality confers upon them some sort of diplomatic immunity. In 1983, more than 160 Australians sought assistance from Australian embassies following their arrest. Drug law infringements form by far the largest category of offences by Australians overseas, and every month brings new details of Australians being charged or sentenced for drug-related crimes. The booklet *Hints For Australian Travellers*, now issued free by the Department of Foreign Affairs to all new holders of Australian passports, spells out the situation clearly: "Many Australians mistakenly believe that other countries are less concerned about the use of prohibited drugs than Australia, or that they might somehow be less vigilant of foreign travellers. *Nothing could be further from the truth.*"

Stories of "set-ups" and "tip-offs" involving tourists are commonplace in Asian countries; it's widely believed that in some countries the informer is paid a commission on the amount paid out in fines by the convicted tourist. Indeed, the Chief of Police in Jakarta recently observed that either tourists were extremely incompetent in their drug-smuggling attempts or the locals were very clever. Few Indonesians are serving time in their own country for trafficking or possession but there's little doubt the locals are turning a solid profit on the drug trade.

Another popular misconception concerns the legal options available to Australians once arrested. Law lecturer Rex Paulsen spells out the reality: "There is a mistaken belief that Australians imprisoned in another country are still subject to Australian laws and rights. *They lose all their rights.* The only thing our embassy staff can do is visit and there have even been a couple of cases where such staff have been denied visiting rights after a couple of visits."

Hints For Australian Travellers again clearly states the limited options available to Australian prisoners abroad: "Everyone visiting a foreign country is subject to the laws of that country. An Australian consul can't intervene in the process of other countries' law enforcement and can't get people out of prison. If you are arrested overseas you may ask to see your consul, who can give you a list of some lawyers who are generally regarded by the consular community as being reasonably competent to assist you." If that doesn't sound too reassuring, that's because it's not meant to be.

The consul can't give you legal advice and can't pay your legal expenses, but he

can arrange for relatives or friends to be asked to send money and arrange other assistance if necessary. Too bad if the folks back home aren't falling over themselves to shoulder the financial burden — particularly since they have no guarantee they'll ever see you again.

The expenses can be exorbitant. Ray Wilshire of Sydney had to sacrifice everything in a desperate attempt to free his brother, who was charged with a drug-related offence in Singapore in the late Seventies. "I sold my share in a plumbing business," Wilshire recalls, "but when the case ran to appeal I had to sell my house once the mortgage reached a borrowing ceiling. I had an American lawyer fly to Thailand but it was all to no avail." Wilshire's brother is expected to be released in about five years from now.

Finally, the department's booklet contains a clause which reflects government policy in regard to overseas prisoners: "The consul will also monitor your situation to help ensure that you receive the benefit of the same laws and means of redress which the country gives its own citizens." Senator Alan Missen, who is the Chairman of the Parliamentary Amnesty Group, considers that position totally inadequate. After one of Senator Missen's frequent attempts to clarify the Australian Government's stance on treatment of prisoners in overseas jails, the then Attorney-General, Senator Durack, wrote to the then Foreign Affairs Minister, Andrew Peacock, saying in part: "When an Australian citizen becomes involved with a foreign legal system the government will not attempt to interfere where the laws and procedures are applied without discrimination against Australians..."

Missen's response: "In other words, provided the same laws — regardless of whether they conform in any way with our ideas of justice — are applied equally... we would not intervene at all."

Missen's fervent desire to clarify government policy in this area seems reasonable in view of the fact that the process of law in some countries is notoriously corrupt and penalties for particular crimes are often vastly different from those which apply here. In a statement recorded in *Hansard* and dated May 27, 1982, Missen said: "In normal cases against Australians in countries that respect the rule of law, provide opportunities for defendants to be effectively represented and to present their defences, then one would not expect the Australian Government to interfere... However, when we consider overseas nations operating under systems of law which do not accord with standards that would ordinarily be observed by civilised communities, or which are subject to manifest defects in administration, then the duty of the Australian Government to intervene on behalf of its nationals may often arise." Missen cites the example of Iranian citizens who may receive summary trial without any

semblance of justice and may be executed, stoned to death or have limbs severed by way of punishment. "[This] is no reason," he adds, "why we should accept with equanimity the same treatment for Australians."

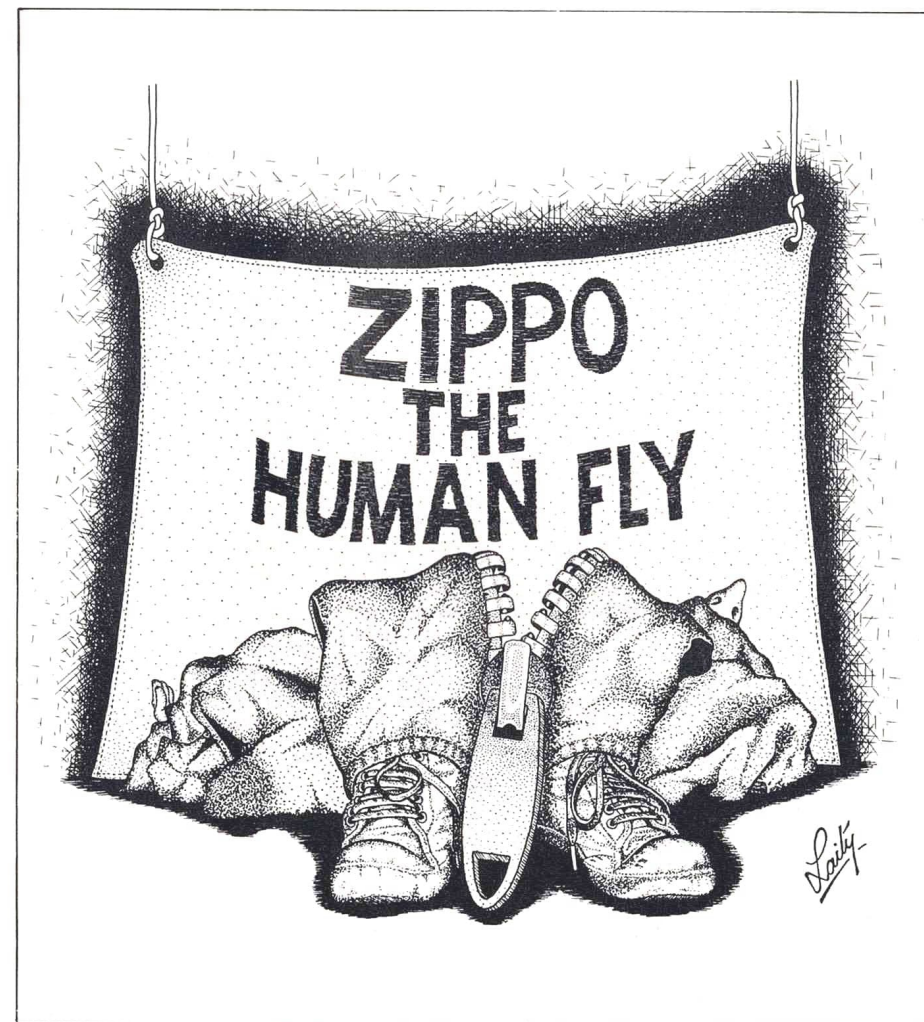
Missen asked that the then Attorney-General's statement of policy be subject to "a proviso that there are special obligations to Australian citizens abroad which will be dependent on the circumstances of each case and the legal procedures involved." He continued to pester the Senate on this question, until on May 31, 1983, the new (then) Labor Attorney-General Gareth Evans merely reiterated the former government's stance and added: "It may be that more can be done." When *Penthouse* contacted Missen, he was unable to say that any change had taken place in the government's policy.

It was the notorious case of William Sinclair which had first galvanised the Senator into action. Sinclair, a former Bangkok bar owner, was being held in a Thai jail with two other Australians on a drug-related charge when Missen was approached by a constituent who happened to be Sinclair's son. As a result of Missen's efforts, Sinclair was eventually found innocent on appeal and freed to return to Australia after spending three and a half years behind bars. Sinclair is critical of the Australian Government for taking little interest in his case until Missen began raising the mat-

ter in Parliament. The government had, according to policy, failed to intervene despite the presence of serious doubt that there was any substantial evidence to warrant Sinclair's conviction. According to Missen, it was difficult to stir interest because there appeared to be a tacit acceptance that Sinclair and the other two Australians were guilty and would get what they deserved. "The abhorrence of drug-related crimes appears to allow for prejudgements to be made about these individuals," he says.

The most frightening aspect of the Sinclair case was that evidence gathered for his original trial, much of which was put together in Australia, turned out to be faulty. An integral part of the evidence upon which Sinclair was convicted was a set of statements made by Edwin William Smith (who was then a prisoner in Australia) amounting to little more than hearsay. On the basis of those statements, which were supplied to Thai officials by the Australian Embassy in Bangkok, Sinclair, then aged 66, was sentenced to 33 years in a Thai prison.

Subsequent court proceedings against others who were alleged to be associated with Sinclair resulted in outright acquittal. The judge recorded that Edwin Smith admitted giving false evidence on previous occasions and noted that he claimed to have done so because the police had offered him a shortened sentence or even a pardon.



BARS

Of course, Missen is critical of the Australian Embassy's involvement in the case and suggests that any evidence provided to overseas authorities should always travel from the appropriate Attorney-General's office to those authorities. Law lecturer Paulsen goes several stages further: "With friends like the Australian Embassy, who needs enemies?... How dare the Australian Embassy wander around handing out hearsay evidence to an overseas prosecution that can send an Australian citizen down the tube for life?"

The Sinclair case illustrates how dubious the "benefit of the same laws and means of redress the country gives its own citizens" can be. According to Missen, Sinclair's family paid out in the vicinity of \$150,000 in bribes to Thai officials merely to keep him alive. Thai law decrees that foreigners charged with drug offenses may be sentenced to execution by the Executive Government without trial. "In Thailand," says Missen, "the legal system is rife with corruption, and I know of cases where enormous amounts have been spent by parents and friends in Australia only in order to bribe officials or to meet demands of law which appear to be quite outrageous... We have an obligation to ensure that our nationals get a fair trial. Our embassies do give limited assistance in that area, but parents who go to these countries need a lot more assistance to make sure they can make the necessary arrangements, and those who don't have enormous amounts of money need some sort of legal aid." Missen describes as "quite inadequate" the Australian Embassy in Thailand's attempts to fulfil its obligations to Australian prisoners: "It seemed to me they were washing their hands of it... They were going through the formalities when necessary, but there were a lot of complaints that weren't being acted upon."

Michael Barrett of Sydney, now 35, spent three years and ten months behind bars in Malaysia before he was exonerated of a drug trafficking charge and released in October 1981. He knows all about the apathy of embassy officials, the dismissive attitude displayed by both Liberal and Labor politicians, and the dubious "benefit" of the law as practised in some foreign countries.

Barrett and his travelling companion, David Ireland, were arrested on December 22, 1977, on the Bangkok Express near the northern border town of Pedang Basar. A Customs agent who boarded the train discovered cannabis in a bag belonging to Ireland, who was taken away for questioning. The officer then turned his attention to Barrett, insisting that in addition to his own bag, he open a second bag left behind by Ireland. Barrett says he tried repeatedly to explain to the officer that the other bag was not his, but "he just kept ordering me to open it. Finally I flipped open

the flap... and there was the stuff."

Later, at the police station, Ireland assured Barrett that he had correctly identified the second bag as his own. But on the following day, Ireland was charged with trafficking and Barrett with possession of cannabis.

The advice received by the two Australians when they rang the embassy was: "Co-operate but say nothing." According to Barrett, the lock-up in which he and Ireland were held was so disgusting that anyone would sign anything to get out of there. Barrett had been told by the Customs officer that a possession charge would only mean a fine, so he signed a statement admitting possession of cannabis. He later gave evidence that another Customs official had told him that if he did not admit the drugs were his, he would face the much more serious charge of trafficking and be sentenced to 20 years in prison. As it turned out, the charge was

On the basis of statements supplied by the Australian embassy, Sinclair was sentenced to 33 years in a Thai jail

subsequently altered to trafficking anyway.

"The embassy people weren't any help at all," he says. "All they were going to do was notify our parents if we wanted, and their whole tone was dismissive... It took six weeks for an embassy official to come and visit us at the prison, and all he said was: 'There's nothing we can do. We'll get you a list of Malaysian lawyers and that's it.' It was another six weeks before we got a second visit."

Barrett spent two years and eight months in the remand section of Alor Star Prison awaiting his trial. He's reluctant to go into detail about the conditions there for fear of jeopardising the chances of his mates who remain imprisoned. On October 16, 1980, Barrett was found guilty of trafficking and sentenced to life imprisonment.

An investigation by *The Australian* led to an article which alleged "a cynical disregard in the Federal Attorney-General's Department for the rights of Australian citizens once they leave this country." Despite a long campaign for justice waged by Barrett's mother and brothers and a determined group of friends and lawyers, the then Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr Street,

refused to intervene on Barrett's behalf. In a letter to Mrs Barrett he said: "While I am sympathetic to the intentions of Mr Barrett's supporters in Australia, there is no evidence to suggest that he has received unfair treatment or that Malaysian law is not being observed..."

A subsequent finding by Mr Norman Reaburn (then a law lecturer who had been commissioned by Mrs Barrett to examine the judgement) outlined four important errors of law (on the part of the president of the Malaysian court) which had resulted in the wrongful conviction of Barrett. Mr Mohammed Sarri had, in Reaburn's view, failed to direct himself properly on the law of possession; misdirected on the law of the burden of proof; failed to properly consider the evidence; and erred in summing up the evidence. Reaburn concluded that an appeal would be likely to succeed.

Fourteen months after his original sentence, Michael Barrett was released following a successful appeal. Norman Reaburn's findings had played a significant role in ending the four-year nightmare. Of the Australian Embassy's involvement, Barrett says: "When you go overseas they tell you you're on your own, but the embassy people should go in to bat for you more than they do. There were people in that prison who'd been arrested with more marijuana than in our case, and those prisoners were only charged with possession. Therefore the embassy could have intervened on our behalf, but they didn't. I was disgusted with that."

Occasionally a good luck story emerges from the hell-holes that accommodate Australian prisoners overseas. Gary Burgess, of Adelaide, was preparing to transport 730 grams of heroin out of Thailand in 1979 when he was busted by local authorities. Convicted of possession, he might well have received the death penalty but instead got a 50-year sentence — the longest term ever imposed on an Australian in Thailand. Burgess (who later took on the name John Walker) waited two years for his trial in conditions he describes as "horrific."

"I found it inconceivable that Thai prisoners should have to endure such conditions," he says. "Generally, sentencing to a jail term was a fate worse than death." Burgess lost 14 kilos during his time in prison, despite efforts by his family to arrest the weight loss by sending regular food parcels.

There were about 30 other white prisoners in Bangkok's Bum Bad Prison, all of whom were heroin addicts. Burgess was himself an addict, but against enormous odds he managed to overcome his addiction and went on to establish prisoner training workshops — unique in the Thai penal system.

In December 1983 Burgess was offered a Royal Pardon and released. His efforts

Continued on page 152

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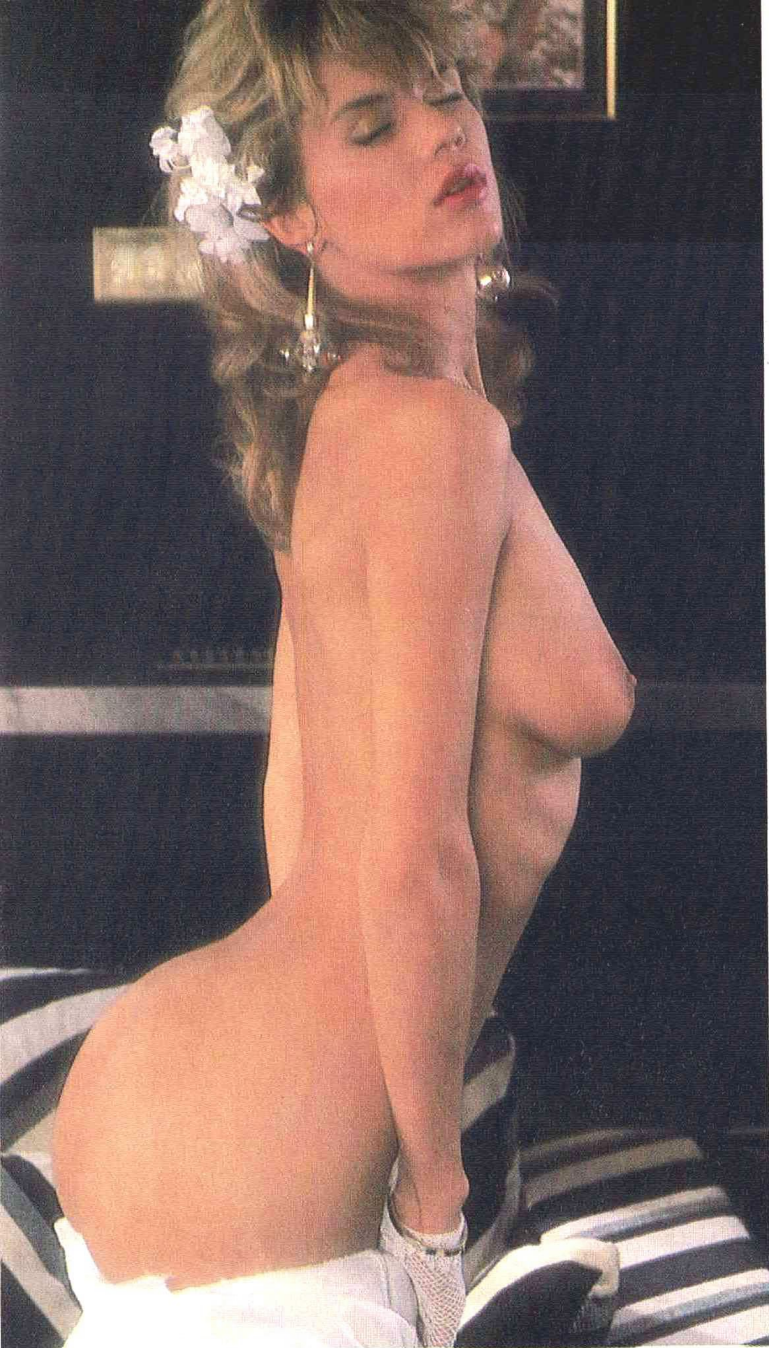


TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD H. MILNE

The relationship between a photographer and his subject is a marriage in many respects — not all, but many. Both parties must make certain concessions, standing by their initial enthusiasm to make it work — way after everything is signed and sealed. There can be differences of opinion, but the end-product is what it's all about. As these shots testify, this was one of those sessions that went off without a hitch.





"I'd always thought there was something mystical about a woman in white: whether there was *something* in that wedding gown," says 18-year-old Natasha. Yes, there is something in the dress. Who ever said it was the bride who does all the blushing?



When Natasha posed, she took a vow. She promised never to have regrets. "A model can never divorce herself from her work. Unlike marriage, these pictures last forever."





How will she explain the photos to a future husband? "Too many marriages are little more than 'animal husbandry,'" she explains. "I wouldn't marry anyone idiot enough to need an explanation." Which leaves her future groom in the enviable position of having this honey blonde to moon over until that day . . . 

A cautionary tale for aspiring
Australian film-makers

FILM

In 1980 a US magazine devoted a cover to a photograph of a casually dressed chimpanzee busily working at a typewriter. "Is Anyone In America *Not* Writing A Screenplay?" ran the overline to *Esquire's* cover story about the astonishing proliferation of would-be Hollywood screenwriters.

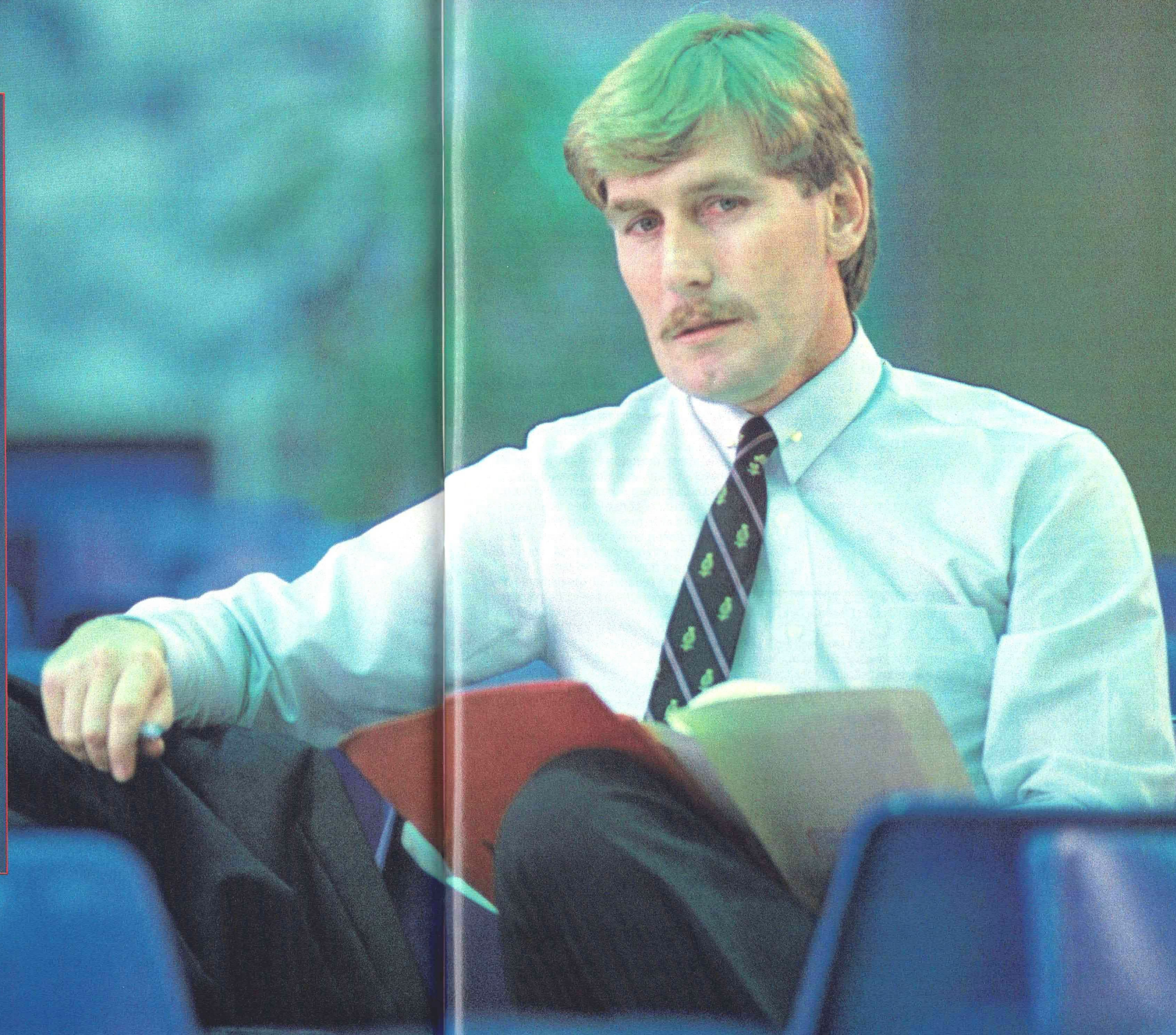
"Clearly the whole damn business is out of control," wrote the author, David Freeman, himself a playwright and screenwriter. "Everyone is dreaming of an artistic and financial killing by writing a movie."

In Australia today the emphasis is slightly different. Instead of writing for the movies, every man and his dog wants to *make* movies. There are no chimps involved... but there are chumps, and lots of 'em.

Enter a bar in a fashionable part of any

FLAM

BY JACK RANSLEY
PHOTO BY DAVID SPROULE



FILM FLAM

major city and the odds are you'll encounter at least one fledgling Cecil B. De Mille who can't wait to share the good news. With minor variations, it goes like this: He or she has just received a "guaranteed promise" of \$500,000 (\$1 million if it's Toorak or Vaucluse) with which to make a film about, say, the ancient circumcision rites of Papuan headhunters. The money is to come from a filthy rich corporation that couldn't care less about the final product; it's attracted solely by whopping tax concessions attached to film investments.

Ask about likely markets, or question the commercial appeal of the film's subject matter, and you won't be popular.

"Subject is immaterial," the Creative One might sniff, eager to get back to the subject of the cine-gear he's buying on the promise of that half million. "What's important is the individual film-maker's perspective."

Perhaps it's making video clips that has consumed his vision of the future. Or TV commercials. Or even feature films. It makes no difference; all aspiring film artists have in common an almost aggressive naivete coupled with unlimited faith in their own creative potential.

What's behind this epidemic? Apart from the obvious fact that playing film-makers beats the pants off being unemployed, several factors appear to be at work.

One: Overseas recognition of the talent of Australians like Peter Weir, Fred Schepisi, Bruce Beresford and Gillian Armstrong is seen in certain quarters as evidence that "anyone can do it."

Two: The prospect of instant fame, whereby movie stars, producers and directors achieve international recognition on the basis of one film; even if it's their first, has exerted a heady influence on young hopefuls.

Three: Being an inexact art, film-making — like contemporary painting — holds enormous appeal for those of a mystical bent. For them, even failure (on a commercial level) can represent artistic success.

Yet for every dozen wankers, there's probably one or two who'll make it. They've learned to separate myth and nonsense from the less palatable realities of an industry described by Hollywood studio boss Harry Cohen as "not a business but a racket."

Brisbane film-maker Chris De Vere, 33, has spent five years initiating himself into the mysteries and pitfalls of his chosen career. He's produced a documentary and sold it here and overseas, and achieved pre-sales for two upcoming projects.

Probably by virtue of his background as a knockabout who worked in many diverse jobs, De Vere has a practical approach sadly absent in those with more grandiose notions of what's needed to secure a niche in the peculiar world of celluloid entertain-

ment. Consequently he's the ideal man to help burst a few bubbles among the ranks of the self-deluded.

PROFILE OF AN ORDINARY FILM-MAKER

Just before he began making films, Chris De Vere sold cars and real estate. Now he likes to make the point that compared with some operators in the film industry, car and real estate salesmen are honest to a fault. He adds that so many things can go wrong with a film project that a reasonably proficient gambler, by taking a film's budget and feeding it through a casino, would stand a better chance of turning over a profit.

Raised on a cattle property near Kadan-ga in south-east Queensland, De Vere has also tried his hand at motor racing, earth moving, oil drilling and survey work. At the age of 18 he lived alone for nine months on a tropical island, sleeping in a cave and

For every dozen wankers, there's one or two who'll make it. They've learned to separate myth from reality

passing the days fishing, painting and hunting ducks.

"I knew I'd been there long enough," he says, "when I went across to the mainland to see a movie and couldn't look anyone in the face. I knew I had to return to civilisation before I became a complete recluse."

He was selling real estate at Noosa in 1979 when a property slump forced him to move to Brisbane and cast about for a different career. Film-making interested him, but he knew nothing about it. He did know about aeroplanes, being a licensed pilot and the owner of a restored Tiger Moth — and thus was born the idea of a documentary about one of his boyhood heroes, pioneer Bundaberg aviator Bert Hinkler.

It might sound like dry material, but De Vere's early research about the way Hinkler met his fate (he crashed in the Italian Alps en route from Britain to Australia) made him suspect it may not have been an accident — that Hinkler could well have been murdered by someone who tampered with a prop on the plane before he left England. This was the theme that took

De Vere and a hired film crew through six countries to make *Bert Hinkler — The Lone Eagle*, since sold to the ABC and an overseas cable network. But before they left, of course, De Vere had to raise the money: he needed \$135,000.

He discovered that to legally advertise for investment in his project, he would need a brokerage licence, a public company, an audited prospectus and other things that would have set him back about \$50,000. So he reverted to being a salesman and foot-slogged his way from one company to the next — literally door-to-door — seeking investment from companies like BHP, Australian Paper Mills and Mount Isa Mines Ltd.

"After five months," he says, "I was very depressed. I was surviving on my own investments. Fortunately my wife [Karen, an opera singer] was supportive of my plans. The mistake I made was to seek cash from one source. I know now that it's more realistic to approach a pool of potential investors."

In the end he got the money only hours before he and the film crew were due to fly to London. As usual in such transactions, it was paid not to De Vere but by stages into a trust account, with a third party holding power of attorney to make checks on expenditure on behalf of the investors.

One good reason for this — which you're unlikely to hear about from new chums — is linked with the much-vaunted 133⅓ percent tax concessions allowed as an incentive to film investors. Says De Vere: "What investors often aren't told or don't realise is that many things in the process of making a film are non-deductible items. If everyone from the producer to the cameraman isn't looking out for the investor's interests, the result can be that three-quarters of the budget has gone on non-deductibles. This leaves investors in the crap, obviously, and it explains why many of them are shying off the industry."

Ironically, after taking six months to obtain finance, De Vere — such a novice that he hadn't even seen a movie camera until his crew unpacked in London — had just *three* months to make the film and prepare it for sale.

Why? Finance again. To have the best chance of a quick sale, the doco had to be cassetted and ready to market by the end of June, thus falling inside the taxable or financial year.

De Vere hired a BBC director in London and left all technical decisions to him. But when disputes arose, De Vere had the final say. As the investor's man-on-the-spot, he felt this was his responsibility.

Back in Australia before the editing process began, the crew went to Bundaberg to recreate Hinkler's daring flight beneath a city bridge. In the process, Chris De Vere learned another lesson: just because you're making a film, don't assume the rest of the world is going to co-operate.

"I found the reverse is often true," he says. "The red tape in Bundaberg was formidable. People dealing with film crews seem to have one of two attitudes — either they don't want to know you, or they do their best to stone you out of town."

By the time he set about marketing the documentary, De Vere had been forced to sell his house and his beloved Tiger Moth to keep himself solvent.

He then endured four months of indifference from Australian TV networks, taking the film from city to city at his own expense (marketing is another non-deductible) and getting the same response: Hinkler's story was a good ABC-type program, but it didn't suit the commercial networks.

To cap off the gloom, De Vere had missed the end-of-June period when investors and purchasers prefer to do business. Wistfully, he moped about reading biographies of men like Samuel Goldwyn... Hollywood's pioneering do-it-yourself movie moguls whose success was partly due to the fact that — like our own Michael Edgely — they never lost control of "the product."

"They owned the studios that made the movies," he explains, "and they owned the theatre chains that showed the movies. In effect, you could liken them to gynaecologists who moonlighted as undertakers."

Finally, against all his entrepreneurial instincts, De Vere put the Hinkler film in the hands of a marketing agent — the equiva-

lent of an author's literary agent, but more expensive; these gentlemen charge up to 40 percent of what a film brings in.

Within three weeks the agent made a sale overseas; later he made another to the ABC. As a result, says De Vere, his investors will get their money back and he will break even.

This might seem a paltry return for all that effort, but De Vere knows that, as in the case of a writer setting out to make a name for himself, his first few creations will probably serve only as a launching pad for bigger things.

He jealously guards details of projects now on the drawing board — including a 13-part series of children's programs — because, back in the days when he was talkative, *three* of his film ideas were swiped by people within the industry.

"There's always some nerd out there waiting to leech off others," he says. "The frightening thing is that the worst offenders — the really ruthless guys — are the old troopers. They'll grab everything you've got and walk away. They know the ropes and trade on the fact that you don't."

Ask him about all these kids claiming to have been offered millions for films, and De Vere smiles grimly. "Unless they have a pre-sale agreement in writing, they usually haven't a hope. Even if they fluke a naive investor, chances are he'll change his mind before parting with any money. What happens is that he gets the jitters. If you're

selling a car or a house, the buyer's got something he can touch and look at. With a film, all he's got is a piece of paper saying he's sunk his cash into something that doesn't yet exist."

Of course, there's always "black" money — perhaps the embarrassingly large profits of some outwardly respectable businessman's latest heroin investment — but De Vere's advice is to avoid tainted loot like the plague: "I hear it's the quickest way to submerge in a very large cesspool."

Over-investment in equipment is another major trap for young players. De Vere cites a Brisbane company set up recently to film TV commercials. "They had about half a million dollars worth of gear, yet they couldn't afford to buy a new Datsun," he says. Similarly, companies geared to make video clips are proliferating wildly, yet most musicians can't pay for instruments — let alone the cost of video production.

De Vere's Rule Number One is: *Don't Tell Anybody Anything. Watch Your Back* is another survival commandment. Others include: *Check Everything You're Told By Solicitors And Accountants. Don't Buy Anything You Can Hire. Maintain Adequate Insurance. Get All Promises On Paper.*

"Finally," he says, "don't get into this business on a whim. You have to really want to do it, and you have to be an all-rounder. Art is fine, but you need money, determination and a business head to get your art before the public." ☐





Bhagwan's controversial cult worships
the power of money, sex and sub-machine guns

RANCHO RAJNEESH

Summer 1983. Rancho Rajneesh, aka Big Muddy Ranch, Wasco County, Oregon, USA, aka the middle of nowhere. Lord knew, the Twinkies had their hands full. Not only was a TV crew spread all over the place filming a soap opera about this, America's wealthiest religious cult, but Rajneesh Chandra Mohan, aka Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, aka God, had chosen this day to break a year-and-a-half-long vow of

silence to announce the upcoming end of the world. Bhagwan minced no words: "Man is now living in his most critical moment and it is a crisis of immense dimensions. Either he will die or a new man will be born . . . The period of this crisis will be between 1984 and 1999. During this period there will be . . . floods which have never been known since the time of Noah, along with earthquakes, volcanic eruptions,

BY MARK CHRISTENSEN

RAJNEESH

and everything else that is possible through nature... There will be wars which are bound to end in nuclear explosions... Tokyo, New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Bombay... all these cities are going to disappear, and the holocaust... is going to be global, so no escape will be possible."

The story had just hit the wire services and now, just an hour after dawn, the Twinkies — the official hostesses at the ranch — fielded questions about rumors that hundreds of thousands of Rajneeshees were decamping from America's cities and burgs and, *at this very moment*, converging on Rancho Rajneesh, the biggest and strangest commune in America.

The Twinkies, very good-looking young women dressed in the height of post-apocalypse fashion — purple leg warmers, pumpkin-colored sweaters, burnt-sienna blouses — handled both the film crew and the imminent demise of mankind with the same efficient, ebullient geisha-cheerleader style that they'd used to handle other recent rumors. Among these rumors: Bhagwan was planning a mass suicide here at the ranch that would make Jonestown look like a girl guide picnic, and the Rajneeshees were building missile silos on the ranch to accommodate their own H-bomb-tipped ICBMs.

All in a day's work for those in the service of America's and Australia's most controversial guru, the so-called "Swami of Sex", who was in the midst of constructing a Utopian society in the middle of the Oregon desert, 360 kms from the nearest major city, Portland. Currently an estimated six million Americans are members of cults ranging from the Love Family to the Unification Church and the Church of Scientology, but this is a whole new wrinkle: a "religious" community complete with a gambling casino, a disco and enough bars and gourmet restaurants to start a new Kings Cross.

And this was just the beginning. Construction continued apace. In the distance, heavy equipment moved out from the bivouac areas. Heavy, heavy equipment: dump trucks, road graders, backhoes, and one immense front loader as big as a house. Already the Rajneeshees had pumped an estimated \$100 million into the ranch and were said to be planning to spend \$25 to \$30 million a year until at least 1988. Just on the ranch.

Thousands of Rajneeshees "worship" here 12 hours a day, seven days a week. "Worship" is Rajneeshee for "work." Six thousand acres were being put under cultivation, 15,000 shade trees were being planted at a rate of 100 a week, 25 wells had been dug, and Rajneeshee engineers had constructed a 30-metre-high earthen dam in order to create Krishnamurti Lake, a 20 hectare reservoir containing 600 mil-

lion litres of water.

Vegetation now carpets hills where only sagebrush grew before. The Rajneeshees have the technology that allows them to plant a hectare every two hours. They grow 60 different kinds of vegetables and raise hundreds of beef cattle for sale. They even have their own airline, Air Rajneesh — consisting of three DC-3s, a commuter turbo-prop, and a Convair formerly owned by Howard Hughes.

Then there's the Rancho Rajneesh transport system. Buses everywhere. Brand new four-wheel-drive station wagons dot the landscape. Rolls-Royces all over the place — scores of them... more Rolls-Royces per capita than any place in the world, including Beverly Hills and Kuwait.

These folks aren't just a bunch of hippies out pitching tents. This place is run by pros. Already accommodating 3500 Rajneeshees on its 126 square miles (an area two and a half times the size of San Francisco), the Ranch is home to an airport, a shopping mall, a small university, a 145-room luxury hotel, and a huge public transport system. Rancho Rajneesh is a business, a *big* business.

The average age of Bhagwan's followers is 37. Fifty-two percent are women. Women hold an estimated 80 percent of the supervisory positions in the community. Four of five doctors at the ranch's clinic list degrees from the top US universities, and the commune hosts enough psychiatrists and psychologists to crew Bedlam. The ranch itself houses headquarters for 15 corporations and 40-odd separate businesses, and offers services ranging from a travel agency to a hair salon. At "City Hall", scores of Rajneeshees man computer banks that track the enterprises manned by an estimated 350,000 devotees worldwide, who are served by 500 Rajneesh meditation centres located on every continent except Antarctica. Many are major operations. The Rajneesh Founda-

tion's Tokyo centre, for instance, has 7000 members.

In addition, the foundation oversees a worldwide chain of "Zorba The Buddha" restaurants and nightclubs and a publishing-and-video industry that grosses an average of \$120,000 to \$160,000 a month. Bhagwan has an estimated 33 million words in print and his ruminations have been published in over 350 different books.

Aside from that, you can mail-order everything from special Bhagwan pillow cases to a special Bhagwan beer mug or disposable lighter.

Bhagwan came to America to make his nut. And, in the process, to become the Jesus Christ of the Twenty-first Century. Meanwhile, though, the natives were getting... restless.

Bhagwan and his flock have had problems from the beginning. Or, to be more precise, in Poona, India, where Bhagwan established his first major ashram. "A lot of people came for the sex, a lot came for the drugs," remembers a sannyasin of the period. "He offered us total freedom. It was wild." Too wild. And too expensive. Bhagwan developed major tax problems with the Indian Government and, beset by a series of medical problems, jetted out of the subcontinent with ten followers and a reported \$1.5 million in his back pocket.

He came to America: first to New Jersey, where he holed up with his medical team and tried to regain his health, and finally to Oregon. The financial waters were much more hospitable in the States, and by the time he was ready to make an offer on the Big Muddy, the Rajneesh Investment Corporation was solvent enough to plunk down \$2.5 million cash for a down payment on the \$6 million piece of real estate.

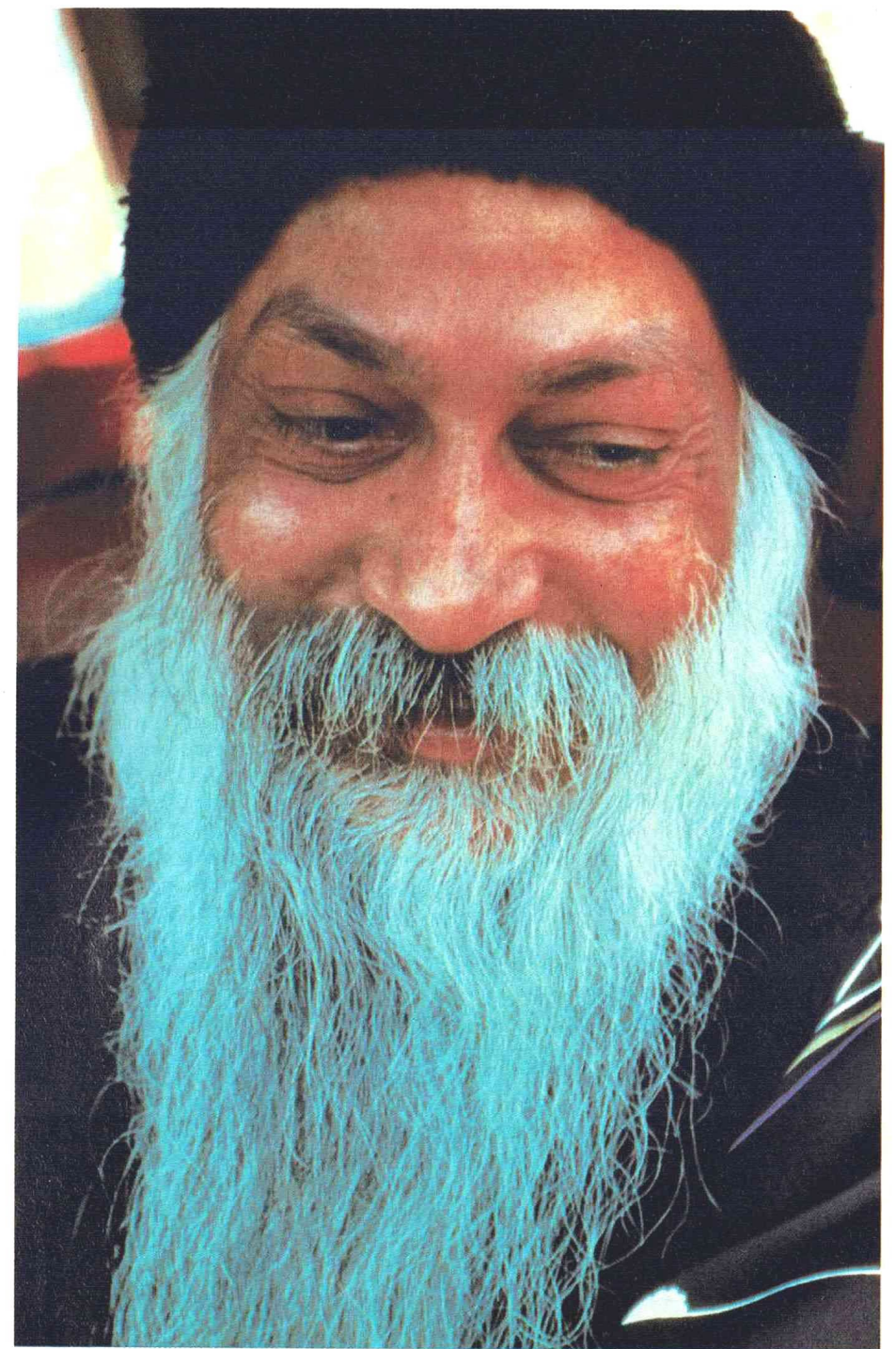
But the ranch was a mess. Having been overgrazed by 50,000 sheep and cattle over a period of 90 years, the US Soil Con-

servation Service had certified most of its acreage class IV to class VIII. Class VIII soil is considered totally useless.

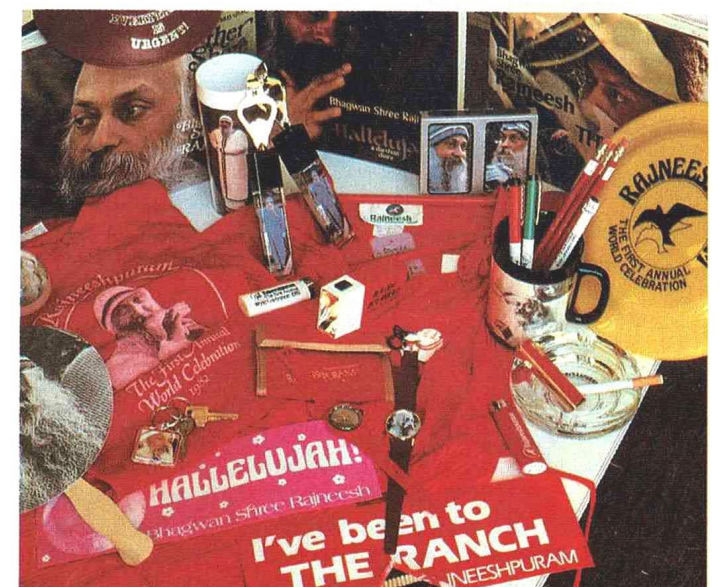
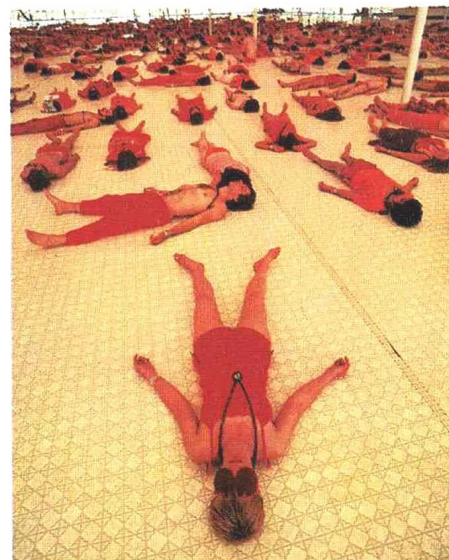
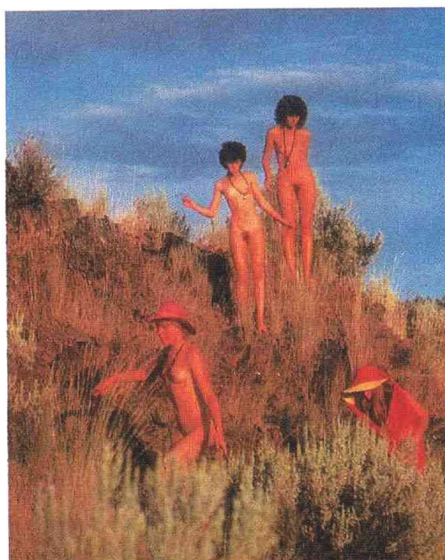
And relations with the locals stank from the beginning. Oregon has a reputation as a very moderate state, but what that really means is that it's the kind of place where the more liberal-minded hate blacks and bikers vote for Reagan. And the Rajneeshees had moved straight into the heart of Marlboro country. A desert rangeland where cowboys and Indians are *still* shooting at each other and where people are inclined to regard folks like John Denver and Donny Osmond as degenerate hippies.

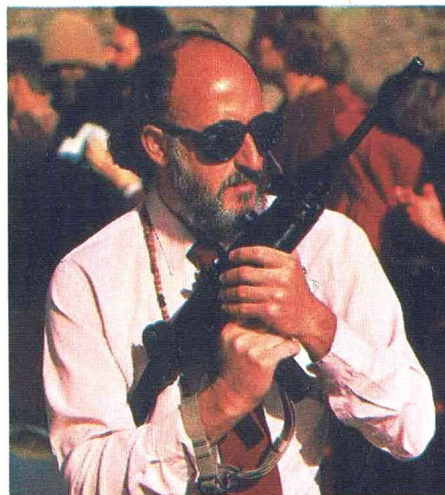
Of the first 280 Rajneeshees who came to develop the ranch, 200 had advanced degrees. Backed by the corporation's weighty cheque book, they set about the Big Muddy's restoration with a vengeance, employing the latest and best farming techniques known to man. And, in the process, they became a formidable economic force in a state enduring the worst economic decline since the Great Depression.

But it wasn't until Ed Bradley did a segment on *60 Minutes* about Bhagwan that the shit really hit the fan. Included in the segment were tapes purporting to have



America's and Australia's most controversial guru, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh presides over his world-wide religion from his Oregon ranch, complete with a casino, a disco and dozens of bars and gourmet restaurants.





RAJNEESH

been made at Bhagwan's ashram in Poonah. They showed people beating the spleens out of each other in what was described as "therapy."

That didn't sit well with the locals, who hadn't cottoned to these rose-colored vegetable eaters much to begin with. Never mind that the Rajneeshees protested that the tape had simply been a matter of "play-acting."

Various anti-Rajneeshee groups evolved, spearheaded by the likes of the Reverend Charles Tatom — who addressed rallies exhorting his followers to "inform your friends, neighbors, and associates of the dangerous threat the Rajneeshee cult is to our state and country." Gary McMurray, an attorney who headed the Citizens for Constitutional Cities, claimed the Rajneeshees were attempting to create "a religious city-state" analogous "only to the Vatican in Rome."

Much of the brouhaha had to do with the Jonestown scare, complicated by the fact that Ma Amrita Priam, nee Shannon Jo Ryan — the daughter of Leo Ryan, the Californian Congressman shot to death at the airport in Jonestown — was quoted in the *Los Angeles Times* as saying, "I've heard other people say if Bhagwan asked them to kill themselves, they would do it. I don't know if my trust in him is that total,

but I would like it to be."

Then the 1000 Friends of Oregon got into the act. A powerful land-conservation group who normally wouldn't get the time of day from the strongly anti-land-regulation ranchers who surround the Rajneesh commune, the 1000 Friends hit a more appealing note when they began questioning Rajneeshee compliance with the local land-use-planning laws. And before you knew it, the state Attorney-General had hopped on the anti-Rajneeshee bandwagon, claiming that incorporation of part of the ranch as a city violated the constitutional separation of church and state and threatened the legal status of the city. And there were strong intimations the state might force them to dismantle the ranch.

Ma Anand Sheela, as president of the Academy of Rajneeshism, president of the Rajneesh Foundation International, president of the Rajneesh Humanity Trust, and personal secretary and step-sister to Bhagwan, is the true power behind the throne. She, for one, wasn't having any. Asked what would happen if the state made such an attempt, she replied, "I will be dead. I will paint the bulldozers with my blood. I mean business. You will find out what will happen to you if you come out here to harm me or Bhagwan or any of my people. . . I'll take things as they come. We are willing to die for freedom. I have 100 percent support from my people."

And she may need it. A "press release" purportedly from the "Oregon State Department of Fish and Wildlife" was circulated at the commune announcing the cancellation of the normal 1984-85 hunting season. However, the statement read: "There will be an open season on the Rajneeshees, known locally as the Red Rats or Red Vermin. These Red Rats may be a little rough to dress out and if gut shot, probably not worth the effort."

"IT WILL BE UNLAWFUL TO:

- Hunt in a party of over 700.
- Use more than 50 attack dogs in one group.
- Use less than a .25 calibre rifle or double 00 buckshot (they are thick-skinned).
- . . . Possess a road-killed Red Rat. It is okay to hit one, but don't pick the bastard up."

And after a man who had stayed at the commune was arrested for setting off two handmade bombs in the Portland Rajneesh Hotel — successfully blowing up one side of the building — commune members began arming themselves. Seriously. With UZIs and Galil assault rifles. Lots of them, plus the CAR-15 (a semiautomatic version of the M-16); the Mini-14, a short semiautomatic rifle; the MIA .308 calibre rifle; .357 Magnum revolvers and 12-gauge shotguns. There were rumors Bhagwan planned to buy tanks and helicopter gunships.

Intoned State Representative Wayne Fawbush: "They are a bunch of people who have gambled and are in the process

of losing. . . A lot of people are concerned about the potential for violence out there now." Rajneeshpuram Mayor Swami Krishna Deva was equally to the point: "What I see here today is the beginning of civil war in this county. And if that's what you want, fine."

The commune has taken on something of a fortress mentality of late, encouraged by Bhagwan's latest vision: a world decimated by AIDS. At the Ranch's new luxury hotel each sumptuous room is provided with condoms and rubber gloves, and a little missive, courtesy of the Rajneesh Medical Associates, advising guests to "use latex condoms for all sexual contacts. . . For foreplay and genital contact use latex or rubber gloves. . . Wash thoroughly after sexual contact. . . Do not engage in oral or anal sex. . . No sex during menstruation."

These "suggestions", applying as they do to all sannyasins living on the ranch, come as a surprise, especially to gay disciples. "What's left for us to do besides remain celibate?" stated one. Others are more philosophical. Ma Debal: "Bhagwan has brought the stark living reality into it. AIDS can kill us, period. . . This is a gift from Bhagwan, I know that." Swami Chaitanya Fagar: "So, sex will never again be what it used to be. Hallelujah! It is as if I am waking up from a long and all-consuming fever which has finally run its course."

Meanwhile, the ranch is still reeling from the effects of its latest socioeconomic effort — the busing of thousands of down-and-outers and street people into the commune as part of a program of mass rejuvenation for the country's derelicts. Bhagwan had offered room and board and bus transportation to anyone who wanted to start a new life on the commune. Cynics claim this was simply a ploy to stack the local election rolls (Rajneeshees registered hundreds of the new arrivals to vote), and lately Portland has been hemorrhaging winos — as dropouts from the experiment filter into Oregon's largest city. Whole platoons of Portland city officials are outraged.

The pot boils. The Rajneesh security force continues to train. Reportedly, when Sheela told Bhagwan she was getting concerned about her image, he reassured her, stating, "Don't worry, you are not being *enough* of a bitch." The Rajneesh weekly newspaper, meanwhile, ran a story dismissing kissing as simply a "skin-sucking addiction." Someone flew over the ranch and dropped leaflets announcing the beginning of "hunting season" on commune members. That kind of threat Rajneeshpuram Mayor Krishna Deva takes in his stride:

"We have machine guns and whatever else it takes. And they're not here for hunting deer, I can tell you that. If I were the folks out there, I'd take out my frustrations elsewhere because we're ready for anything." 

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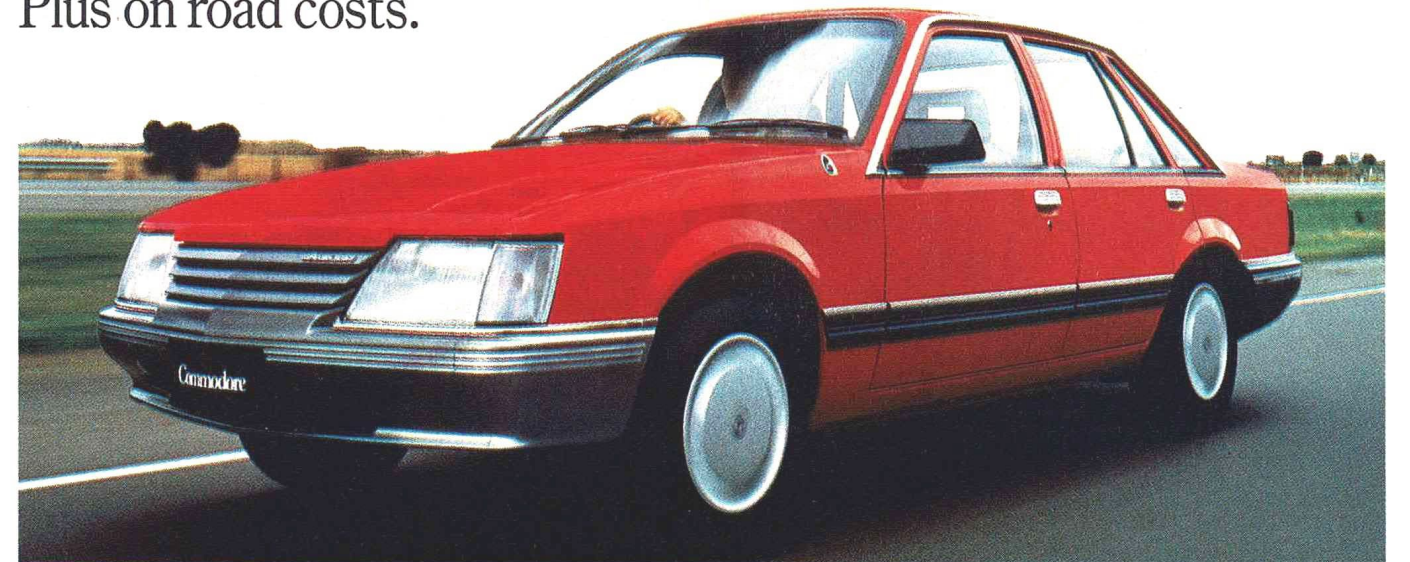
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The definitive sex survey

BY BRIGITTE NIOCHE

WHAT MEN WANT



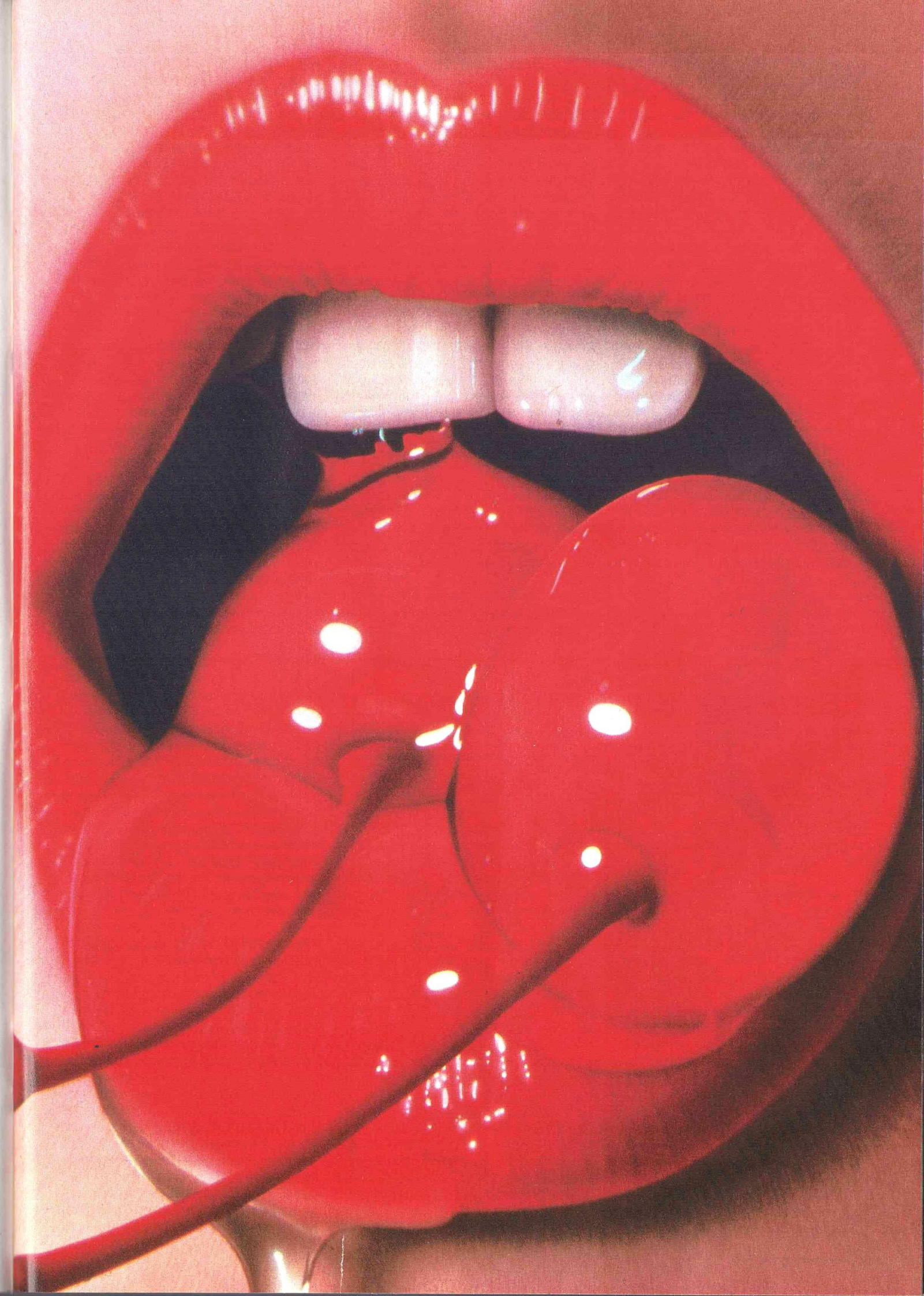
"A sexually experienced woman with a pretty face and a slim body of average height, dressed in sexy, fashionable clothes with an assertive, warm personality... and, preferably, a co-worker."

This profile sums up, in a nutshell, the answers to our two questionnaires: "What Turns Men On?" and "Screwing Around At Work." The numerous responses — drawn from married, single, and divorced participants located in all areas of the country, possessing diverse backgrounds and widely varying professions — were enthusiastic, open, and honest.

The purpose of these surveys was to hear directly from men how and if a woman can please them through her appearance and behavior, if this can enhance a relationship as well as love-making, and finally to determine who initiates on-the-job affairs. How long have we believed, as gospel truth, that men go gaga over the classical blue-eyed voluptuous blonde, heavily made up and seductively passive? And just how many of us assume that the majority of lusty office interludes are initiated by men, while the majority of women merely acquiesce out of fear of losing their jobs?

If you, our readers, have assumed the preceding statements to be *facts*, then you may be surprised to discover that, according to you, the reverse is actually true: men prefer women who don't coat themselves with cosmetics; the overwhelming majority are more likely to become impassioned over a pretty face than large breasts; and unanimously, men express their desire for a self-assured woman rather than a coyly passive plaything. Perhaps most astonish-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY YOSUKE OHNISHI



MEN

ing, *Penthouse* discovered that, contrary to popular opinion, it is actually women who initiate the majority of on-the-job affairs.

Unpeeling layers of illusion, these surveys revealed other facts which serve to dispel deep-rooted myths about male sexuality, such as: men prefer making love to virgins, younger women are more of a turn-on than older women, and men are oblivious to women's sexual fulfillment.

Additionally, our contributors voted on who they believe to be the ten sexiest women in the world. The winners indicate that "sexy" no longer means simply big tits and great legs! Men are dazzled by intelligent women who possess a good sense of humor and exude an air of self-confidence.

The results show how different and oftentimes identical your preferences are... and after reading them, you might even find the inspiration to achieve new sexual heights.

WITH OR WITHOUT A BRA — WHAT'S A GREATER TURN-ON?

"It turns me on to see a pair of breasts right in front of my lips." Wishful thinking maybe, but wishful thinking is what 64 percent of the respondents did. However, more interesting than the statistics were the reasons for their preferences.

Without a bra: One enthusiastic reader said, "A little tit looks good and never hurts anyone. I like to see the shape of a woman's nipples, and the idea of her breasts rubbing against the blouse is exciting." Another stated, "A woman without a bra shows self-confidence and hints that she is inviting, wild, and adventurous."

With a bra: Those who have voted for bra-bound women gave these reasons: "I'm very possessive", "I like her to be conservative, and not show the world", "I enjoy seeing cleavage in a low-cut dress", and "A braless woman seems to lack the discipline and mystery I find attractive."

DO MEN LUST AFTER YOUNGER WOMEN?

The answers to the question, "Do you prefer women who are younger, older, or your own age?" can lay to rest women's pre-occupation with their age. Fifty-five percent of the respondents testified that age doesn't matter. Of the remainder, 19 percent wanted younger women, 16 percent contemporaries, and 11 percent were attracted to older women.

WHO WANTS A VIRGIN?

No-one! "Making love to an experienced woman is by far the best," was the opinion voiced by 92 percent of the men. Neither age nor marital status influenced this answer.

The time when a woman saved her virginity for the man she married seems to be gone. "I would never marry another vir-

gin," some men said. Others found that "virgins have too many questions and protests." They were also found to be "emotional downers."

Inexperienced women were blamed for "too much lovemaking in one position" and "a lack of willingness to try new things." Men perceived experienced women as more enjoyable, satisfying, and sensitive. As one contributor testified, "I like women who have been around a man's body enough not to be afraid of it, who know what feels good to a man." Another claimed, "Experienced women are more open, creative, and sensitive to their partners' needs."

DO MEN LIKE BEING SEDUCED?

"I like to be seduced," claimed 99 percent of the respondents. Sixty percent like to be asked directly, 16 percent prefer indirectly, and 24 percent said either way. In other words, all men like to have women lusting

Very few men wanted virgins. "Making love to an experienced woman is by far the best," was the opinion voiced by 92 percent

after them. The reasons why they find it exciting, however, vary. "I'm somewhat shy and an aggressive woman makes it easier on me," stated one gent. "It relieves the tension and eliminates the fear of rejection. It also opens up new channels of honesty." Another offered the opinion, "I like to feel wanted. It takes the pressure off me and eliminates the doubt about the rest of the evening."

For others, being asked is an ego-booster and a recognition of their manhood. Some of the responses were: "It is exciting because it is flattering." "I know that she's turned on to me, and *only* me, at that particular moment, and it gets me hot." "It excites me very much because I'm an average guy and it's a great boost to my ego, not to mention to my sense of self-worth."

Others claimed that sharing the responsibility heightens the sexual experience. One man told us that his fantastic sex life was attributable to the fact that his wife openly expressed her desires on their first date. Upon kissing him good night, she said, "When we go out next week, would you fuck me, please?"

WHAT SHOULD A WOMAN WEAR?

Garter belts and stockings were men's favorites, while crotchless panties and bras that vary from peekaboo to half-cup to lacy push-up styles came in a close second. Other suggestions included short, transparent nighties; teddies; men's shirts worn open; sweatshirts cut off at the bust; bow ties; fur hats; jewellery such as ankle bracelets and waist chains; or simply, high-heeled shoes. One man expressed his own unique technique: "My favorite is to tie a bow, using satin ribbon, around her neck. It's like enjoying a wonderful gift without any wrapping paper, just ribbons and bows."

HOW TO GET IT UP AGAIN

Exciting a man for the second or third time does not seem to be a difficult task. The majority (61 percent) would like to have their penises caressed and sucked. Nineteen percent prefer to be cuddled, hugged, kissed, and gently caressed. A handful of other suggestions were: "Watch an X-rated movie", "Do a suggestive striptease", "Rake your fingernails lightly down my back", "Masturbate yourself", and "Get scantily dressed in sheer clothes and high-heeled shoes, sit and talk intimately for a while, then back to bed."

However, there were a few exceptions, such as "nothing helps" to the other extreme of a 56-year-old man who said, "I'm always aroused."

ARE MEN HAPPY WITH THEIR SEX LIVES?

One question asked: "Would you like your partner to be sexually more responsive, initiatory, adventurous and aggressive?" Forty-eight percent wanted their women to be more adventurous by trying new and unique methods of lovemaking, unusual locations, and extended periods of foreplay. Twenty-two percent would like their partners to be more initiating, 15 percent would appreciate a more aggressive female, and 12 percent wanted someone more responsive. The remaining three percent were the few lucky ones who were totally fulfilled and satisfied sexually.

WHAT BEHAVIOR TURNS MEN ON DURING LOVEMAKING?

Thirty-two percent of the respondents said they preferred aggressive women, 26 percent mysterious women, 20 percent desired women who initiated sex but allowed the man to carry the act through, 14 percent preferred women who look for guidance, and eight percent liked women who are timid and shy. Pornographic language excited 80 percent of respondents, who said that it made them feel more erotic. The following samples of "dirty talk" were voted the most effective: "You feel so good inside me", "I want your cock in me so badly", "You do that so well. You really know how to love a woman", and "You have a beautiful penis."

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT!

Another question asked: "If you had to give one suggestion to women how to be better lovers, what would it be?" One man said, "It's very important that a woman enjoys herself. First by being comfortable, then by doing whatever she needs to do to fulfil herself." Another stated, "Her pleasure is always more important than mine." Still another claimed, "A woman should not be afraid to please herself, because that pleases me."

In other words, men would like women to enjoy sex, to want it frequently, and to have fun. In addition, the following suggestions were given to women:

1. Express your own desires

- "Don't be afraid to be a woman. Get in touch with your emotions and follow them through. Don't go to bed with a man simply because you want him to like you; there's a strong chance you won't enjoy it and the experience will be damaging to the relationship in the long run."

- "Good sex is a mutual act and anything less than that is just an extended form of masturbation."

- "Learn to communicate. Talk to your partner before, during, and after making love. Tell him what you like and don't like, but really stress what you like the most no matter how simple it may seem to you." As another participant expressed it: "A woman shouldn't be afraid to tell him to kiss her here or there or touch her this way or that way. Admit that you are horny, and don't act prudish — become totally uninhibited sexually, don't be shy about fulfilling your own fantasies and desires. Go for what you want."

2. Be more adventurous — be more open to sex

Men were definitely turned on by a woman who is willing to try new and different lovemaking techniques. Eighty percent of the respondents enjoyed receiving oral sex, some finding it equally or more satisfying than normal fornication. Men weren't out to just "get off" — rather, they preferred making love with a woman who is aware of and sensitive to a man's needs, as well as her own, and is willing to experiment in fulfilling those needs. One man stated, "I want to make love with a woman. My whole body is me, not just my mouth and cock. Orgasms usually last for just a few moments. The act of lovemaking can go all night."

3. Be aggressive — show initiative

Men's advice to women was: "Don't be a dead fish. Take the initiative more often." Men liked to be made love to rather than always being the ones to initiate various positions. The old saying, "A lady in public and a whore in bed" gains credence here, with a majority of men preferring a woman who is aggressive and adventurous in bed.

4. Try to please your man

A man likes to know that a woman desires him sexually and is interested in do-

ing what she can to enhance his sexual pleasure.

Tell your man not only that you love him, but that you enjoy his body sexually. Most men would like to be thought of as sex objects. One reader suggested that women "be more sensitive to the man's needs, the little things, both in and out of bed." Another said, "Don't think all men are the same. Try to understand the male ego."

The overall consensus was summed up by one respondent: "Remember that a big part of good sex is mental. It isn't just physical. So put some effort into mind games and sexual foreplay, and try to fulfil a man's fantasy. In addition, read more men's magazines to understand more fully the wide scope of men's fantasies."

SCREWING AROUND AT WORK

And what about it? Are men the "villains" who initiate the majority of work-related affairs? How frequent and widespread are relationships between employees? And what are the pleasures and pitfalls of screwing a co-worker?

The male work force can relax. The threat of being accused of harassment while dating or sleeping with a co-worker or subordinate is fading away rapidly. Working women are not only willing, but are often the aggressors. The majority of the men (84 percent) had been propositioned by a female co-worker at one time or another. How many accepted? Approx-

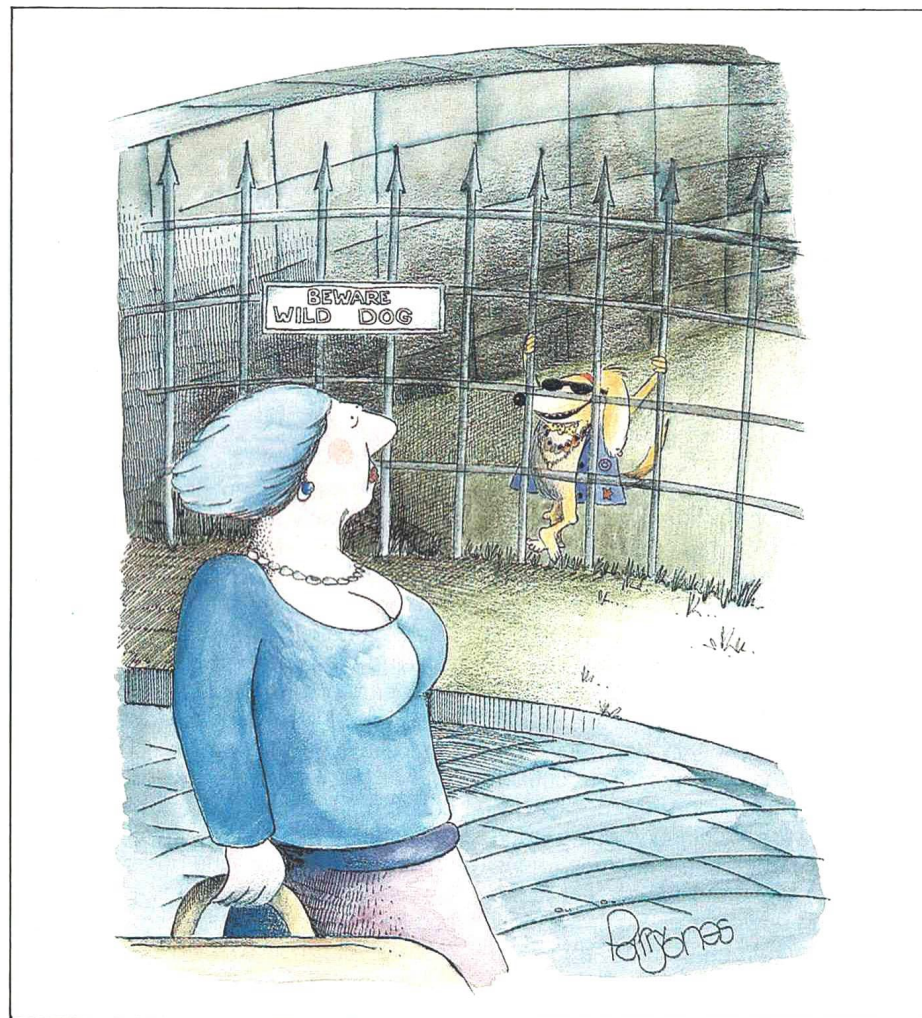
mately 70 percent. The others either laughed the proposition off or declined politely. No, they didn't claim to be virtuous. They had reasons for refusing. "I was involved with someone else at the time," claimed one gentleman. Another said, "The girl was too pushy, which could mean trouble later on."

Many of us are still accustomed to the man acting as the aggressor and are well aware of the tactics he uses. But just how does a working woman come on to a colleague she fancies? It is really quite simple.

Several women come right out and ask for what they want: "I would like to have an affair with you", or "Would you like to come for breakfast?" Others are even more suggestive, as a real estate broker stated: "My secretary blatantly asked, 'Would you like a blowjob?'" A good-looking agricultural production engineer shared his adventure: "We were all alone. She was horny and told me so. I said I could help her and believe me, I did."

Some women use more indirect methods. They ask a man out for a drink or invite him to their house for dinner. Others will rent a hotel room and then suggestively slip the key into the hand of the chap they desire. Whatever the tactic, women are, in staggering numbers, becoming the aggressors.

To further dispel the myth that secretaries are chased around the boss's desk, let us take a closer look at *who* really does



what with *whom*, and what level of corporate status these people hold. The secretary/boss relationship accounted for 15 percent of all office affairs, a superior sleeping with a subordinate of another department accounted for another 23 percent, while only ten percent of office affairs were attempts at "sleeping the way to success." The majority (52 percent) were colleagues holding similar job titles and earning similar salaries.

But why become involved at work? Most companies strongly disapprove of intimate relationships within the organization. Studies show that personal involvement between co-workers reduces productivity and makes other employees feel alienated. Consequently, several companies will ask one of the employees involved to leave their job.

Yet even these grave consequences do not stop Mother Nature. Sexual gratification, love, fun, and excitement don't show up on the daily accounting tables, but as one woman put it, "It's much easier to get through the day knowing there's someone special in an office just down the hall."

Aside from the obvious comfort, there are other reasons for having affairs at work. What other situation offers as much opportunity and accessibility as working together for eight hours a day? In fact, it makes the logistics of getting together so easy that for many men and women it has become the only way to develop a relationship. A middle-aged executive offered an explanation: "Throughout my entire life, I've only met women through work and work-related activities. It is as foreign to me to pick up a lady in a bar as it is to fly by self-propulsion." Work is also a catalyst for forming an emotional bond. "I picked someone close to my work because that was one topic we had in common," stated a solicitor. "We often discussed work programs, or gossiped about people at work."

But this does not necessarily mean that a casual affair automatically advances to an intimate one. Thirty-six percent of the men said they were interested only in sexual gratification, 18 percent of the women and 11 percent of the men were looking for something more permanent, and eight percent of the women and two percent of the men chose a fellow worker because it's an ego boost.

Where and when do these affairs take place and how frequently do couples get together? For the majority (44 percent), after working hours was the most convenient; 31 percent were restricted to doing it during working hours, overtime, lunch hour, or business trips; and 25 percent found time during the weekend. But how about the nitty-gritty? Where does it happen? If one of the parties was single, their abode became the natural environment for the

rendezvous. However, marriage or an ongoing involvement posed a complicated problem. In that case, a friend's apartment or a hotel would serve as the playground. Eighteen percent confessed that they fulfill their lust at work, claiming that the danger of being discovered on the premises in a stockroom, closet, or on a desk added to the excitement.

While performing a full-time job and often juggling another relationship, one would think that an involvement with a co-worker would become a burden. Ironically, 60 percent enjoyed sex with their office mate at least twice a week, 33 percent once a week, and only seven percent were pressing for time — consummating their lust once a month.

But can these affairs sustain the excitement and can the participants keep it "casual"? Or does one member of the affair eventually demand more? Is the myth of the jealous woman blackmailing the man

At the office,
women were attracted
to their fellow workers
with as much passion
and intent as
men were

still valid? Once again, let's look at the statistics: 53 percent of all affairs were terminated by mutual consent, 21 percent of the time the man wanted to pull out, and 14 percent were ended by the woman. Twelve percent of the couples made a long-term commitment, which often led to marriage.

Yet a personnel officer saw it all differently. "Women are not content with an affair," he bitterly stated. "I have not met a woman yet who knows how to have an affair. Their motives go beyond; they want marriage. Men, on the other hand, can handle an affair. They're content to keep it going and keep it cool." However, another gent's experience was completely different. "I fell for her hard and asked her to leave her family. I guess I scared her off. I was very depressed over the loss, and ended up in hospital. But now that I have my head together, we are the best of friends." So it seems the best advice is to act out of your own instincts, push myths and stereotypes under the bed, and openly discuss your motives, needs and desires.

Now that it's all out in the open and several myths have been shelved, the nag-

ging question is: is your lover screwing someone at work? Well, do not immediately point the finger at them, but according to our survey only four percent claimed they have *not* indulged. Seventy-nine percent of the participants knew of other people in their company having a relationship with a co-worker, 31 percent had had between three and five affairs, 20 percent admitted to having one, 17 percent to two, another 17 percent confessed they had had six to ten, and 11 percent ten to 15. Additionally, if you're wondering about the marital status of our participants, I regret to inform you that marriage isn't a safeguard against affairs. Forty-six percent were married and 54 percent were single. The backgrounds of respondents were infinitely diverse.

And what are the reasons men give for women being so eager? Do men consider their female co-workers whores if they acquiesce to an affair? Forty-three percent believed that for women, it was purely for sexual fulfillment. Either the woman was not enjoying sex at home or a co-worker became her only available outlet. Thirty-six percent felt that women have affairs because it adds excitement to their jobs and consequently their lives, 13 percent thought the motivation was to find love, and eight percent assumed women use affairs to further their careers.

The survey indicated that men did not consider willing women at the workplace to be "easy lays." Nor did they assume that "male supremacy" controlled the rules of the game. They saw women as their sexual and emotional equals, who had a need to be satisfied and who could fully play the game of love without affecting job performance. Furthermore, women were attracted to their fellow workers as often and with as much passion and intent as men were.

So in this contemporary fairy tale, Little Red Riding Hood is aggressively chasing the Big Bad Wolf, and out of mutual consent he will most likely be led into her home. In the final analysis, women thoroughly enjoy and seek sex at work as often as men, and the distilled profile of our lusty on-the-job lovers might be: "A human being between the ages of 17 and 60."

So the next time you're discussing corporate affairs with one of your colleagues, read between the lines. You may be astonished to find that your company offers many more "perks" than you had bargained for.

Compiled from a reader survey, below is a list of today's ten sexiest stars.

1. Victoria Principal
2. Linda Evans
3. Pia Zadora
4. Morgan Fairchild
5. Jaclyn Smith
6. Raquel Welch
7. Lynda Carter
8. Jacqueline Bisset
9. Valerie Bertinelli
10. Sophia Loren

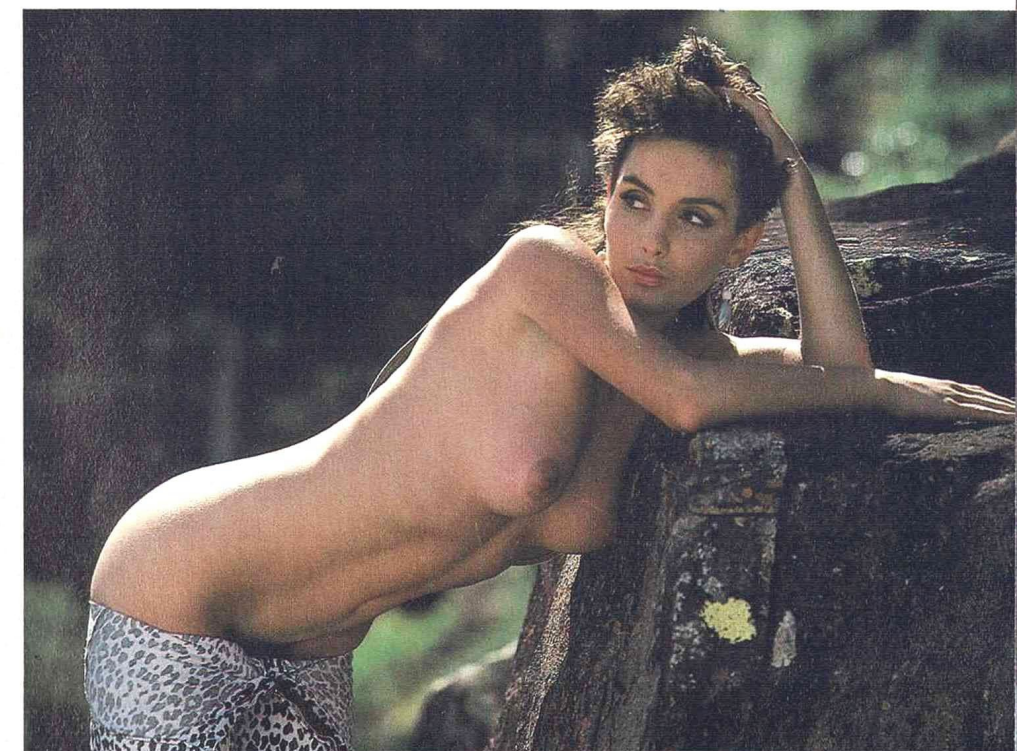


JULIE

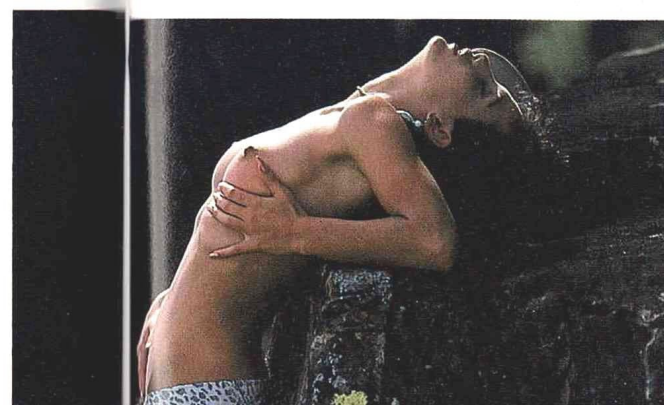


PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

FIRE STARTER

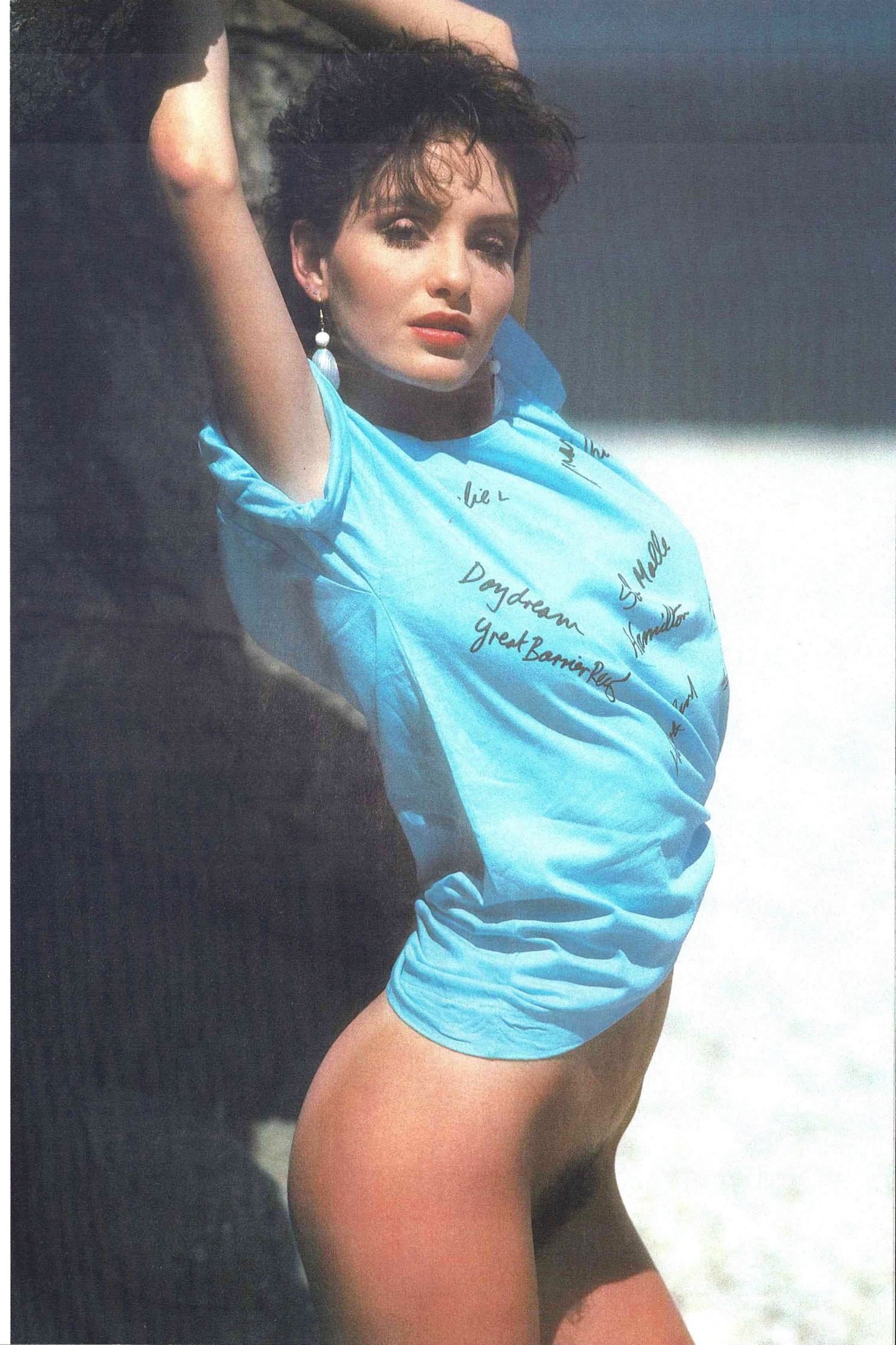


As far as we're concerned, there's no mystery about the fire that destroyed the reception complex on Queensland's Hamilton Island a few months ago. At the time of the blaze, 19-year-old Pet Of The Month Julie Mulherin was being photographed for *Penthouse* on a nearby Whitsunday island, and one look at this sculptured brunette's attractions is enough to spark more than the imagination. A spark like that travels fast on the island breeze.





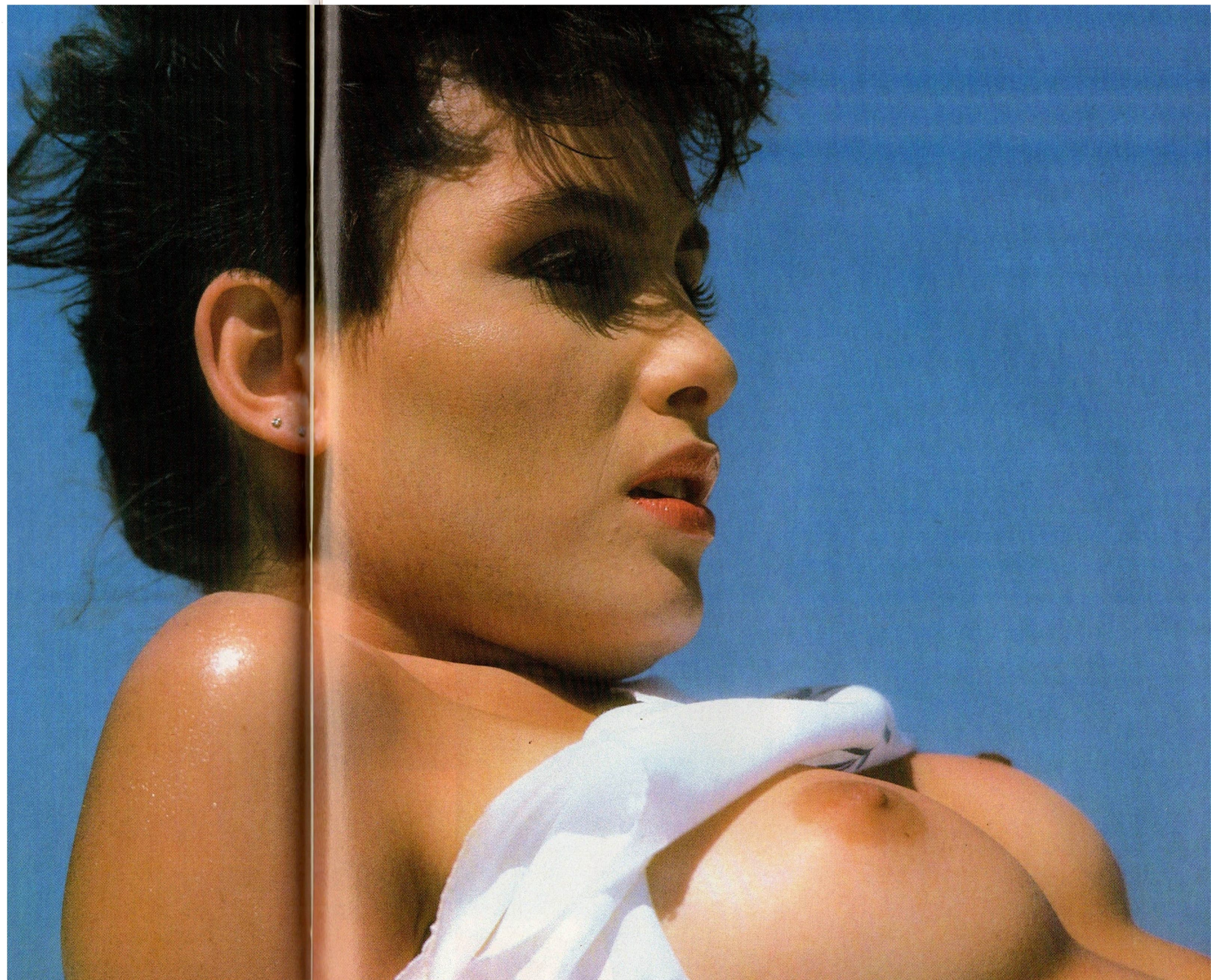
Julie's
entourage
included
another
Penthouse
Pet, US
photographer
Stephen Hicks
and his two
assistants — a
gang that
made hot
news
wherever they
went.





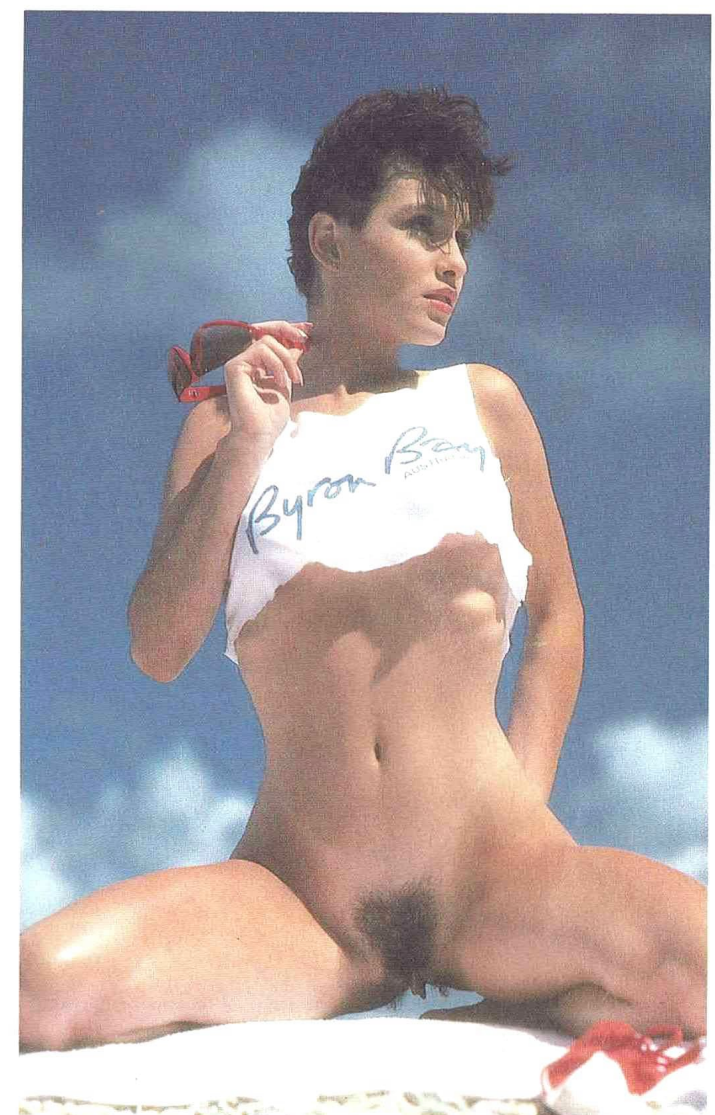
This was Julie's first ever modelling assignment — she's been working as a waitress in Sydney since moving from her childhood home in Canberra a few years ago.

Life in Sydney is too pacy, according to Julie. She's a fan of the quiet life and her idea of a big and enjoyable night out is a game of pool at her local hotel with friends.





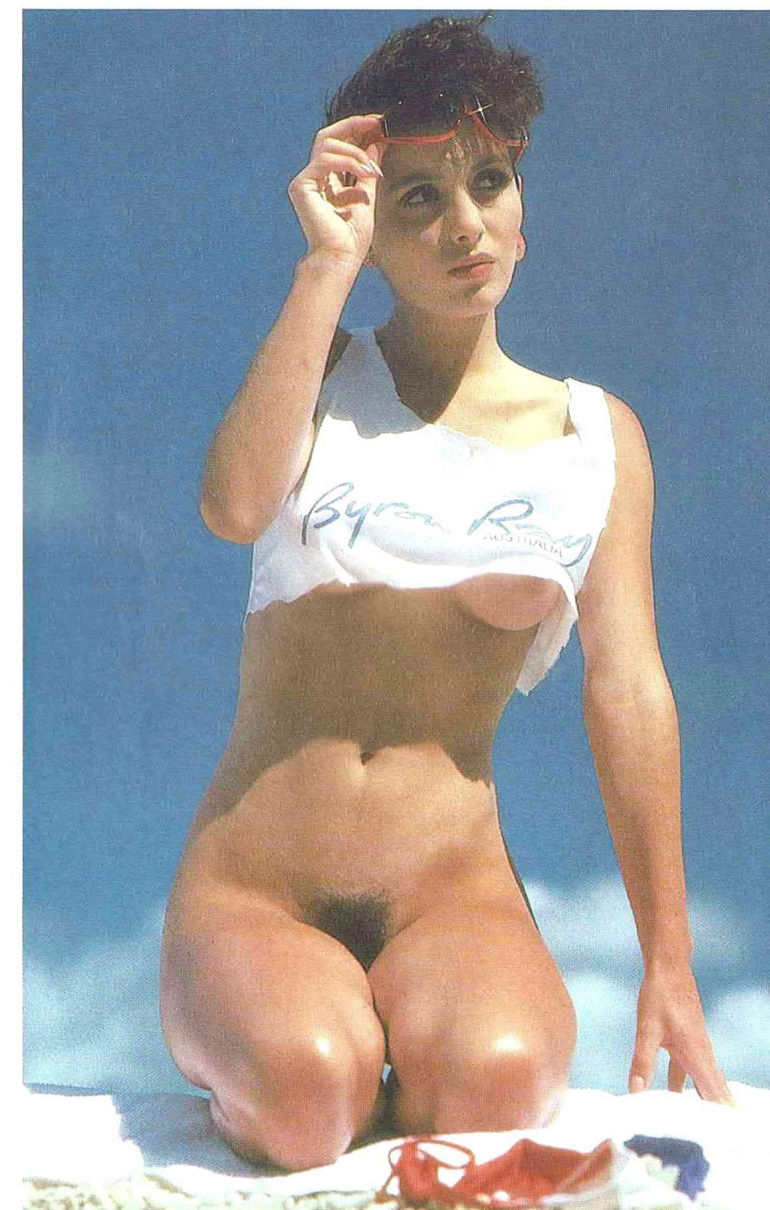
Julie likes the idea of moving to Perth, far away from the chilly winters of her childhood. She attended a co-ed high school with a thousand other girls and only six boys.





How did those teenage boys handle such overwhelming odds? "Oh, they had a wonderful time," says Julie. "One of them was my boyfriend." Ask a silly question . . .

OTR





MISS JULIE MULHERIN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Whitsundays Islands

Palm Bay

Vanuatu

South Molle

Havillton

Inlie Beach

Dryden

Whitsundays

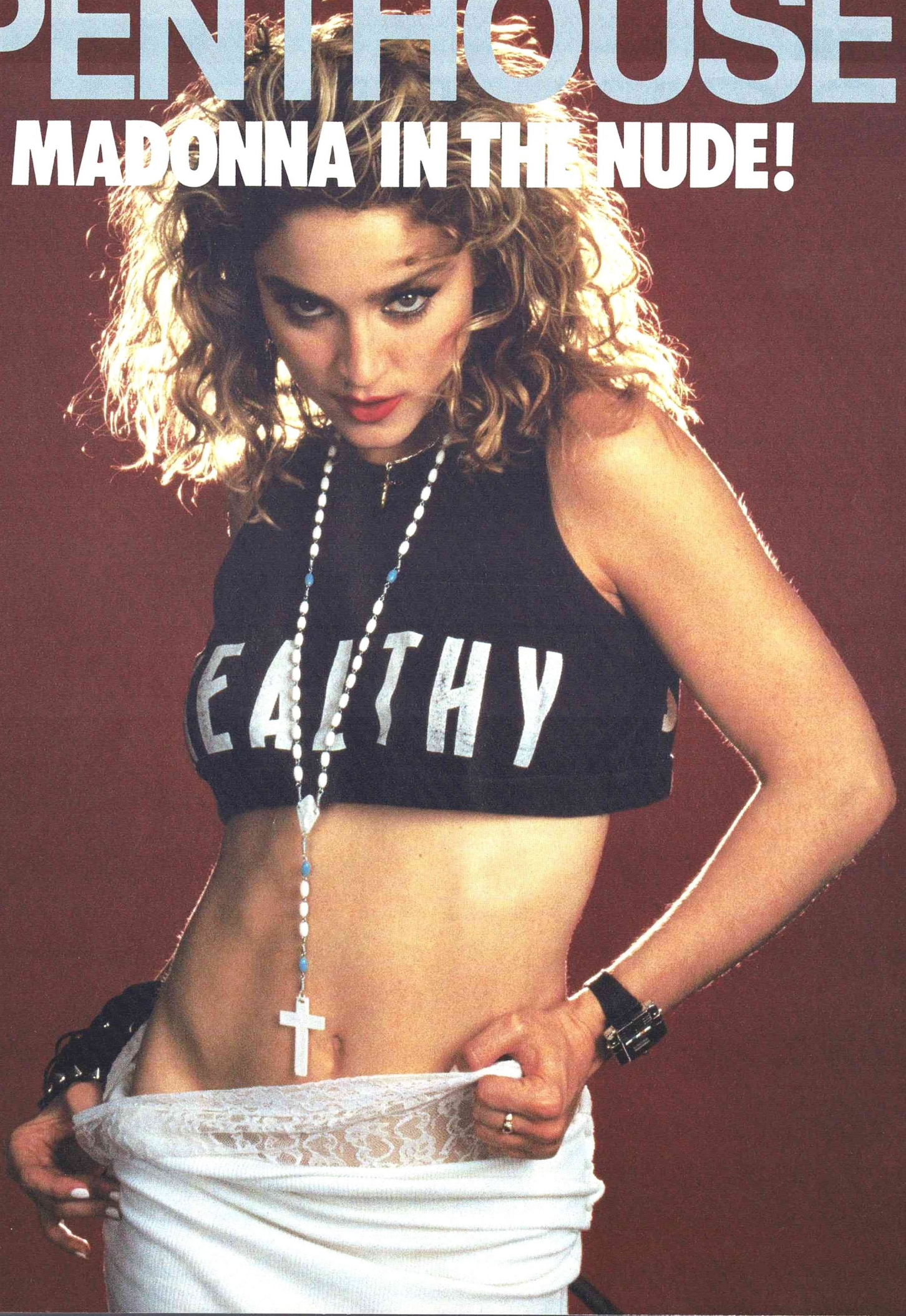
Heathcote

Whitsunday 100

Australian

PENTHOUSE

MADONNA IN THE NUDE!



THE POWER AND THE GLORY

"Crucifixes are sexy because there's a naked man on them..."

She jabbed and parried with her hips, rolled her belly, and shook her arse. She lowered her eyelids, beckoned with her tongue, and flashed her violet lace brassiere. The crowd squealed and howled, and the band played on.

The scene was the Paramount Theatre in the city of Seattle, USA, on a spring night in 1985, and those who squealed and howled had barely begun their nervous walk through puberty's fun house. A great many of the girls present were dressed in sincere imitation of their elder upon the stage. Their hair was rake-bleached and studiously mussed. Whatever breasts they had quivered beneath see-through blouses or within the stiff, loose cups of bustiers. Their unsuited painted nails protruded from fingerless lace gloves. Many of them wore rosaries or cruciform jewellery. (In the lobby, crucifix earrings were on sale for \$20.) The boys merely worshipped as little boys tend to do.

But worship is never really mere, and though this opening night of Madonna's first tour was, like all the nights to follow, theatre of the flesh, it was more than burlesque. It was the ritual marriage between a goddess and her supplicants. Returning to the stage for her encore, she asked the audience, "Will you marry me?" The little boys, and the little girls, too, screamed, "Yes!" In that wild, booming response, there was little of irony and much of devout frenzy. Then, jabbing and parrying, rolling and shaking, beckoning and flashing, exquisitely evoking — becoming — the flaunted sexuality at the heart of all

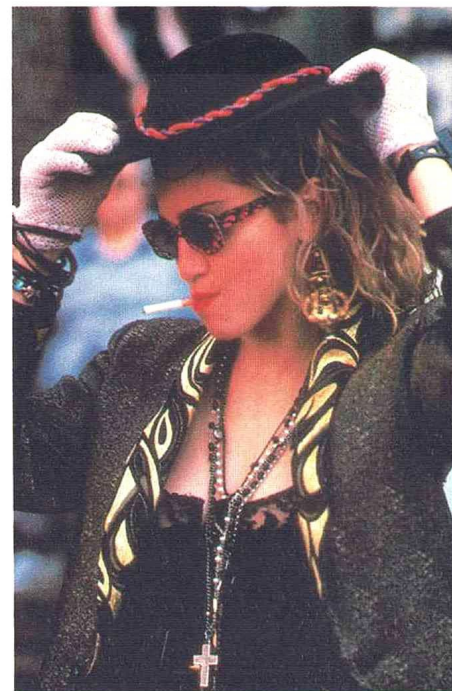
the vague wonderment of her time, she sang "Like A Virgin", and the marriage was consummated. The goddess and her adorers parted — the one to shed her persona and wash the reddened skin where the violet brassiere had cut into her, the others to return to the fun house beyond the church.

In the nights that followed, as warm spring became dank summer, in city after city across America, the liturgy would be repeated. "Will you marry me?" she would salaciously ask; and, like virgins, "Yes!" they would affirm, every "Yes!" in every town louder and hungrier than the last one. One boy in Dallas stood to implore, "I want to have your babies!" The bra cut deeper.

Though she is now, in these hot days of 1985, the most celebrated and infamous woman in the world, she was, not too long ago, just another pretty girl who wanted to devour the world.

The following photographic portfolio — in the shadows of which these words lie — capture Madonna in those quieter and more innocent days before the world and its glory were hers. They are images of a hopeful young girl blossoming into an image of her own.

It is here that Madonna looks, to use that phrase which all now know, like a virgin. It is here that the imagery begins: Eve awaiting, teasing, sidestepping the serpent, sinless at the edge of Eden. These photographs, discovered by *Penthouse* and brought to light here



exclusively for the first time, represent the genesis of the magical mingling of chastity and sensuality that came to shake this latter day.

Bill Stone, the man who made these pictures, has long enjoyed both commercial success and a reputation as one of the pre-eminent photographers of classical nudes. Raised in the American Midwest, he attended the Art Students League in 1936. In 1942 his work for *Life* earned him Photographer of the Week and Photograph of the Week awards. After serving as a combat glider pilot in Europe during World War II, Stone joined *Esquire* as a staff photographer. He has worked on many commercial accounts, including Coca-Cola, AT&T, and Exxon. His work has been featured in photography magazines such as *Camera 35* and *Zoom*, and his one-man exhibitions have ranged in place and time from the American Dance Gallery in 1938 to Tokyo's Bandai Gallery in 1983.

Stone's mesmerising nudes — inspired by the master drawings of the 17th and 18th Centuries and perfected by handwrought copper sulphate and selenium toning effects — have received much attention. Reviewing one of Stone's shows at the Alfred Stieglitz Gallery, Fred McDarragh wrote in *The Village Voice* that "many of his beautiful nude women are posed in the style of Modigliani, Titian, Botticelli, Pollaiuolo, and other masters." He praised the "outstanding achievement" of the bleaching and chemical toning through which Stone manually renders

his warm browns and chilly blues.

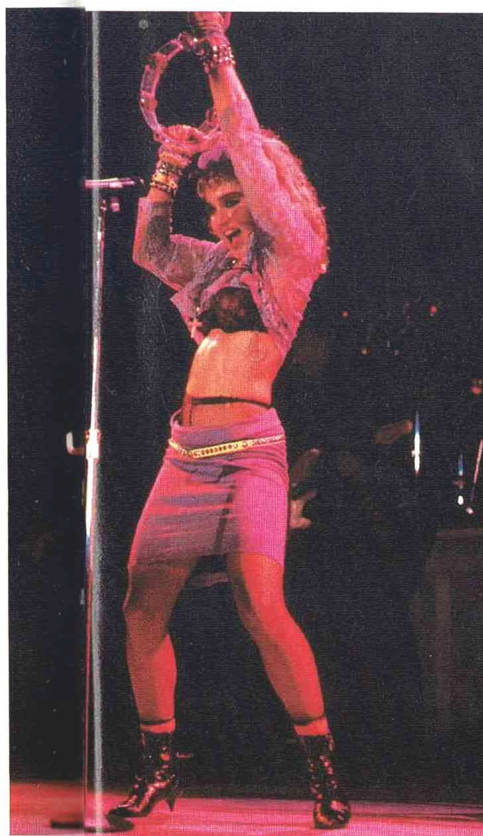
One reviewer, Fernando Natalici, has said that "a Stone model wouldn't have to feel embarrassed showing the result of one of his shootings to her grandparents." This is surely true in the case of Stone's work of Madonna.

She was 19 years old and, by all accounts, a professional nude model when she arrived at his West 27th Street studio in New York in late 1978. She was impressed to hear that Stone had travelled as a photographer with the original Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in the late Thirties, and the two talked of dance for much of the shooting.

"She was an accomplished dancer, and was very helpful in improvising poses," the 72-year-old photographer recalls. "I was thinking Matisse, the odalisques. But she was posing herself, really.

"I saw that she was special, and when she signed the model release she just signed 'Madonna.' What is your last name?" I asked her. 'I'm just Madonna,' she smiled. 'Darling,' I said, 'everyone has a last name.' 'Would Madonna Madonna suit your better?' 'No,' I said, 'Madonna is just fine.' I told her that there was something special about her, and that she was a pleasure to photograph.

"'Bill,' she said to me at one point, 'you've photographed a lot of women who've gone on to make it big. Do you think I'll make it big someday?' 'Darling,' I told her, 'you have the looks and the talent, and with the right promotion and backing, you just might.'



"I think I paid her either 25 or 50 dollars. She was thrilled. Her usual modelling pay was seven dollars an hour. When I asked where she lived, she said, 'Here and there.' Not knowing where any of her heres and theres were, I never saw her again, but I never forgot her. She was lovely."

Born in Bay City, Michigan, 26 summers ago on August 16, 1959, Madonna Louise Ciccone was the oldest daughter in a family of six. Her father, whose parents had emigrated from Italy, worked as an engineer for Chrysler. (Today Mr Ciccone is an optics and defence engineer with General Dynamics.) Her mother — "the only person I have ever heard of named Madonna," her daughter would later say — was a Michigan native of French-Canadian blood. She died when her namesake was not quite seven, and, a year and a half later, Madonna's father married the family housekeeper. Since Madonna was the eldest girl, her stepmother — who seemed to Madonna to have arrived from the dark pages of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* — placed her in charge of the household chores.

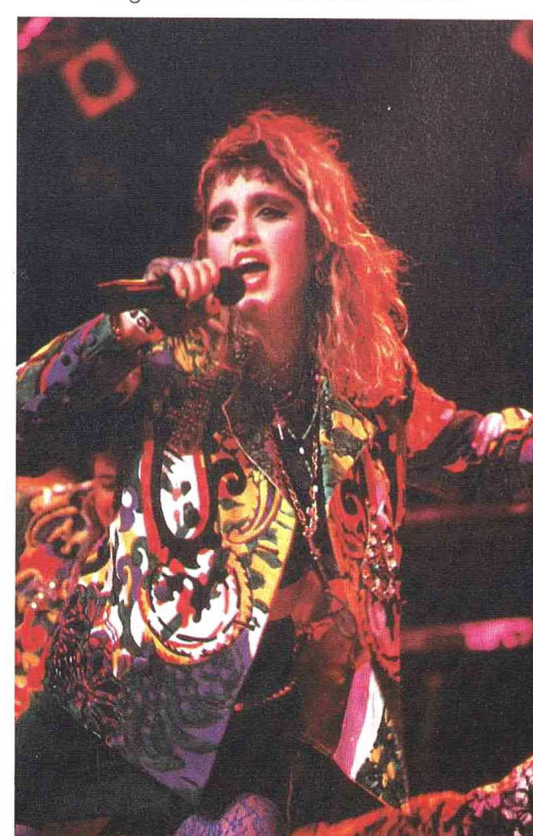
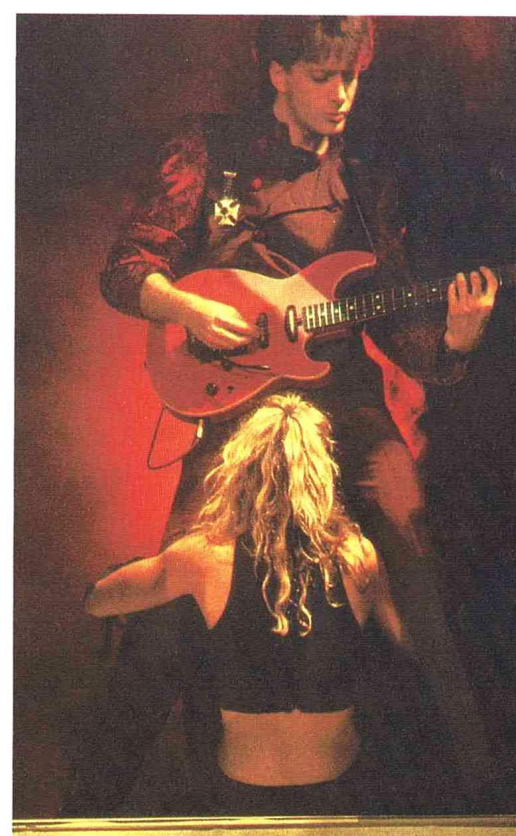
"I feel like my adolescence was spent taking care of babies and changing diapers and baby-sitting," she says. "I really saw myself as the quintessential Cinderella. You know, 'I have this stepmother and I have all this work to do and it's awful and I never go out and I don't have pretty dresses.'"

Meanwhile, her devotion to, and

manipulation of, her father was unflagging. "I was my father's favorite," she says. Then, in the same breath, "I knew how to wrap him around my finger." But her finger still seems to bear the paternal impression. "He believed that making love to someone is a very sacred thing and it shouldn't happen until after you are married," she recalls. "He was my role model."

There were Catholic schools, then Rochester Adams High School. "I remember liking my body and not being ashamed of it. I remember liking boys and not feeling inhibited," she asserts. "But when you're that aggressive, the boys get the wrong impression of you. They mistake your forwardness for sexual promiscuity. Then when they don't get what they think they're going to get, they turn on you. I went through this whole period of time when the girls thought I was really loose and all the guys called me 'nympho.' I would hear words like 'slut.' I was called those names when I was still a virgin."

She graduated from high school in the spring of 1976, after winning a scholarship to the University of Michigan dance department. One night at a college crowd disco, she met a black musician named Steve Bray. Eventually, she became part of his little R & B band. After a year and a half, in 1977, she left both Bray and the university behind and moved to New York. Her flat on Avenue B and Fourth Street was "my pride and joy, because it was the worst possible neighborhood I could ever live in."





She was given a work-study scholarship in the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, and was later invited to take classes with the troupe's third company. After a few months she left Ailey and began working with Pearl Lang, a former Martha Graham dancer. That didn't last long, either.

Throughout this time, she also worked occasionally as an art model. She posed fairly regularly for photography classes at the New School for Social Research.

She fell in with a musician from Queens named Dan Gilroy. Their band, Breakfast Club, went nowhere, and Madonna moved on. With her old boyfriend Steve Bray joining her in Manhattan, Madonna formed a raggle-taggle group — it changed names often: the Millionaires, Modern Dance, Emmy — that became part of the post-New Wave club circuit. The band broke up, but a demo that Madonna had made (an early version of "Burning Up") found its way into the hands of a manager, who put her on salary. She moved to the Upper West Side, formed another band — which she called Madonna — and began hitting the clubs once again. At Danceteria she hooked up with Mark Kamins, a club DJ with recording industry pull. He took her into a recording studio, made some tapes, took the tapes to Sire Records, and got her a deal. Though both Bray and Kamins figured they would be chosen by Madonna to produce her first album, she went instead to producer Reggie Lucas. By the time the album, *Madonna*, was released, her reputation as a man-eater was greater by far than her reputation as a singer.

Eventually, last year, the album went platinum. There were Top Ten singles: "Borderline," "Lucky Star,"

and more. There followed another album, *Like A Virgin*, and more hits, straight through to the smash "Angel." There have been movies: a small role in *Vision Quest*, then her big part in Susan Seidelman's *Desperately Seeking Susan*, one of this year's surprise hits. (Her film, *A Certain Sacrifice*, made in 1980 by Stephen Lewicki, has been distributed only *sub rosa*.) Though pop culture and permanence are rare bedfellows, one thing is certain: this moment, this year, belongs to the girl from nowhere who wrapped her daddy round her little finger.

And what is that girl made of? She is made of sugar and spice and everything her daddy told her, and she is made of the crucifix that hangs between her breasts. "For several years," she says, "I wanted to be a nun, and I got very close to some of them in grade school and junior high. Nuns are sexy. Crucifixes are sexy because there's a naked man on them." These are words that make one think for a second of Saint Teresa, the 16th Century foundress who told in orgasmic terms of being pierced by the Lord's spear of divine love. But Teresa never knew the difference between the two ecstasies. Madonna surely does, and she plays their blurring consummately.

"If I wasn't doing what I'm doing, I would be a nun," she says. Those are the words of one who knows that forbidden fruit is the greatest temptation, and that nothing incites like the illusion of purity poised for desecration — an illusion she has mastered beautifully.

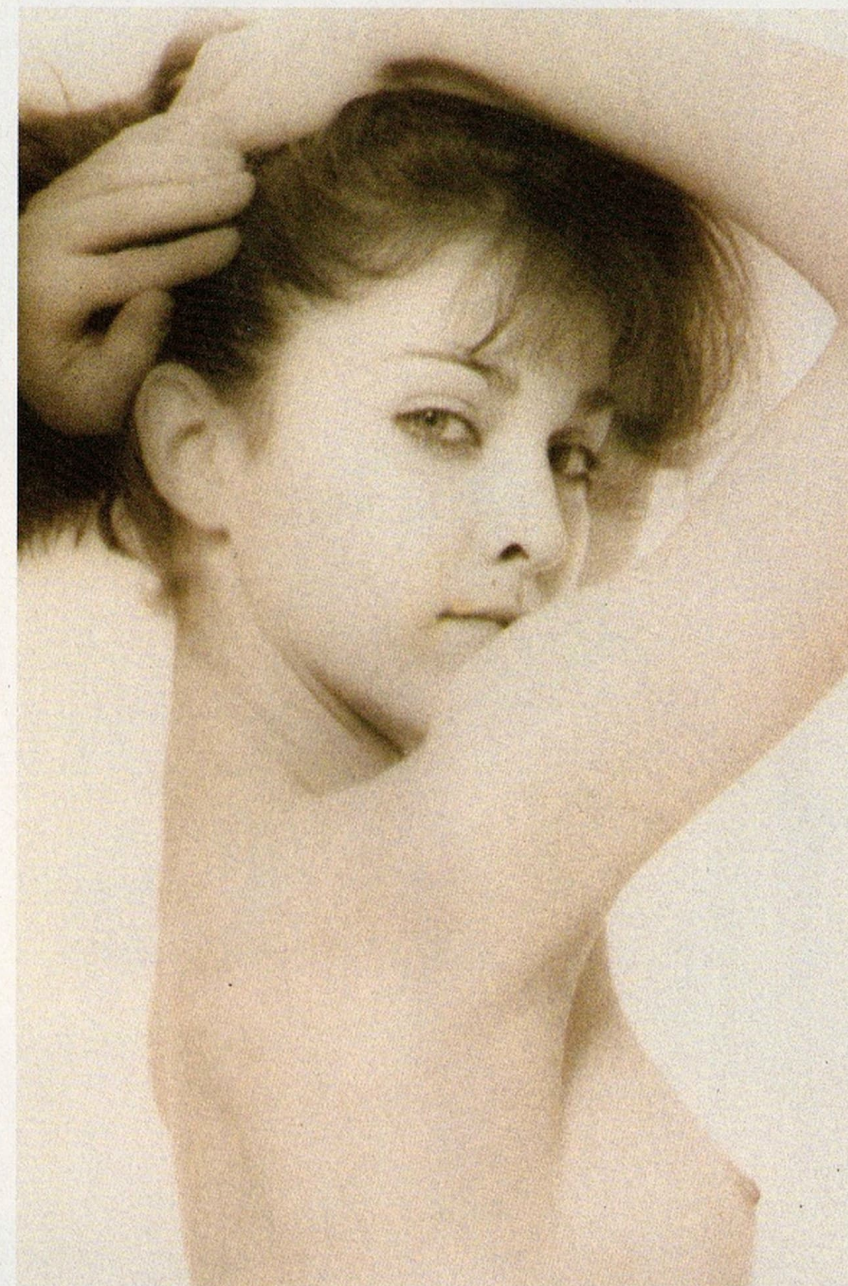
Central to the Madonna mystique is her notoriety as a sexual shark. It has often been said that she used the men in her life — Steve Bray, Mark

Kamins, Reggie Lucas, master mixer John Benitez, actor Sean Penn, and others — as stepping stones to further her career. People jealous of her success say that she screwed her way to the top. Of course, if she had, like most, screwed her way to the bottom, no-one would complain. This really is the lesson that hangs between her breasts — that they only truly love you after they've nailed you to the cross.

More and more, not just at the concerts but all over, one cannot but notice the increasing legion of young Madonnas. Bustiers are plentiful. The men's boxer shorts that Madonna wore in *Desperately Seeking Susan* have inspired a fashion trend among teenage girls in New York. Rosaries are probably selling more briskly than at any time since 1495, when Pope Alexander VI gave the Holy See's approval to them. If young girls must be mindless in their sense of style, it is good that they are now at least imitating a real live dame instead of the desensitising androgynes of seasons past; and it is good that their chosen idol is for a change one whose implied message to them is that their power is in their flesh, and that the two-edged sword of "sexism" is their greatest weapon. In terms of fashion — and fashion is always a means of saying something, be it smart or stupid — the message of all the little Madonnas is a fine one: Annie Hall is dead and Boy George is ugly.

Moreover, in Madonna, American boys once again have a sweetheart. She sings to them, not at them, and she radiates the perfect mixture of sinfulness and chastity so captivating to boys during their fun-house years. *If only one of us could burst through this picture tube*, her videos seem to imply, promising to each and every TV-suckled boy-child the fleshly blessing, the holy, rosary-rattling thing without which there is no ascension from the fun house. She represents a glimmer, at least, of reality — even if that reality be a lie — within the drone and flicker of the tube. In a land obsessed with death and impotence, she radiates a brighter thing.

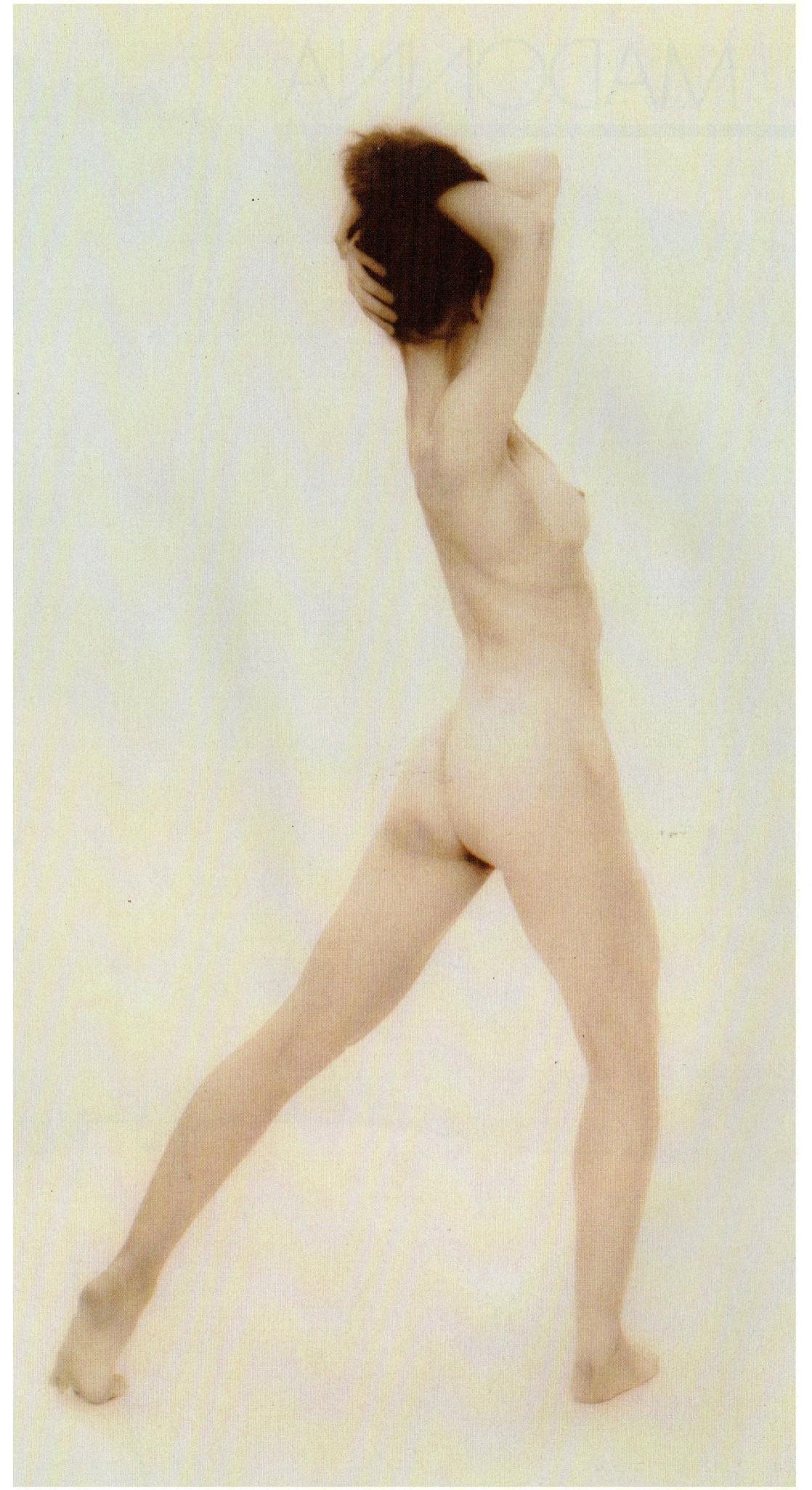
There is no telling if anyone will recall the name of Madonna five years from today. For now, though, she rules with her hips. Her first, celebrated tour is over; it ended in New York in June, the month she announced her plans to marry Sean Penn. But her fame has yet to peak. She beckons on — "Will you marry me?" — and the answer grows louder — "Yes!" — and louder still. God bless the child dressed in white. — Nick Tosches



"I couldn't be a success without also being a sex symbol. I'm sexy. How can I avoid it? That's the essence of me."



"Even after I made love for
the first time, I still felt I
was a virgin. I didn't lose
my virginity until I knew
what I was doing."



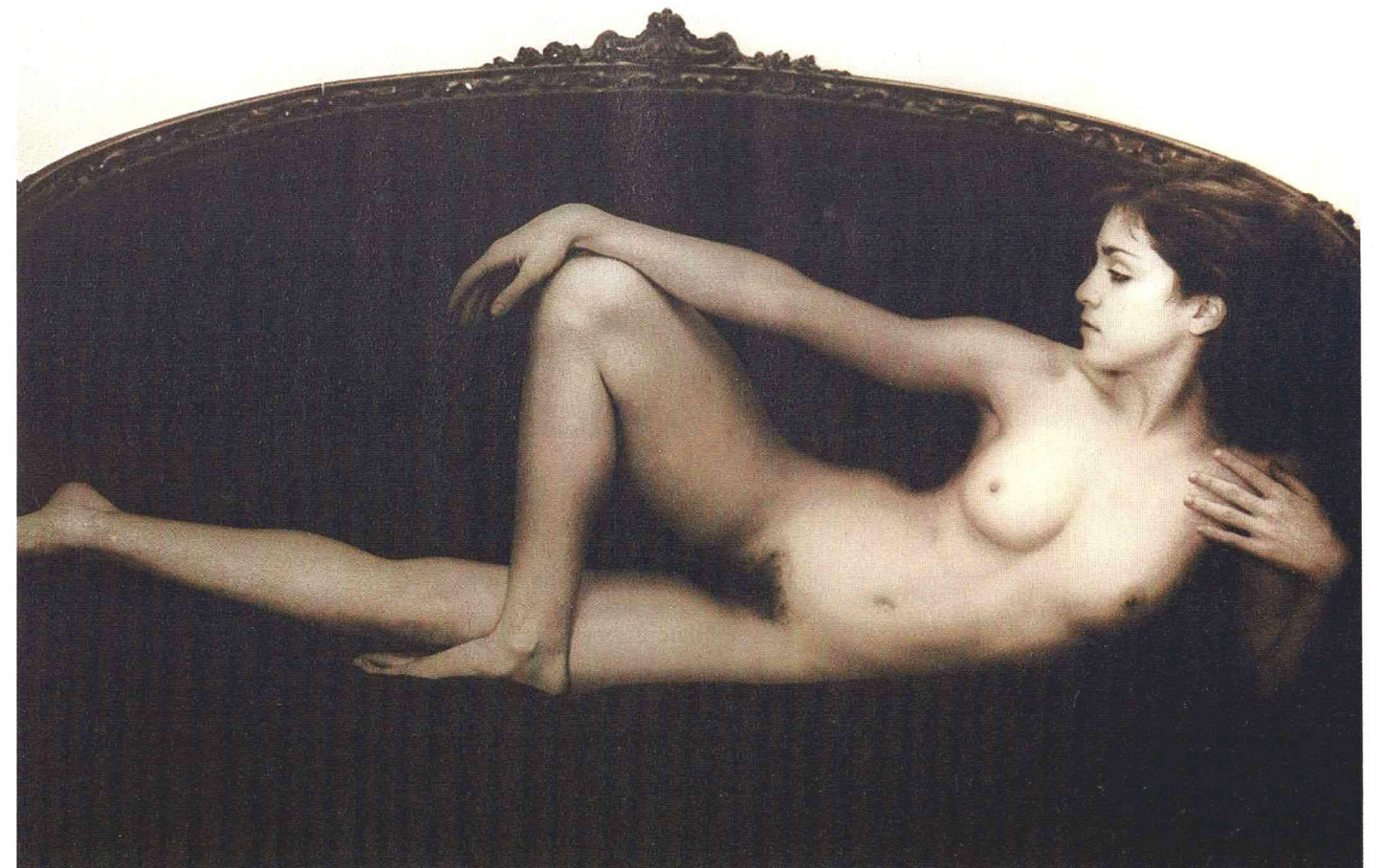
MADONNA

"My favorite button
is my belly button. I have the
most perfect belly button...
When I stick my finger in it, I feel
a nerve in the centre
of my body shoot up my spine."





"All those men I stepped
all over to get to the
top, every one of them
would take me back
because they still love me
and I still love them."





"When I was a little girl, we had crucifixes all over the house... I liked the way they looked and what they symbolised, even before they were fashionable."

"I think my voice sounds innocent and sexual at the same time. That's what I try to tell people, anyway, but they always misconstrue what I mean when I say 'sexual innocence.' They look at me and go, 'Innocent, huh?' "





On the eighth day God created Hamilton Island

FANTASY ISLAND

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

A few days before the mystery fire, I went to Hamilton Island in search of the man they call God. One reason for the nickname was immediately evident: the jet landed on a runway formed by a mountain that God — or Keith Williams as he is less blasphemously known — had shoved into the sea.

Next to me in the plane was a psychology student who'd interrupted her studies to work as a waitress on the island — her second stint. Was it true that Williams was aware of almost everything that happened within his \$250 million resort?

The student nodded. "He knows everything," she said. "Everything."

It was humid on the island, and practically windless. Sleek racing yachts from around the world, here for Hamilton's second annual Race Week, were ghosting back to harbor after yet another sweaty day in the doldrums.

Fifteen minutes after arriving I was in my room. I had just opened a case and decided on a golfing rig — red bermudas and

BY FRANK ROBSON



FANTASY

blue Arnold Palmer shirt (from what I'd seen, everyone on the island had been allocated a golf buggy) — when the phone rang. The man on the other end knew my name; more unsettling still, he claimed to be the Holy Ghost. He said he would come to collect me right away, because Keith Williams was waiting at his private villa.

"Who did you say you were?" I asked, just to be sure.

"The Island Host!" he yelled, probably used to newcomers suffering travel deafness. "I'll be there in a flash."

This was peculiar. Why did Williams want to see me so quickly? Unlike the fraternity of high-rollers that had made the island its latest rendezvous and playground, I was neither rich, powerful, nor famous. And it was no secret that Williams wasn't overly fond of journalists... not without reason.

On the plane, leafing through press clippings about him, I found one in which *The Australian* devoted half a column to the muscular nature of the man's calves as evidence of his working class origins. "The bulbous tanned calves were as taut as if he wore high heels; though curved aesthetically they took up as much airspace as the average athlete's thighs. They were, in other words, distinctly working class."

Imagine the reaction of a busy, no-nonsense entrepreneur reading that over

his corn flakes! A man who suffers fools very badly, who makes no bones about having left school at 13, and who openly despises theorists, academics and wafflers.

Consider also that Williams, 56, is an outspoken supporter of the Bjelke-Petersen Government and a personal friend of Russ Hinze and Police Commissioner Terry Lewis, and that his beloved resort had been sneered at in various national publications (for lacking the aesthetic charm of its owner's calves), and you may understand my trepidation while awaiting the Island Host on the top floor of Blue Lagoon Lodge.

He arrived in a doorless Holden wagon with a candy-striped canopy and we travelled through the main resort area, where condominium blocks nestled against the hillside and distant stick figures raced to and fro in golf buggies. Weaving among the buggies were legions of little vans marked Housekeeping and Administration and Public Relations. Helicopters bustled overhead on missions urgent to pleasure, woofing away beyond the mountains that half encircle Catseye Beach (a large section of which has been contained within an enormous rock wall in a grandiose but so far unsuccessful bid to stop the tide going out).

We passed the Polynesian-style dining, entertainment and reception complex, focal point of the resort, where Paul Hogan made his famous tourism commercial in a

swimming pool roughly the size of Lake Burley Griffin. Three dolphins — mementoes of Seaworld on the Gold Coast, recently sold by Williams — share another pool alongside the Dolphin Room Restaurant. Staff in natty uniforms hurried about flashing courteous smiles; beautiful women in expensive clothes moved languidly among bountiful tropical gardens and honeymooners read contentedly on the porches of their thatched bures.

Williams' home is a rambling white villa on a private peninsula 500 metres from the reception complex. He lives alone, except for occasional visits from his wife (the former Thea Dillon, one of Brisbane's first TV hostesses), who remains on the Gold Coast with their two school-age children. As we approached, I imagined Williams, like the all-knowing Dr No, tracking our progress on a TV screen... but he turned out to be engaged in a simple phone call. We waited in the carport, examining a gleaming red BMW motorcycle — a huge thing capable of hair-raising speeds. The Island Host said the boss had a passion for such machinery, keeping 30 state-of-the-art and antique motorcycles in a nearby shed.

I looked at the BMW's speedo: it had done just 20km. "But there are only a few miles of winding road on the entire island!"

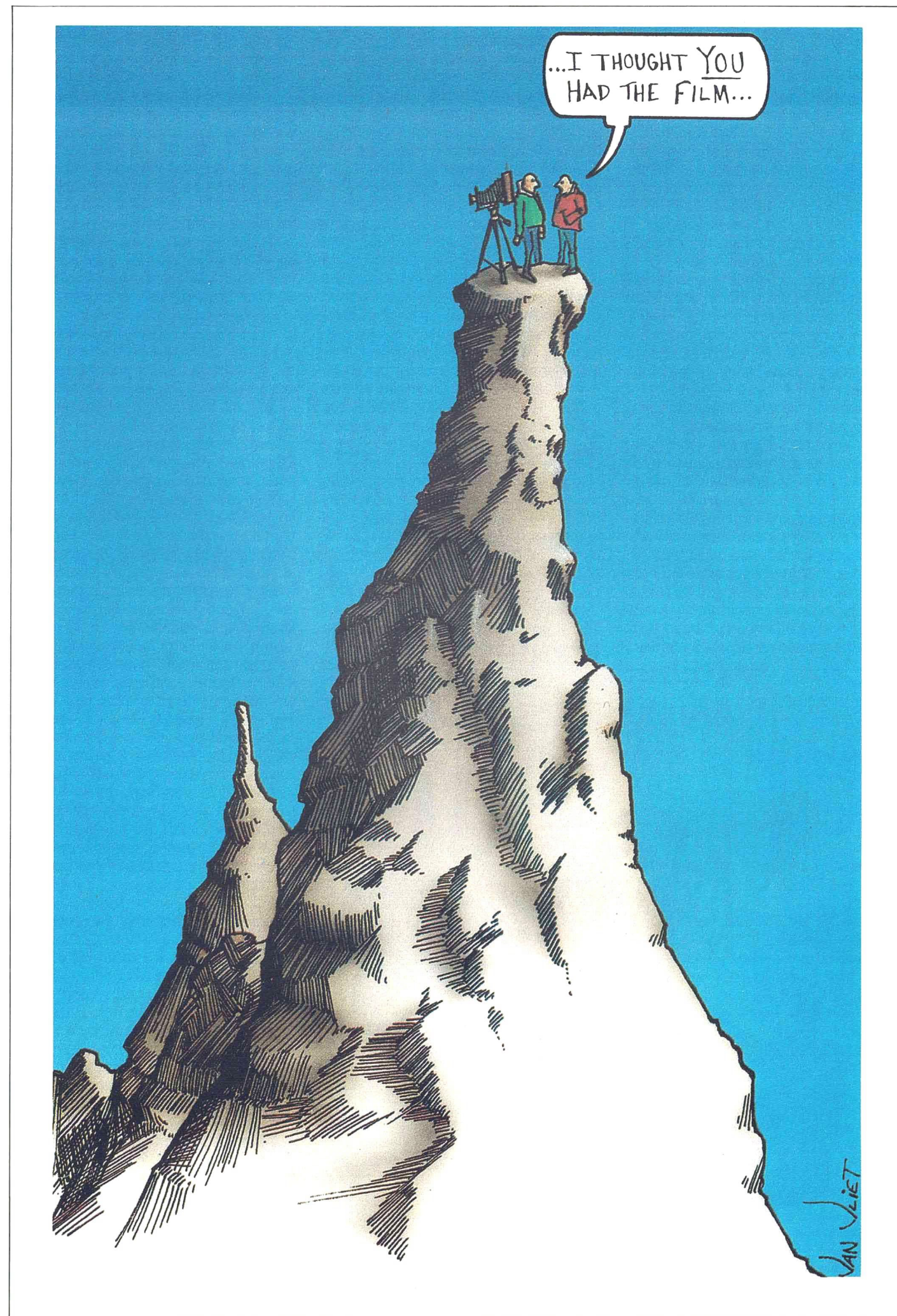
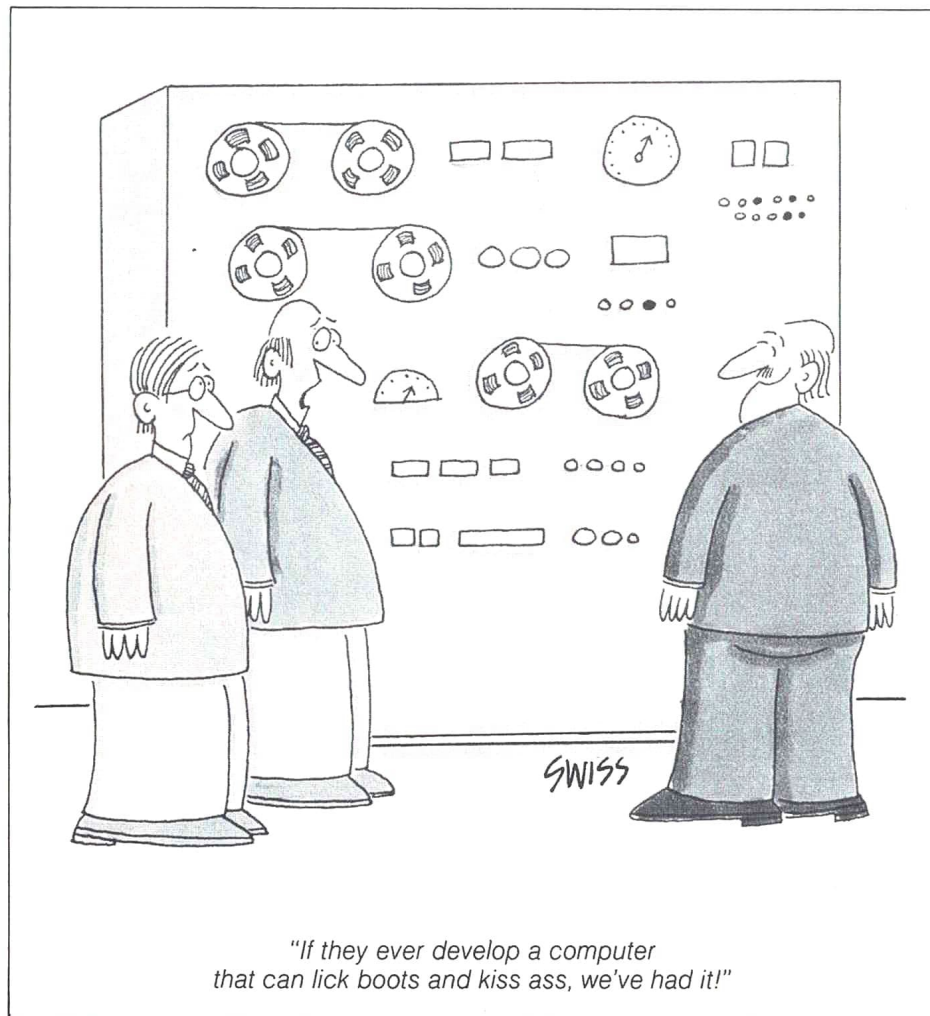
"That's right," said the Island Host. "Keith just likes motorcycles."

Then Williams appeared and showed me upstairs to his office. He settled behind an ornate wooden desk; two sets of open doors gave views across a glassy sea to the steep dark mountainsides of neighboring Whitsunday Island.

I still half-expected trouble. (Perhaps I had done something wrong *en route* from the airport to Blue Lagoon Lodge and had been summoned here to explain myself.) But no, Williams' expression was stoically resigned, like that of a man awaiting the arrival of his mother-in-law for Sunday lunch. By way of settling in, I asked for a thumbnail sketch of his background. With variations, it's a biography common to Queensland and new money frontiers the world over: the story of a self-made man with little formal education, proud of his achievements and infuriated by any inference that luck had some part in his success.

Williams' face is tough, weathered and formidable in the Kerry Packer mould: the face of the larrikin Aussie mogul, the doer — enemy of bureaucracy, the welfare system and socialism; friend to those with ideas, ambition and the guts to see their dreams to fruition, — especially if they lack all qualifications and university degrees.

Born in Brisbane, he worked briefly for the Commonwealth Public Service, leaving at 18 to start a business manufacturing motorcycle accessories. Later, the business diversified, making Davy Crockett hats and boots under licence to Walt Disney; and, still later, when Williams had moved to the Gold Coast and launched his



FANTASY

water-ski shows at the old Surfers Paradise Gardens, he shifted his factory there and made aquatic sporting goods. His pleasure, he said, came from being a "hands-on" developer; from visualising a project, putting it together his way — "without necessarily applying too much research" — then running it with an attention to detail some would find obsessive.

In the process he becomes personally involved in each business theme. When running the ski shows, he was a champion skier. After opening motor race circuits around the country he became a racing driver; with his entry into successful theme parks like Seaworld, he became an influential authority on the vagaries of international tourism.

If in the past Williams showed traces of a siege mentality, concentrating his businesses in one location and running the whole show himself in the manner of a feudal lord, he now appears committed to the role. The island is his own small world, a culmination of all that empire-building, where he "makes the decisions, kicks all the bums and gets the job done." As owner/developer of Australia's most elaborate island resort, in aid of which he sold all other holdings, Williams seems to live by the slogan that once hung framed in his office: *The Difference Between Men And*

Boys Is The Size Of Their Toys. And his toys are legendary.

There are jets (including a pacey little Falcon once owned by King Hussein), helicopters (both of which he flies himself), cruisers — namely the Achilles, a sea-going mansion that costs about \$12,000 to refuel — yachts, motorcycles, cars, high-powered rifles (a shooting gallery is under construction *inside* the villa) and the ultimate plaything: Hamilton Island itself.

When he sold Seaworld to concentrate on his latest toy, Williams referred to the proceeds of \$35 million as "a bit of fruit on the mantelpiece." It was the kind of throwaway line that must incense social reformers, particularly those — if any remain — committed to the redistribution of wealth.

And if you find it difficult to imagine a resort worth \$250 million, it's probably because there's nothing else like it in the country. Apart from breathing new life into the Whitsunday Islands' tourist trade generally, Hamilton — the only such resort capable of receiving passenger jet traffic — is also Australia's first convenient gathering place for the world's truly well-heeled players. These are the kind of folk who actually run this planet: people who recognise their ilk instinctively, but for whom the rest of us — except as paid adjuncts to their pleasure — are damn near invisible.

Williams clearly enjoys such company. The "top echelon", as he calls them, are spreading the word about "Keith's island"

from Monaco to Martha's Vineyard, and the word is that the Barrier Reef has come of age. On an undeveloped peninsula beyond his villa, Williams has leased 14 one-acre seafront blocks to his pals, who've promised to build homes worth between half and \$1.5 million and thus preserve the "really top international flavor." George Harrison, who met Williams through their mutual friend Jackie Stewart, leased one of the first blocks available and comes to the island several times each year.

On the same peninsula, Williams plans the island's third hotel — more exclusive than the English language is capable of describing — and a series of rental villas, "for VIPs, heads-of-state and so on." Williams emphasised something I would hear repeatedly during the next few days. "We must protect the privacy of the upper echelon," he said. "There's no way on earth people will be taken anywhere near that closed private section."

This evoked visions of a sort of coral Olympus. I imagined Williams and other gods, with the faces of old pop stars, repelling mortal tourists at the gate, pointing to a sign: *Top Echelon — No People Allowed!*

And yet — oh curious human foibles — a lot of these people crave attention almost as much as they enjoy pretending they don't. After Williams delivered me back to Blue Lagoon Lodge on the pillion seat of the BMW, I toured the resort, finding photographs of him posing with famous guests in shop after shop. There was Keith with such seasoned junketers as the State Governor, Keith with Torvill and Dean, Keith with Sir Peter Abeles, with Andy Williams and George Harrison, Keith being interviewed for *Good Morning Australia*. Always in pith helmet and shorts, a monocle strung about his neck, our host's face belied claims that he doesn't enjoy the limelight. He looked like a Biggles character who had stumbled from the jungle on to the set of *Private Lives Of The Rich And Famous*.

Around sunset, on a verandah overlooking the harbor where hundreds of yachts and cruisers clinked softly at anchor, the Island Host told of a surprise visit to Hamilton by a Los Angeles billionaire in a private 727 jet. "He was flying his girlfriend around the world," said the Host. "They were leaving Brisbane for New Zealand, but heard it was raining there so they popped in here instead." He described greeting the visitors on Williams' behalf, being met at the door of the jet by a formally-attired English butler who plied him with Dom Perignon. The plane's interior was a lavish fantasy realm, and that night at a slap-up party the billionaire — whose anonymity "must be protected" — got to comparing toys with Williams, whom he called "King."

For quite a while, as attendant guests eavesdropped delightedly, Williams and the retired LA real estate developer matched one another holding for holding, yacht for yacht, jet for jet.

"Waal," said the Yank, "I have the biggest aeroplane."

"Yeah," countered Williams, "but I own the runway!" (This is not strictly true, of course — the airport is jointly-controlled by the island and Ansett. But Williams feels proprietorial enough to take his BMW out on the strip for high-speed workouts).

Next morning, said the Island Host, the whole crowd of them flew to Cairns in the 727... for breakfast. "Hell, King!" roared the billionaire, while the butler fussed about them. "I'll show ya what toys are all about!"

Recounting all this had a peculiar effect on the Island Host. He seemed breathless, overawed, as if he'd been describing a religious experience. I asked about a 130-foot white motor cruiser I'd seen moored near the harborside hotel and restaurant; it had a helicopter on the aft deck and was said to be owned by a young American computer tycoon cruising the world with his wife and crew. At first he was reluctant to introduce me to them. Just that morning, he explained, they'd knocked back a TV crew chasing an interview.

"They're a lovely couple," he said confidentially. "Just lovely. But we must protect their privacy."

Finally, my harping wore him down and he drove along to ask them, leaving me in a bar 30 metres from where *Yecats* — as the ship was mysteriously named — lay moored. Williams' 4WD vehicle was parked alongside it. On the top deck a group of people sat sipping drinks in the twilight. On a lower level a chef in full uniform could be seen through a window, leaning forward and sniffing something in a ladle.

After half an hour, the Island Host returned — running. "I've been invited to dinner!" he all but cried. The man was panting like a winded dog; his eyes were as bright as the lumps of phosphorus bobbing in the harbor. He'd forgotten to even mention my wish to meet the Americans. "Tomorrow!" he promised, dashing off to keep his windfall rendezvous with the upper echelon.

Of Williams' island staff of 250, most are paid at an executive level and are hand-picked not for their qualifications, but for their lack of them. In other words, they reflect what Williams sees as his own best points: they're self-starters who've risen through the school of hard knocks. (The Island Host, for example, was growing palm trees near Airlie Beach when he first met Williams, who'd brought George Harrison along to help find trees for replanting on Hamilton. Deeply impressed by the palm grower's total absence of horticultural credentials, Williams later employed him.)

"I suppose my worst point is that I'm completely intolerant of incompetent people," Williams told me at the villa, but in a way that suggested it was far from his worst point. He hunched forward, visibly annoyed by the mere thought of incompe-

tence. "It's the fact that people don't *think!*" he snapped. "The little stupid things that are so important!" For 15 minutes he railed about this, concluding with an account of his pet hate, the most infuriating act of all: bad parking.

Despite his warnings, it happened so often that Williams told his staff he would pay \$1000 to anyone who found *his* vehicle parked so as to inconvenience others. But if he found an employee's vehicle wrongly parked, he or she would be instantly sacked. "That made them shudder," he said, calming a little.

"Why do they call you God?" I asked. He leant back, smiling. "Well, I've had a lotta nicknames in my time."

Did the *real* God mind? He chuckled. "Nar... it's just a joke. I don't mind jokes at my expense."

Then he remembered something else that irritated him: people who asked when the resort would be finished. He said there

He looked like a Biggles character who had stumbled from the jungle on to the set of *Private Lives Of The Rich And Famous*

was no limit to his plans for the place; it would never be complete.

"You might as well ask when Sydney will be finished," he suggested grandly. Ultimately, he went on, the resort would accommodate 2000 guests; it would include a floating hotel moored some miles out on the reef; it would have a grand prix racing circuit with one "prestige" event each year; the sporting theme would extend to include annual tennis tournaments, game fishing tournaments and offshore powerboat races — all of which would combine to make Hamilton the most upmarket resort in the Pacific.

Not all Keith Williams' powerful friends would regard themselves as "upmarket" types; Russ Hinze, for example — a mate for 30 years — is a man who has always spurned airs and graces.

On my second day at Hamilton, while riding a high-speed motor catamaran to a party at Whitehaven Beach on Whitsunday Island, a staff man described how Big Russ (Queensland's Minister for Main Roads and Racing) became trapped in a spa bath while visiting the island for the official

opening.

The 25-stone polliie hurt his knee and had to be winched out of the bath via a rope that staff members slung across a low beam. Wary of the bogus Hinze anecdote (because so many exist) I later checked the story with other staffers, including a little Scot who actually took part in the rescue.

"Oh aye," he recalled, "it was a truly bizarre thing. But, I tell you this: that Russ Hinze is a born gentleman. Through all that heavin' and winchin', he didna' lose his dignity at any stage!"

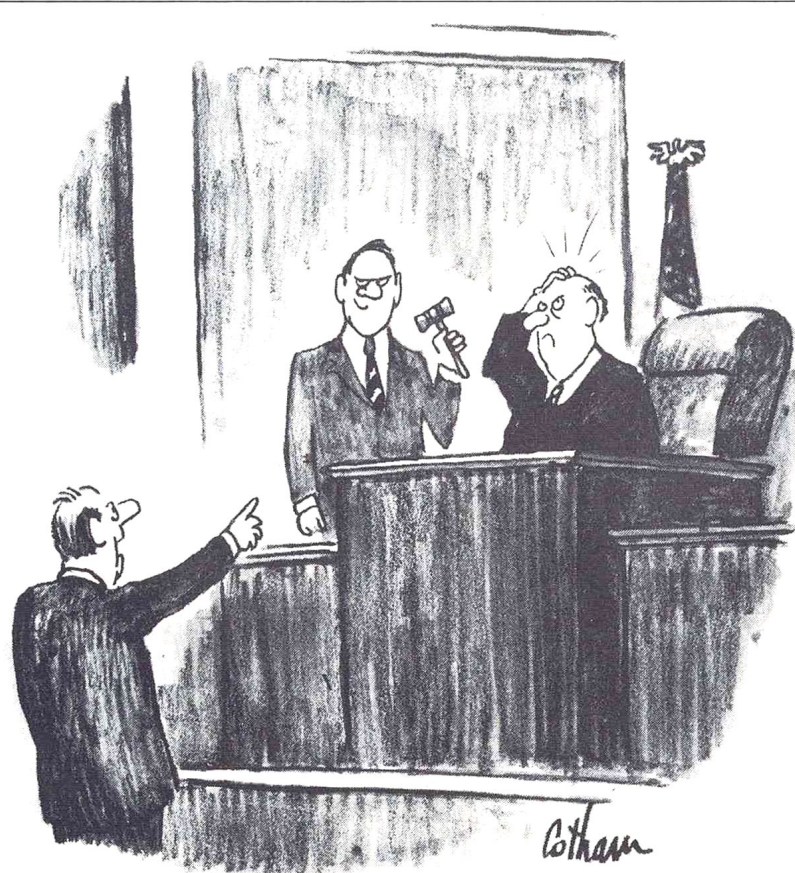
Logistically, the party Williams threw at Whitehaven was astonishing. Staged to celebrate a lay-day in Race Week, it involved scores of cruisers, racing yachts like *Apollo* and *Condor*, helicopters, barges and runabouts ferrying hundreds of revellers to a remote ribbon of blazing silica beach about 20 kms from Hamilton. Guests arrived to find a giant marquee on the beach and a human chain of workers carting food and grog to the tent from a refrigerated prime-mover delivered by barge. We found a band setting up on the sand, Alan Border playing beach cricket with topless girls and singer Richard Clapton, trousers rolled up to display luminous stick-like legs, wandering bemusedly among the crowd.

Long after the bay was crammed with pleasure craft (including my quarry, the *Yecats*), after the music began and the sounds of pleasure had assumed a riotous pitch, choppers continued to scurry in with fresh cargoes of guests. One of them, I was constantly assured by PR people and the Island Host, would contain Keith Williams. The moment he arrived, they promised, I could join him aboard the American vessel. To be honest, I hadn't the faintest notion what might be achieved by this; it just seemed imperative, at the time, to intrude on the privacy of the upper echelon.

By mid-afternoon, when Williams still hadn't turned up, I hitched a dinghy ride to *Yecats*, where the Island Host — between joy flights in the Americans' chopper — had announced my arrival. Gary and Stacey Norton, the owners, were coolly polite. They'd had the ship built in Hong Kong, picked it up a couple of months earlier and were planning 12 months of cruising in Australian waters.

On the bridge, champagne and melon liqueur was served by Stacey, whose name spelt in reverse is *Yecats*. The Nortons are a handsome couple in their mid-thirties. They hail from Seattle, where in 1977 Norton began a company building computers for banks. It boomed, went public and now employs 2000 people. They'd been a fortnight at Hamilton and loved it, saying it reminded them of the Caribbean, but without the racial tensions.

"We're sure gonna tell our friends about this place," said Norton. "I admire Keith's attention to detail... that's the way I built my company... take care of the customer first."



"That's exactly the point the prosecution is trying to make, your honor—the accused likes to hurt people!"

FANTASY

The Island Host, back from a joy ride in the Nortons' miniature speedboat, accepted another champagne cocktail. "I have to try and sober up," he confided, laughing in a high range. Every so often he rose, went to the rail overlooking the beach and said: "Ahhhh!" Then he sat down and listened to our conversation, raising an eyebrow whenever a question seemed to displease him.

I asked the Nortons if they'd considered a home base on Hamilton, like George Harrison.

Island Host (with raised eyebrow): "There's only 14 blocks and they're all gone. Anyway, we like to keep all that fairly quiet."

Me: "At the request of people like Harrison?"

IH: "No... we just like to look after George. He's a great bloke, you know, and one doesn't like to have too much spread around."

Me: "Why? Are you worried about boat-loads of gaping tourists?"

IH: "It happens... but George is very low profile. Which is great! I mean, great for him. He loves it."

Norton: "Well, I would love a place like that. But the flexibility of living on something like this — being able to head off to another city and always have your home with you — that's what we enjoy."

Then Norton added: "The problem with publicity is that it drags all these people out of the woodwork. The ones antagonistic to people who have money..."

"That's right," said Stacey Norton softly. "Exactly!" cried the Island Host.

Norton mused about this. "I don't know what bothers them. Maybe they figure they're failures and get real upset when other people are successful. They get real hostile; I've had people scream at me when I drive past. Their frustrations come out, or something... I dunno. But I just keep low key... it isn't worth it."

It seemed contradictory, I ventured, to talk of a low profile while travelling the world in a 130ft Onassis yacht with a helicopter on deck.

Norton disagreed and the Island Host leapt up, crying, "Let's have another bottle of champagne!"

Norton demurred, saying they'd all be asleep by 4pm.

IH: "Noooo! God, you're not players. I'm taking you both to dinner, remember? We gotta keep going!"

We filed downstairs to go ashore. "Aren't they lovely people?" whispered the Island Host behind me. "Now do you see why I wanted to protect them?"

About 3am the next morning, three of us staggered back to our condominium at Blue Lagoon Lodge. We'd been drinking wine and things, arguing with the dolphins

about whether or not they possessed souls, and trapping lumps of phosphorus on the beach.

Rob, a yachting correspondent, began agitating that we were in the wrong apartment block. He pointed at his blue boat shoes. "I got blue feet on a red floor!" he wailed. "Blue Lagoon doesn't have a red floor — that's Bougainvillea Lodge! I should have blue feet on a blue floor! That's how I get home! Dammit, why does everything have to be so difficult!"

Twelve hours later, on the jet King Hussein decorated as a harem — since refurbished by its new owner — I met Keith Williams for the first time since our session at the villa. Also on board for the flight to Brisbane were Gary and Stacey Norton, a genial cowboy in a stetson, two yachties, Williams' secretary, her fluffy little dogs and a boy of about five who appeared to be functioning as hostess and co-pilot.

I was in good spirits, having earlier discovered that the Island Host, on returning from the beach party, was so smashed he was ordered to bed by the island doctor. Williams, CMG (Commander of the Order of Michael and St George) explained to the Nortons that he'd been summoned to Brisbane to attend the official opening of the Performing Arts Complex by the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Then he said: "I had to pull the staff up this morning, on the radio, concerning their inappropriate underwear."

We waited keenly for more.

"I noticed in some cases you could see their underwear through their uniforms. So I told them, 'If you don't know the right color to buy, I'll pick your underwear for you!'" The Nortons nodded sagely.

Forty-eight hours later, on down-at-heel Stradbroke Island (near Brisbane), I turned on the TV and caught a newflash: *Island resort destroyed by fire! Mystery blaze reduces Hamilton Island resort to rubble!*

Of course, it was the reception complex that burnt, not the entire resort. The destruction occurred on a Sunday morning, driving guests from their breakfast and causing damage estimated at \$10 million.

Loafing on a game-fishing boat in Moreton Bay when he heard the news, Williams ordered up a chopper and rushed to Hamilton. "No good crying over spilt milk," he said, while the place still smoked. "We'll have it like new inside three months." That same day he flew in insurance assessors, engineers and architects. Reading how a longed-for south-easterly that failed to blow through Race Week "sprang out of nowhere" to fan the resort fire, I wondered if we all hadn't been a little too free with the God jokes.

Especially in repeating the splendid quip of an old Whitsunday Passage identity, who described Williams' restructuring of the island's topography as "just about the way God would have done it... if he'd had enough money." —

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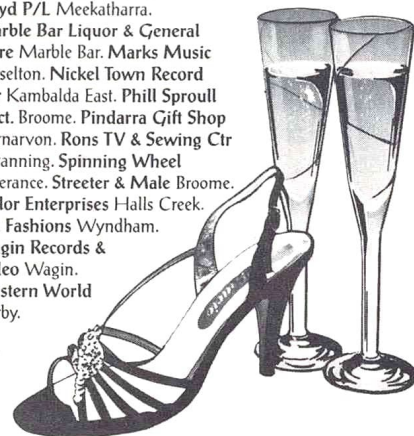
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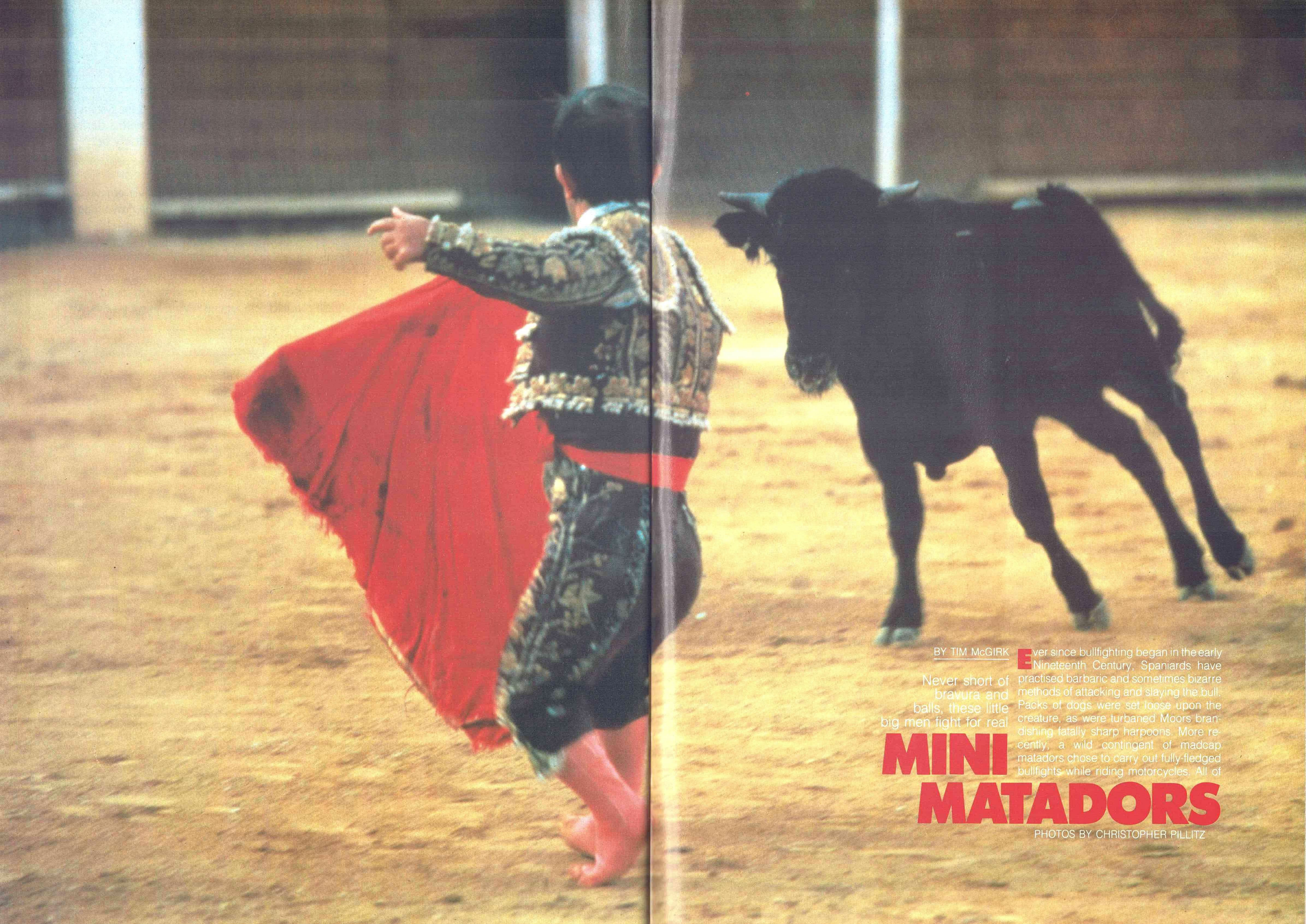
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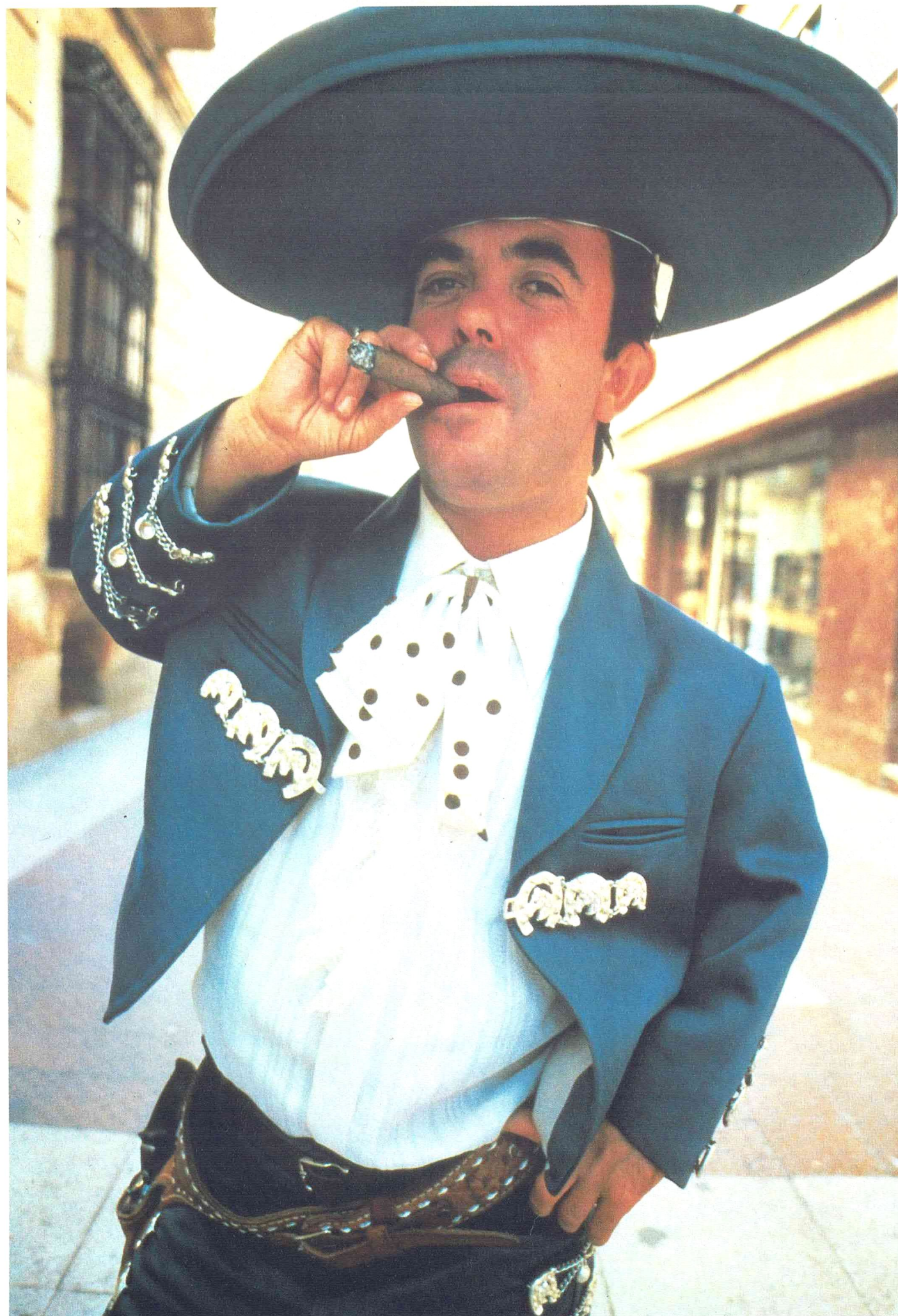
BY TIM MCGIRK

Never short of bravura and balls, these little big men fight for real

Ever since bullfighting began in the early Nineteenth Century, Spaniards have practised barbaric and sometimes bizarre methods of attacking and slaying the bull. Packs of dogs were set loose upon the creature, as were turbaned Moors brandishing fatally sharp harpoons. More recently, a wild contingent of madcap matadors chose to carry out fully-fledged bullfights while riding motorcycles. All of

MINI MATADORS

PHOTOS BY CHRISTOPHER PILLITZ



MATADORS

these theatrical antics added a touch of humor to an otherwise serious sport. Now, as we near the Twenty-First Century, yet another form of fighting the bull has come into play — midget bullfighting.

In Spain today some 30 dwarves earn a living by fighting and stabbing bulls to death for the amusement of blood-thirsty spectators. The most skilful of these little big men is Guillermo Marques Gomes. Guillermo and his troupe, consisting of five other dwarves, work seven months of the year under the iron thumb of their ringleader, veteran matador El Chino.

El Chino found Guillermo, his "star" matador, walking the streets of Lisbon 12 years ago. "He looked healthy and agile," El Chino states. "Unlike most dwarves, his arms were not malformed." Observing the length of his arms, El Chino knew that Guillermo possessed the power to drive the long, curved Toledo sword into the bull. But Guillermo was already employed as a theatrical artist. "Grand, huh?" El Chino recalls with sarcasm. "So I went to the theatre that night. Guillermo was there all right, selling lottery tickets." El Chino coaxed him to Madrid, and recruited the other dwarves — Diego, Rufino, Fernando, and Modesto — soon after. At the time, the others were employed in menial jobs, such as mason's apprentice and organ grinder, but El Chino's offer looked more promising, so they eagerly joined.

El Chino, now embittered by the profession and somewhat disgusted by the dwarves' appearance, terrorises and belittles them constantly. "Dwarves are mean bastards and they're troublesome," he complains. "Believe me, there are easier ways to earn a living."

Because employment opportunities are scarce for these dwarves, they have learned to endure such abuse, since El Chino will sack them immediately if they complain. Working as a matador offers steady employment and a reasonable salary, and provides a momentary taste of stardom.

Unlike most "authentic" matadors, El Chino's dwarves receive no formal training. Consequently they are left to their own devices and creativity in the bullring. El Chi-



Previous page: Guillermo, the star, teases his Toro in the bullring. Opposite: Guillermo takes on a stogie. Above: El Chino's troupe parades; Modesto, 42, the oldest of the troupe; Rufino, 18, the youngest; Prior to Guillermo's wedding.

Below: Diego and Modesto toting up for a performance; A mini march. Right: The troupe bullies the beast to rally.



MATADORS

no stands by his belief that schooling can never provide a matador with what he needs most — courage.

The scene is Ciempozuelos, located 32 kms south of Madrid. It is a provincial village with a renowned bullring, Ciempozuelos Plaza de Toros. On this blazing hot day, El Chino's troupe will perform for a fervent and bloodthirsty audience. But first there is an important affair to attend to: the marriage of Guillermo to his love, Joaquina, a woman no taller than a seven-year-old.

Guillermo met Joaquina three years ago when the troupe was performing in her

home town, La Mancha. The courtship was not an easy one. When Guillermo would visit Joaquina at her home, they would be chaperoned by her suspicious brother; in addition, Joaquina's mother feared her daughter would be pawned off to some freak show so she, too, would keep an eye on the couple. The neighbors further disrupted Joaquina and Guillermo by peering through the doorway and poking fun at the doll-like couple. Time passed, however, and Joaquina's mother eventually acquiesced to the match.

In a small church in Ciempozuelos's square, fresh-cut flowers flood the altar, forming a halo around the Virgin Mary. The front pews are filled with Guillermo's

drunken companions, recklessly shooting cap guns at painted angels on the chapel ceiling. A bar owner from Madrid who caters exclusively to dwarves — his tavern features sawn-off table legs — arrives along with a handful of other acquaintances. Joaquina's disapproving mother rushes in at the last moment and sits in the second pew. At the priest's request, the congregation quiets and the ceremony begins.

Joaquina, wearing a child's communion dress, parades down the aisle, proud to be marrying such a renowned matador. The priest, who disapproves of the entire event, rushes through the service, gestures to the couple to unite with a kiss, and rapidly leaves the altar.



On the other side of the square, crowds pack the stands of the bullring, anxiously awaiting the fight. Guillermo, the star of today's fight, bids his new bride *adiós* and dashes into a large room littered with bricks and rubble, which serves as the dwarves' dressing room. He leaps into the traditional "suit of lights", tugs on neon-pink socks, grabs his cape, genuflects just before entering the bullring, and prances out into the sunlight.

The winds are unfavorably strong today. Under such conditions there is always the danger that the matador's cape will be blown open, exposing his body. Then the bull might attack the matador instead of the cape, resulting in a fatal blow to the heart.

Before Guillermo has had time to gain composure, the bull shoots out from a darkened corral and into the ring. It looks more like a full-grown bull than the yearlings Guillermo is accustomed to fighting. Aggressive and seemingly tireless, the creature slashes its horns from side to side, charging its adversary. Guillermo quickly splashes water on his cape and rubs it with sand to weigh it down. "Oye toro!" he wails, shaking his cape to life. The bull thunders toward him as he skillfully glides sideways, just avoiding the fatal ebony horns. Gracefully whirling his cape back into position, Guillermo prepares for the next charge. Joaquina, cringing with fear, bows her head and prays to La Macarena, the

patron saint of bullfighters.

It is late afternoon and black clouds are rapidly descending over the plaza. Guillermo is beginning to realize this is going to be the toughest fight he's ever fought. It will be very difficult for him to compete with this persistent beast. Suddenly the bull begins to behave in a most unusual manner. Instead of charging again, the animal collapses on the sand and remains there, like a sphinx. A drizzle begins to fall, and the crowd starts to grow restless. They want blood and gore. Guillermo manages to coax the bull upright, but not for long. It makes a halfhearted lunge at Guillermo and again sinks lethargically to its knees.

El Chino begins cursing the owners of

MATADORS

Ciempozuelos Plaza de Toros for having purchased such a lazy bull. It is raining harder now and the yellow face makeup that El Chino wears is running down his face, making his appearance grotesquely sinister. "They say El Chino can't attract a big crowd anymore!" El Chino screams. "How can I, damn it, when the bulls are worthless?" He continues ranting: "Damn it, Guillermo! What do I pay you for? Do something! Kick the bastard! Twist its tail!"

But Guillermo, who considers himself an artist, isn't about to take orders. Instead, he kicks off his slippers and leisurely lies down in the sand, not more than a foot from the bull, snoring and drumming his

fingers on the sand with mock impatience. The crowd goes berserk.

"He's the only one of you with any guts!" El Chino screams at his awestruck troupe, as Guillermo's antics finally rouse the bull.

In serious danger, the dwarf starts rolling through puddles to dodge the imminent attack. El Chino leaps into the ring to Guillermo's aid and momentarily distracts the bull by waving his cape in the same deft manner that had once thrilled the crowds of his youth. The bull, gathering momentum as he circles the ring, begins a ferocious charge, heading straight for Guillermo. Quickly Guillermo unsheathes his sword and plunges forward to meet the bull's attack.

The blade slices into the animal, ripping its lung, and blood gushes from its mouth.

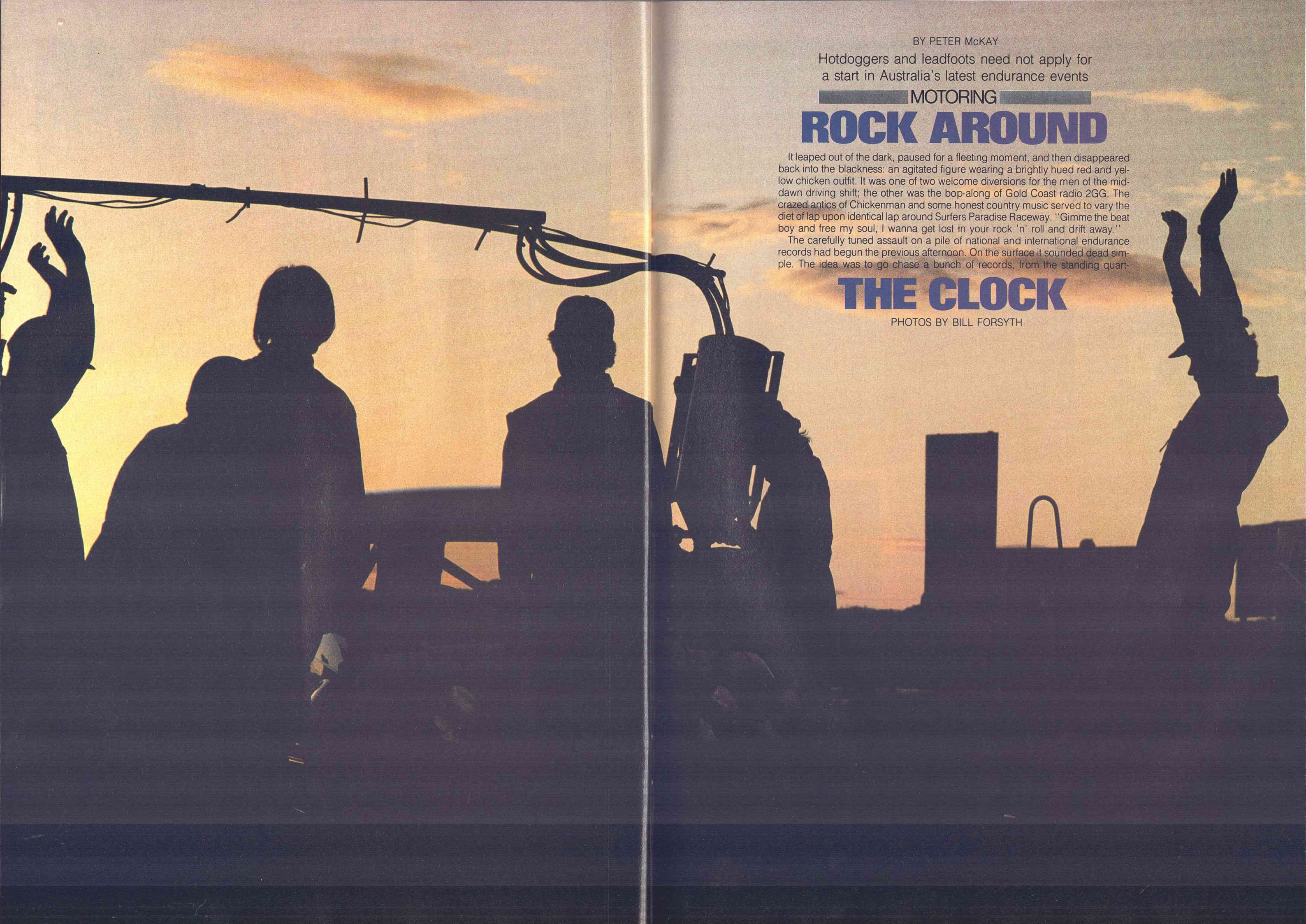
El Chino rapidly pulls a dagger out of his sleeve and kills the animal with a quick, brutal gouge to the brain.

If this were a serious bullfight, the matador would have been pelted with cushions and booed for his butchery. However, since it is really a comedy, the judges give Guillermo the highest award — the bull's ears and tail — which he decorates with white carnations and reverently presents to his mother-in-law.

The dwarves understand that it is their grotesque appearance that attracts the crowds. But Guillermo and his companions also know that for a moment they can conjure the magic of mastering a bull with only a livid square of cloth, as their cruel deformities are briefly made invisible by the spectacle of their bravery. 

Below: Guillermo in action. Right: Clowning between fights. Bottom: Guillermo has a guzzle.





BY PETER MCKAY

Hotdoggers and leadfoots need not apply for
a start in Australia's latest endurance events

MOTORING

ROCK AROUND

It leaped out of the dark, paused for a fleeting moment, and then disappeared back into the blackness: an agitated figure wearing a brightly hued red and yellow chicken outfit. It was one of two welcome diversions for the men of the mid-dawn driving shift; the other was the bop-along of Gold Coast radio 2GG. The crazed antics of Chickenman and some honest country music served to vary the diet of lap upon identical lap around Surfers Paradise Raceway. "Gimme the beat boy and free my soul, I wanna get lost in your rock 'n' roll and drift away."

The carefully tuned assault on a pile of national and international endurance records had begun the previous afternoon. On the surface it sounded dead simple. The idea was to go chase a bunch of records, from the standing quart-

THE CLOCK

PHOTOS BY BILL FORSYTH



THE CLOCK

er right through to the 24-hour distance mark.

Volvo Australia was first to notice a couple of years ago that the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport had put all existing records into perpetuity and virtually started all over again. Some of those old records had been set at speed bowls like Ford's You Yangs test track, where drivers could stick a house brick on the throttle and hang on. Average 24-hour times of 160 km/h-plus were achieved. That's all history now. The rule these days is that record attempts must be held at one of Australia's recognised racing circuits; Surfers is the most popular because it's long and fast. Volvo went up there last year with a 360 model and came home with lots of ammunition for a new advertising and marketing campaign.

Earlier this year Daihatsu also wised up and began laying plans for a two-car blitz on a host of small-car marks for speed and endurance. The small-bore artillery: 993 cc three-cylinder Charades, one a CXT turbo and the other a naturally aspirated (non-turbo) CX model. No fewer than 67 national and international records were targeted. The regulations allow extensive modifications but for marketing reasons Daihatsu elected to leave the engines absolutely standard. However, factory-optional coil springs and dampers and specially selected high-performance Dunlop tyres improved cornering stance and grip. The only other changes were safety-related: roll-over cage, fire extinguisher, full harness and four rally-type nightfighter spotlights.

Driving teams of four were allocated to each car; hot-doggers and leadfoots need not apply. The team manager put together two paces and yet mature combos. In the Turbo squad were four Bathurst racers — Stephen Brook, Wally Storey, Graham Storah and a gal, Alexandra Surplice. Joining me in the CX line-up were Paul Elliott, Grant O'Donnell and Mike Minear.

The 24-hour run was set for Wednesday at 3.30 pm. The team, 40 strong, included CAMS scrutineers, timekeepers and



Above left: Chickenman in full flight; Above: The Charade artillery

stewards as well as Daihatsu's unofficial clockers, two tyre technicians from Dunlop, a three-man crash crew, assorted chiefs who outnumbered the Indians and, thankfully, a couple of chefs. And an ambulance man. Youthful exuberance was the keynote of the Clearasil-powered pit crew — average age, 19.

The circus pulled into the raceway on Monday. The tyro pit crew immediately got down to the vital business of honing their wheel-changing abilities. The drivers meanwhile grabbed a couple of Charade mules to relearn the circuit and to address the quirks of the little front-wheel-drive car. The actual cars to be used in the record shot were kept in cotton wool, although they were brought out briefly to allow all drivers a few easy familiarisation laps. "The spotlight switches are either side of the steering column. And for Chrissake don't pull that thing there or you'll finish up covered in fire extinguisher powder. . ."

The timing equipment was set up at various points around the circuit. Special computer gear went into the tower. Segments for a television commercial were filmed. More of the Daihatsu brass arrived from Sydney. Most of the new arrivals looked almost as worried as the team manager. The weather forecast was causing heartburn on top of the countless logistical and



organisational hassles. Slowly it all came together. . .

Tuesday was allocated to the shorter record attempts: standing and flying two-way runs from a quarter mile through to 10 miles. And the metric distances too — nine in all for each car to tackle. Catch 22: the drivers obviously had to go for it, but gently. No big rev and no flashy synchro-beating gear changing; these little jiggers had to back up the next day for a 24-hour marathon.

Of course it rained, but the records were bagged anyway. All 18 of them. Drunk with success, Daihatsu rolled out a four-wheel-drive Rocky Turbo and duly garnered nine additional marks. But the big apple was the 24-hour non-stopper. Those ad and promo guys from Daihatsu had the campaign all figured out. It'd be a real pisser if somebody failed to stick to the script. Still, driving around and around for a full day couldn't be too difficult. . .

What could go wrong? Not much. One



of the thousands of components in the standard production cars could give up the ghost, or the trained monkeys at the wheel could slip on a banana skin and fall off the circuit, or a tyre could blow, or the lights could go out, or a car could run out of petrol, or. . .

The pessimistic team manager hadn't entirely ruled out the chance of an earthquake. He was also mindful of an earlier record attempt at Surfers some years ago when an irate law enforcer strutted on to the middle of the circuit in the late evening and, hand on holster, demanded the car be halted. He was acting on a complaint about squealing tyres; it mattered not that the necessary paperwork had been filled out and permission obtained.

Wednesday, 3.30 pm: under blue skies, the two cars — the white turbo and the red non-turbo — were flagged away. Though some advance testing had been done on fuel consumption and tyre-wear the results were far from conclusive; the drivers in that



Above and left: The roar of air jacks and rattle guns was never more than a few winks away for the rookie pit crew, who caught on fast

first stint were primed to head for the pits at the first sign of an engine splutter. Those early shifts set the pattern; the turbo, though faster by four seconds a lap, was thirstier and so made more frequent visits to the pits for fuel replenishment. It was stationary for nearly 28 minutes of the 24 hours; the naturally aspirated Charade was in the pits for just over 19 minutes.

Driver swaps and tyre changes were linked to fuel stops. The rookie pit men, on duty for all of the 24 hours, stole cat naps during the moments of peace. But the roar of the air jacks and penetrating machine gun sound of the rattle guns was never more than a few winks away. Servicing two cars for the duration of nearly four James Hardie 1000s is no mean feat for a group of Brisbane garage mechanics, who until then had never been exposed to the special demands of a motor sporting environment. They caught on fast.

Tyre wear, thanks to properly set-up suspension and sensible driving, was less than

anticipated; the Turbo used 42 Dunlops in 24 hours, the CX just 32. And many of those still carried plenty of rubber. Generally, front tyres were renewed every 70 laps while the rears lasted at least double that distance.

Circulating around lonely Surfers Paradise Raceway with just one other car, a lap board and — occasionally — an oversized escapee from Kentucky Fried doesn't sound entirely like an enthralling experience. But boring? Nope, driving against the clock in this fashion places unusual demands on the pilot. He must keep his lap times and engine revs down, conserve his fuel and tyres and show due consideration to the car's brakes and gearbox. Twenty-four hours non-stop punishment is no cakewalk for unmodified production cars. Very few endurance runs are accomplished without mechanical hassles; the Volvo team lost time after striking brake problems. Other cars have consumed tyres at such a rate that raids on Gold Coast



THE CLOCK

dealers for extra stocks were necessitated. One prior attempt using a European turbocar ended prematurely with a blown turbine. The run was later restarted from scratch using a hurriedly co-opted replacement car.

Endurance runs are all about teamwork and trust. At Bathurst, each car has two drivers. They must rely on the other not to monster the mechanicals or tyres. At Surfers that implicit trust had to stretch to three partners. Who knew if the car was getting The Big Rev around the back of the course where no-one could hear?

James Laing-Peach, a veteran of many such 24-hour runs, recalls a successful

Subaru assault on a brace of class records in the Seventies at Surfers. He and his driving buddies, Jim Sullivan and Paul Bernasconi, were forced to wring that car's neck to have a chance of bringing home the bacon. They managed it, but at the end of it all someone noticed a massive set of very fresh Subaru-sized skid marks leading off the circuit into the grass. To this day the culprit has not purged his guilty conscience.

The Turbo did in fact have an after-dark spin, but it was a very public one. There was no damage except to the heart rate of the team manager. He'd almost run out of things to worry about when the squeal of tyres from the bottom of the main straight indicated a miscue. Then, at the 22-hour mark, rain began to fall. So near and yet so far...

But the two drivers, Alex Surplice in the Turbo and Paul Elliott in the CX, stayed cool and brought the machines home in one piece. Fifty national and 17 international speed and endurance records fell to the Charades: distance marks in metric and Imperial... 50, 100, 200, 500, 1000 and 2000. And the time records: one, three, six, 12 and 24 hours.

At the end of the long grind the Turbo claimed 27 marks in the 1101-1500cc category, while the non-turboed CX got all of 40 entries in the 751-1100cc record books. Plenty of marketing mileage there — like 1637.17 miles gobbled up by the turbo, and 1593.38 miles covered by the non-turbo. The men from Daihatsu didn't half mind pointing out that their tiny turbo went very close to beating the 24-hour distance set last year by the bigger-engined Volvo 360, of a different category. In fact, it outsped the Volvo to seven marks: 10, 50 and 100 kilometres, 10 and 50 miles and one and 12 hours.

What's more, as any one of those happy earbashers from Daihatsu will readily testify, the two Charades twice ran around the clock without the hint of mechanical maladies. The turbo needed an exhaust pile bolt re-fastened during a routine stop, but that really doesn't count as a major aggravation. Despite a total of more than 5000 gear shifts, the five-speed transmission was in perfect condition at the end of the section.

Chickenman's identity remains a mystery. Testy crewmen unsuccessfully tried to trap and pluck the nocturnal visitor...

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

An optimist is someone who offers a small fortune in prizemoney and then asks a dozen race ace in identical turbocars to take it easy...

Slam, bam, thank you man! When the green light came on for the opening race of the seven-round 1985 Nissan Turbo Super Challenge, no-one really expected gentlemanly conduct from the dozen invited drivers. With racecars provided by Nissan and 25 grand and a new \$23,000 Skyline sedan hanging on the outcome, hard, cut-throat racing was inevitable. Racing is supposed to be loads of fun and the greater the rewards the funnier it becomes. Like, it wasn't as if any of the drivers was accountable for damage rectification. It was a case of all care and no responsibility.

Some big names were included, with prior deeds that included national championships and Bathurst victories. Among the chosen: Dick Johnson, Allan Grice, Colin Bond, George Fury, Jim Richards and John Bowe — a touch of class there with hard-earned reputations to protect. Significantly the 12 showroom stock Pulsar ET Turbos balloted before each round were said to be equal in performance. Therefore it was down to driver ability... and an element of luck.

Nissan made its corporate feelings well known. It really didn't want its products belted from pillar to post in the view of a

massive television audience. The repair bills wouldn't hurt so much as a scenario in which the Pulsar Turbos played comic Keystone Cop roles. Accordingly, just before the first race at Sydney's Amaroo Park Raceway, the 12 drivers were instructed to abolish all animal acts from their track repertoire... or risk having their invitations rescinded.

And so the lads dragged on their helmets and went to war. The lure of 25 biggies and a free luxury car is hard to resist... the damage bill at the end of day one amounted to \$15,000. Most of the fender-tearing came in one dramatic scrimmage that saw half the field crunching together and then bouncing and lurching in every direction. The TV cameras failed to finger the culprit so Nissan kept the same cast together for the second battle in Adelaide. Anaesthetising Nissan's pain was the reaction from the marketplace: yabadabadoo! The mob on the spectator terraces and those watching at home lapped up the turbocharged action. The only real damage wrought in Adelaide was to Gary Rogers' car. It grazed its roof on the abrasive track surface (see photos).

Round three at Calder produced no major accidents but countless thumps and scrapes. By then Nissan seemed resigned to a regular collection of its battered babies and a sizeable repair bill, consoled no



Some of the quieter moments during the 1985 Nissan Turbo Super Challenge.

doubt by the warm reception the media and public had accorded the wild and pacy all-action series.

Turbocharged cars in general, and Pulsar Turbos in particular, have emerged from the fray with enhanced reputations. They've been used and abused, pounded, graunched and launched... and they've backed up for more of the same. As someone from the car company said at the outset: "You've gotta have faith."

Photos by Peter Morcom

HIGHWAY PATROL

Patrol's new suspension tames the highway as well as the bush.

Even the most serious 4 Wheel Driver would tell you he spends more than half his time on the highway. Now, Patrol's on-road ride is even better with improvements in springing, shock absorbers, wheel travel and caster angle. You get a smoother, more comfortable ride on the highway. Plus Patrol's legendary driveability off the beaten track is also improved.

Patrol gives you a powerful choice including Turbo.

Choose from 3.3L diesel; the exciting 3.3L diesel Turbo; 2.8L petrol; or the big 4L petrol.

You get a powerful choice with Patrol, and remember, they're all 6 cylinders. You've got power to go, and power to tow.

The whole world knows Nissan reliability.

In 148 countries around the world and with over 50 years experience in Australia, Nissan has earned an enviable reputation for reliability, economy and engineering excellence. And, with an Australia-wide service network of some 300 dealers you're never far from Nissan Know-How.

COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE

NISSAN
KNOW-HOW



AA25

ALL BRAUN



My ambition is to be a brain surgeon but I want to travel around Asia for a couple of years first to get my head together," says 19-year-old Tania Braun straight-faced. "I like really big guys with lots of sexual stamina — loads of loads ... and I'm a Taurus. That's why I'm talking so much bull!" she says, collapsing in a fit of giggles. You get the feeling that this lady doesn't take life too seriously.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BUDDY WOODCOCK





"Well, I couldn't tell you what I'm really like — I wouldn't want to put your readers to sleep," says Tania. Even when she's dead serious, it seems she still makes the occasional ridiculous statement.





Tania currently works as a secretary in a travel agency and she does have plans to take off overseas soon, but not to get her head together. That part of her anatomy is in the same A1 condition as the rest of her.





If she'd only do something about those jokes . . . "I'd really like to be a movie star," she continues, "but I'd prefer to get on the stage first — the next one out of town!" Oh boy, Tania's one card that could take a lot of dealing with . . .

○—





FICTION BY ROBERT G. BARRETT

STEVE'S BIRTHDAY

Detective Joe Warren loosened his tie a little and took another sip on his Scotch and dry; Detective Alan Redman did much the same thing. Across the desk from the two tough Vice Squad cops sat Price Galese, owner of the Kelly Club casino, and George Brennan, the casino manager. Their drinks stood idly on the oak top. To their left stood Eddie Salita, Sydney's number one hit man, absently picking at his watch. The casino's bouncers, Les Norton and Billy Dunne, had entered the office about five minutes earlier and were parked comfortably in two leather chairs to Price's right. No-one was talking. No-one was laughing.

It had been a fairly ordinary Thursday night at the Kelly Club. The last of the patrons had drifted off into the night, the money was counted and in the safe, and the club had been locked up. Outside, Kings Cross was still pumping along in its own gaudy way, but at 4am on Friday

Vince was out to avenge his brother's death. His plan was bold, but he didn't count on Eddie Salita's resourcefulness

ILLUSTRATION BY SHANE MCGOWAN

BIRTHDAY

morning the atmosphere in Price Galese's office was deadly serious.

Price Galese took a sip on his drink and looked over at Detective Joe Warren. "All right, Joe," he said, "what's this business you mentioned on the phone? There's trouble coming up from Melbourne — right?"

Warren ran his finger around the rim of his glass and stole a quick glance at his partner. "That's right, Price. There's going to be a hit on you this Saturday night. Right here in the club."

"And it's Vince Rossiter?"

Warren nodded his head solemnly.

"It's not a load of shit either, Price," said Warren's partner. "We've got it straight from the Armed Hold-Up boys in Collins Street."

Price drummed his fingers lightly on the top of the desk. It was so tense and quiet in the plush room that you could distinctly hear the ice-cubes cracking in George Brennan's still untouched drink. "And this mug Rossiter says he's going to do it this Saturday night — in here?"

"We know he's a mug, Price," replied Warren. "There's no two ways about that. But he's also mad as a meat-axe."

"He's gotta be," grunted Les Norton.

There'd been a bungled attempt on Price's life by two mixed-up hitmen from Melbourne about 12 months earlier. As soon as Price found out who it was, he sent Eddie Salita down to deal with them. Eddie, with the help of an old mate from Vietnam, shot both of them and dumped their weighted bodies in Port Phillip Bay. One

of the bodies belonged to Steve Rossiter — Vince Rossiter's brother.

The Rossiters were a close-knit, not very intelligent, but highly feared family from around the South Melbourne markets. The two brothers, Vince and Steve, besides being extremely violent and totally unpredictable, had been just about inseparable. Vince was reputed to be bordering on insanity. The Painters and Dockers Union used them as bagmen and they'd been involved in a number of unsolved shootings. They also specialised in armed hold-ups — Vince being a master of disguise.

By sheer intimidation the brothers had managed to stay one step ahead of the law — though at the time of Steve's disappearance the police had finally managed to lag Vince for assault and malicious wounding. A publican in Footscray had asked him to leave his hotel so Vince responded by putting a glass in his face and beating up his wife.

When Vince got news of his brother's disappearance he went berserk with grief; when he found out who was responsible he vowed revenge as soon as he was released. It didn't matter that his dim-witted brother had tried to kill one of the heaviest men in Sydney — to Vince that didn't count. He would have his revenge and now that his beloved brother was gone it didn't matter if he lost his own life in the process. He confided this to one of his cronies in Pentridge, the crony told the screws, the screws told the right Melbourne police and it wasn't long before the news had travelled along the old mates' telegraph to Sydney.

"And how long has this Rossiter clown

been out of the nick?" asked Price.

"Just on a week," replied Detective Warren.

"What makes you so convinced he'll have a go this Saturday night?" asked George Brennan.

"He was heard bragging about how he was going to celebrate his brother's birthday right under the so-called Sydney heavies' noses," said Det Redman. "We've run Steve's records through the computer and it turns out this Saturday would have been his birthday. Vince hasn't been sighted since Wednesday so you can bet your bottom dollar that's what he was on about — and he doesn't care if he dies doing it. We're not dealing with a rational human being here, Price. Vince Rossiter is a mad dog."

"He's certainly got some front, I'll give him that," conceded Price, adding a contemptuous laugh.

"The thing is, Price, we can only do so much," continued the detective. "There was nothing the boys in Melbourne could put on him and if something had of happened to him as soon as he got out of the can it would have looked too obvious. By the same token, if there's a gun fight in here or even out the front, the papers'll get hold of it, and the shit'll come flying back on us. We'll have to do something and there'll be trouble for everyone."

"You can say that again," replied Price grimly.

"What you do is your business," said Redman, as he flashed a glance at Eddie Salita. "To be fair dinkum, if Vince Rossiter disappears you'll be doing everyone a favor. But you're going to have to be extremely careful and very, very discreet."

Price sat quietly for a few moments before smiling. "All right, Joe, Alan," he said, taking two Manila envelopes from a draw in the large oak desk. "You've been a great help. I really appreciate what you've just done." He slid the two fat envelopes across the desk. "There's a nice drink there and there'll be another one up here for you next Thursday night when all this is settled."

The detectives rose from their seats and picked up the envelopes. "Just make sure you're here next Thursday, Price," said Warren as he slipped the envelope into his inside pocket.

Price Galese smiled, stood up and shook their hands. "I'll be here next Thursday," he winked. "I don't know about your mate Rossiter, though. Goodnight lads and thanks again." He turned to beefy Les Norton, the club doorman. "Les, will you let the boys out?"

Norton got up and ushered them to the front door. No-one said a word until he returned five minutes later. Price waited until Les was seated before he spoke. "Well, there it is, boys," he said, slapping his hands together. "This prick from Melbourne's going to get in here on Saturday night and try to neck me. I know it's a pain in the arse but we're going to have

to knock him." He glanced around the sombre faces in the office. "Any suggestions?"

There was silence for a few seconds before George Brennan spoke. "Why don't you just not be here Saturday night?" he asked, with a light shrug of his shoulders.

Price shook his head. "I can't do that, George," he said adamantly. "If I start running away from every shit-pot little hood that threatens me I'll be doing it all the time." He took another sip on his drink. "Besides," he added, "I'd rather get it over and done with — one way or another."

"If you can tell me what he looks like," said Norton, "I'll let him in, then get him on the stairs and break his neck. Then we can just dump him or bury him somewhere." He looked around the room at the others. "That's one way of doin' it, ain't it?"

Price smiled. "It's certainly a thought, Les," he said with a bit of a laugh. "But I'm not sure what he looks like and you could make a blue — and I lose one of my lovely customers." Price turned to Eddie Salita. "Well, Eddie, what do you reckon? You're in charge of the killing department. Have you got any SP on this Rossiter?"

"Yeah. I know him all right," replied Eddie, softly. Every eye in the room riveted on Eddie. "I met him a couple of years ago — just before he went in the nick." Eddie looked at Price. "Remember when we had that rort going through Melbourne customs with those Mercedes Benz cars, and I had to go down and sort out those two dealers?"

"Yeah," Price nodded slowly.

"Well, I met him in a pub in Fitzroy — him and his brother. He's a ratbag all right; you needn't worry about that."

"What's he look like?" asked Billy Dunne, the other doorman.

"Oh, he's about five-ten, pretty solid, black hair. He looks a bit like Johnny Sattler, the footballer. Same square jaw and piercing eyes... only Vince's are a bright green."

"He's got a certain way he moves around with one shoulder sort of dipped below the other. He got his collarbone broken with a baseball bat a long time ago and it never set properly."

"You're certain you'll be able to recognise him?" Price sounded a little sceptical.

"There's the way he moves, plus his eyes. Plus he doesn't know that we know he's coming — and he doesn't know I'll be here, and that I happen to know what he looks like."

"So, what do you intend to do?" asked Price.

"Nothing. Just let him inside like anyone else."

"Let him inside?" chorused the others. Eddie smiled to himself. "That's right," he said easily. "All I want is for you to put another bloke on the door with Billy and leave Les inside with me."

"That's no problem," said Price. "Are you sure one bloke will be enough? I'll get

a dozen if you like."

"No, one'll do. Get Danny McCormack... he's pretty reliable. Just leave the big Queenslander with me for the night." Eddie gave Les a sinister smile. "Might show you a little trick I learnt during my second tour of Vietnam, when I was with the Yanks. It's a good'n, mate."

"Yeah?" Norton's eyes lit up and he rubbed his hands together vigorously. "Bit of CIA stuff, Eddie... poison blow-guns or death-rays?"

"Something like that," replied Eddie. His eyes flashed murderously as the smile on his face turned into an evil grin. "You'll like it, Les. It's a beauty."

Price got everyone a fresh drink and handed them around. "All jokes aside, Eddie," he said as he eased himself comfortably back into his chair, "just what do you reckon this Rossiter will try and pull on Saturday night?"

Eddie took a gulp from his drink and

“He'll open up with whatever he's got — probably a couple of automatics. He'll kill as many people as possible before getting shot himself”

started crunching a piece of ice up in his mouth. "He'll probably come in here, see you, and open up with whatever he's got — probably a couple of automatics. He might even try and get a small machine-gun in. He'll indiscriminately kill as many people as possible before he gets shot himself, figuring that if he makes a big enough scene it'll be the end of the Kelly Club. The publicity will finish it."

"Jesus, you can say that again," shuddered George Brennan.

"But not to worry," continued Eddie. "As soon as I spot him, he'll be dead in three seconds."

"Three seconds?" queried Les.

Eddie nodded his head slowly. He didn't elaborate.

Friday was a typical Sydney summer's day. Eddie Salita was running the lawn mower over his well-kept suburban backyard. As he was finishing raking up the clippings he called out to his wife, who was working inside the house: "Hey, Lindy. Bring us out a can of mineral water, will you?"

A couple of minutes later she appeared

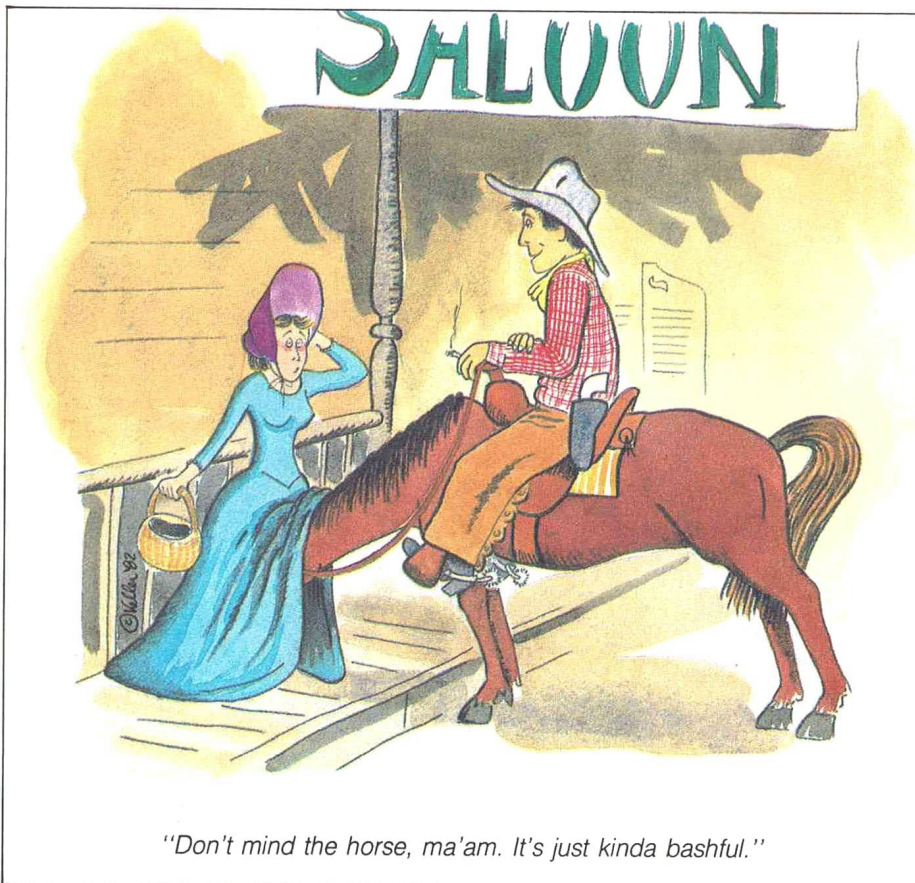
at Eddie's side with his drink. "Listen, when the kids get home from school, do you want to take them and Fritz down to Centennial Park for a while?" he asked her. "I wouldn't mind going for a bit of a jog."

"That'd be great, Ed," replied Lindy enthusiastically. "The boys will be rapt. They love it down there."

About an hour later Brendan and Martin arrived home from school. They were still making plenty of noise when Eddie bundled them and their pet schnausser Fritz into the Mercedes and headed for Centennial Park. Once at the park, Eddie took things fairly easy. He sat around under an old Moreton Bay fig tree for a while, playing with Fritz and watching the boys kick a soccer ball to each other. After a while he told Lindy he was going for a jog and would be back in about 30 minutes. He wrapped a sweat-band around his head and trotted off.

When Eddie reached the other side of the park he stopped, walked down to one of the ponds where some people were throwing breadcrumbs to some ducks, and started looking amongst the plants at the water's edge. After searching for a while he found what he was looking for — a small, brown, vine-like plant with a purple flower, growing right at the edge of the pond. He reached into the water and carefully dug it out with his hands, taking extra care not to damage the small bulbous root — about the same size and shape as a radish — at the bottom. He snipped the vine off with his thumbnail. Then, taking a small plastic bag from his running shorts, he put the bulb inside it. He tucked the bag into the crotch of his jockey shorts, took an instinctive glance at the people around him, and jogged back to his family.

Back at home Eddie had a brisk shower and then retired to the garage. He removed the small bulb from the plastic bag and placed it on a flat piece of board. After checking his fingers thoroughly for any cuts or scratches he dissected the bulb with a sharp kitchen knife and scooped out the greenish contents, which he crushed into a creamy green paste with the heel of an old sheath-knife. He put that to one side and, taking another flat piece of board, cut out a section roughly the same size as a 50-cent coin, only thicker. He then carefully tacked a small strip of rubber across the circular piece of wood and slipped his middle finger through it. Satisfied it held securely against his fingers, he removed the piece of board; then, using a small screwdriver, he worked a thin three-centimetre screw through the centre of it. By working downwards with a small three-sided file Eddie sharpened the end of the screw until it was almost as fine as a needle point. After gingerly pricking his left thumb with the screw he started smearing the green paste into its thread with a Paddle Pop stick, making sure none went near the pin prick on his thumb. When the thread was full of paste he covered the screw with cotton



"Don't mind the horse, ma'am. It's just kinda bashful."

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wool and placed it in a cardboard box, which he put inside another small plastic bag. Eddie put the saucer, the Paddle Pop stick and anything else that had come in contact with the green paste into a plastic bag which he dropped inside the garbage bin. Then, after cleaning himself up, he walked into the kitchen, where he placed the plastic bag containing the cardboard box at the back of the deep freezer.

Eddie arrived at the Kelly Club just on eight that evening. Price, Les Norton and Billy Dunne were already there. He reassured them that there was nothing to worry about: "Just do your job out the front like on any other night. I'll be standing at the top of the stairs, though I can't see any trouble... tomorrow night's the night."

Eddie was right: Friday night went along as smoothly as silk. "A fairly quiet night, eh lads?" asked Price as they were having a drink in his office after they'd locked up.

"Yeah, it was good," replied Billy. "And no sign of Rossiter, either."

"He was here all right," noted Eddie quietly. "I spotted him out the window — on the other side of the road. Twice."

"Jesus," exclaimed Les Norton. "What was he doing?"

"Nothing. Just walking past, casing the joint. He had on an old pair of overalls and a beanie — like a street cleaner." Eddie gave a bit of a laugh. "He's a cunning bastard all right."

"Bloody hell," exclaimed Billy Dunne, taking a hefty pull on his Scotch and dry.

"No worries, Billy," said Eddie. "I knew he wouldn't do anything tonight. He's a nut... a show-pony. He's saving it all for his brother's birthday."

Despite the understandable tension in the air the following night, Price and the boys were in reasonably good spirits. "Bad luck all this trouble's about, Price," said Les. "It'd be a good day otherwise."

"Don't worry, Les," Price replied. "It'll still be a good night. Won't it, Eddie?"

Eddie winked and smiled. "It'll be a beauty Les, and why shouldn't it? It's someone's birthday, isn't it?"

At eight o'clock it was time for everyone to take up their positions: Les and Billy out the front on the door, Eddie at the top of the stairs. Danny McCormack arrived on schedule at nine and relieved Les, who immediately ducked up the stairs.

Eddie was standing at the top of the stairs and pulled Norton aside as soon as he got to him.

"Danny here?"

"Just arrived."

"Good. Now you know what to do. Just stick around me, though not too close... make out you're not really with me. I'll give you the nod, and as soon as you see me walk towards Price follow straight behind.

Okay?"

"Good as gold."

If Price was worried he didn't show it. He was his usual urbane self as he moved easily among the patrons, sharing a bit of a joke here and there as he went. Occasionally he'd look up and catch Eddie's eye; Eddie would ever so slightly shake his head and they'd carry on as normal.

By around midnight the place was packed. It was hard work for Norton, trying to concentrate his attention on all of the people coming into the club, although so far no-one aroused his suspicions. As he gazed into the well-dressed assemblage, however, Les began to notice just who was there. There were at least a dozen well-known media personalities, scores of jewelled socialites were rubbing elbows with some notorious villains and over near a blackjack table Price was having a chat with a bishop. Christ, thought Norton, if Rossiter does go off in here before we can

The old bloke put up no struggle at all. His legs seemed to be moving but the rest of him felt strangely limp

get to him it'll make headlines for the next six months.

A tall, leggy blonde, playing roulette with the editor of a leading men's magazine, was the object of his attention when out of the corner of his eye Norton thought he saw Eddie stiffen. He quickly checked to see what Eddie was staring at. Les could see it was an elderly man, possibly in his sixties, wearing a conservatively cut, pin-striped suit and tinted horn-rimmed glasses. On his arm was a sexy looking redhead young enough to be his daughter. She bore all the hallmarks of a high-class hooker.

The couple stood at the top of the stairs for a moment. Then the old bloke said something to the redhead and she moved off towards the Ladies'; he stayed there, either getting his bearings or waiting for her. He didn't look like an old bloke though, thought Les; he was ramrod straight, with no sign of a paunch. Les looked across and noticed Eddie was staring intently at the same character.

Across the room Price was still talking to the bishop. The elderly man seemed to notice him, slipped his hand under his coat,

and moved towards him. Les thought he noticed a slight dip in the fellow's shoulder. He was about to draw Eddie's attention to this when like a phantom Eddie loomed up behind the man. As Eddie reached him he whispered something in his ear; with that the old bloke froze, and turned his head slightly as Eddie seemed to pat him in the small of the back with his right hand. He had scarcely touched the man. When Norton appeared on the other side he took the guy under the right arm and they started moving him towards the door.

As they eased him through the crowd Les was surprised at the way the old bloke, or whoever it was, put up no struggle at all. His legs seemed to be moving but the rest of him felt strangely limp. His eyes stared straight ahead, and he had a surprised — almost shocked — look on his face. He never said a word or uttered a sound — it was almost as if he were in a trance.

Without anyone in the club noticing anything extraordinary they walked the man to the top of the stairs, where Eddie stopped, turned towards Price and nodded. Norton could feel the muscled hardness in the old bloke's arms, and a quick glance behind the tinted horn-rimmed glasses revealed a pair of very surprised, bright green eyes.

"Is this Rossiter?" he asked, as they started moving him down the stairs.

"It's him all right," replied Eddie tersely. Then he called out to Billy to open the car door.

Big Danny McCormack, standing in the doorway, gave Les a knowing wink as he went past to let him know that Billy had told him exactly what was going on. They shuffled Rossiter across the footpath to where Billy was holding the rear door of the Rolls open, sat Rossiter on the back seat, and closed the door. Les walked around and got in the other side while Eddie had a quick word to Billy. From the time they'd spotted Rossiter to when they loaded him into the Rolls no more than two minutes would have elapsed.

"That was pretty smooth, mate," commented Les, his adrenalin still pumping.

"Yeah," replied Eddie, as he started the motor. "I just told Billy to grab that sheila Rossiter came in with, give her a hundred bucks and tell her her gentleman friend suddenly took sick and had to go home. He left her that for a cab."

"Who was she?"

"No-one. Just some escort he's grabbed for the night to make sure he could get into the club." Eddie snatched a quick glance in the rear vision mirror, slipped the Rolls into drive and made a U-turn. "Righto," he said, "let's go and get rid of the bastard."

"Where we goin' anyway?" asked Les.

"The airport."

As they waited at the lights Norton noticed the people in the cars alongside staring at them. At first it unnerved him, then he realised that they were only admiring the

shiny new Rolls Royce and probably wondering who the toffs were inside. This is the style, he thought, winking at a young girl sitting in the front seat of a battered old Kingswood alongside; she giggled and said something to her pimply-faced boyfriend, who scowled back at Norton.

Rossiter was still propped up next to him, staring straight ahead and looking calm and relaxed. A few tiny bubbles had formed around one corner of his mouth and even though he was completely motionless, his face still had plenty of color. At one stage Norton thought he saw him blink.

"Hey Eddie," he said, somewhat alarmed. "Is he dead, or what?"

Eddie laughed quietly to himself. "Yeah, he's dead all right."

They cruised along South Dowling until they stopped for the lights beside Moore Park. Rossiter was still gently rocking from side to side and as they pulled up at the lights his neck gave a twitch. In the reflection of the passing cars Norton thought he saw Rossiter blink again.

"Hey Eddie," he called out. "I don't think he's dead, y'know."

"Les... he's deader than a Sunday in Brisbane, I'm tellin' you. Stop worrying."

"I dunno," replied Norton, still staring at the motionless Rossiter. "I don't like the way he keeps lookin' at me."

"Ah, you old sheila, Les. All right, I'll pull over down the road and show you. I want to check him out anyway."

A bit further on, past Moore Park Golf Links, Eddie found a spot by the side of the road and pulled over. "Righto," he said, swivelling around to face Rossiter. "Are you dead or what?" Rossiter just sat there motionless, staring straight ahead.

"I doubt if he's gonna tell you whether he's dead or not, Eddie," said Norton. "Not even Houdini could tell you that. I just don't reckon he is — that's all. Look at the color in his face."

Eddie laughed and shook his head. "Have I got to prove it to you, have I?"

He reached down to his sock and pulled out a small switch-blade knife. As he brought it up he thumbed a catch on the side and a glistening silver blade about ten centimetres long shot straight out of the handle. He reached over and rested the point of the blade against Rossiter's chest, just where his heart would be. "Now watch this, Les," he said, and plunged the blade into Rossiter's heart. Norton expected a great torrent of blood to start pumping out, but not a drop appeared. Rossiter still sat there staring vacantly into space, the bubbles on the side of his mouth turning into a trickle of saliva that glistened as it ran down his chin.

"There you are, Les," said Eddie, pulling out the knife and showing Norton the dark, almost black, blood still clinging to the blade. "Dead as a doornail... just like your silly brother." Eddie wiped the blood off on Rossiter's coat, reset the blade and

put the knife back in his sock.

"Well, Eddie," said Les, "I've got to give it to you. That was pretty neat, whatever you did to him in the club. You gonna tell me what it was?"

"Sure." Eddie loosened his tie and settled back into the driver's seat. "I hit him with this." He reached down between the two front seats and showed Norton the circle of wood with the sharpened screw sticking through it. Les went to have a closer look. "Hey, don't grab it," warned Eddie quickly. "Just hold it by the wooden part. Don't touch the sharp bit or you'll finish up like your mate in the back."

Norton held the strange little object delicately between his forefinger and thumb, examined it carefully and then handed it back to Eddie, who put it down between the seats.

"What is it, anyway?" asked Les.

"A *punji* stick."

"What?"

"A *punji* stick, or at least a Western version of it. It's a trick I learnt in Vietnam. The VC used to dig these little holes in the bush and put sharpened bamboo stakes in them. They'd smear the stakes with human shit then cover the holes over. Some poor mug would come walking along, step into one of the holes and bingo, he gets a stake through his foot. The shit makes your foot blow up like a balloon and if they don't get you to a medic, you can lose your foot... sometimes your leg."

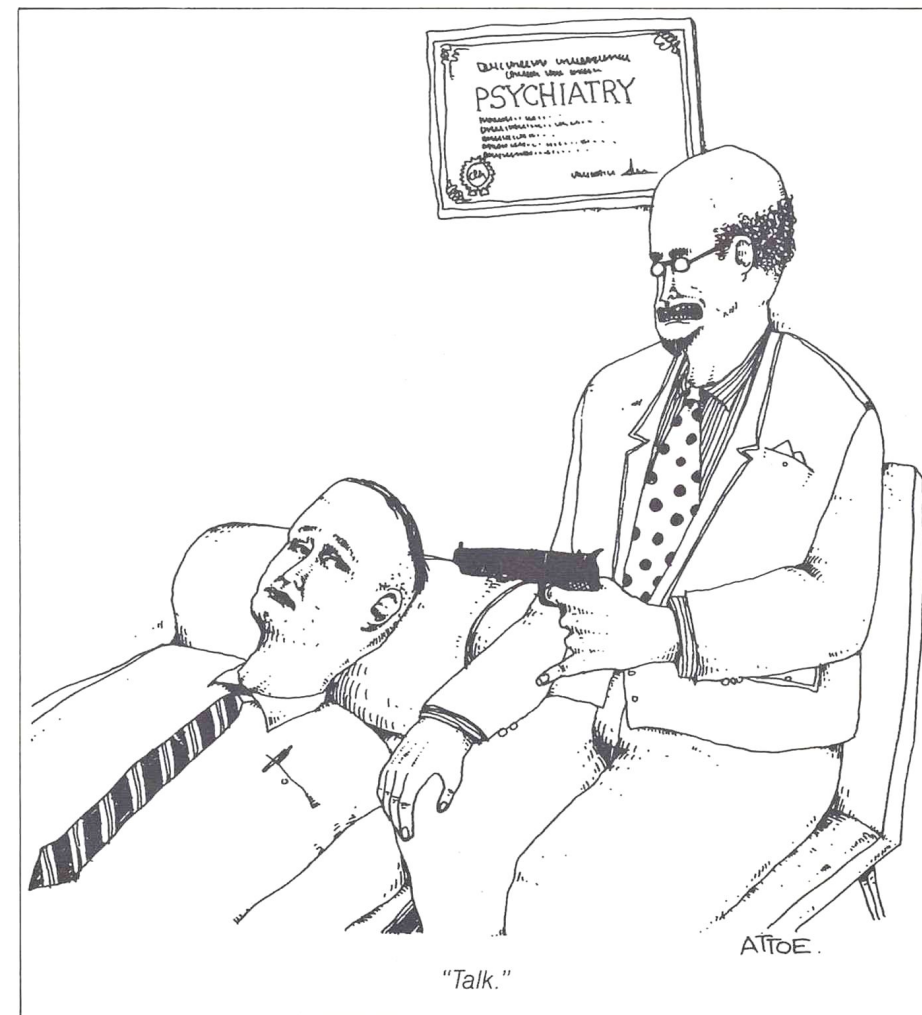
"Sounds lovely."

"Yeah. Anyway, the second time I went back to 'Nam, working with the CIA and the US 101st Airborne, I was up in a place called Cheo Reo. It's an old Montagnard tribe district. I ended up pretty good mates with the Monts and they showed me another variation of it. They've got this little plant they call 'the cobra's heart' — it grows in the jungle and funnily enough it grows over here too, if you know where to look. Anyway, the root contains one of the most deadly poisons on earth. It causes instant paralysis. We used to use it if we had to waste someone on the sly, like an informer or a VC sympathiser. You just crush the root up, smear it on a *punji* stick and jab 'em with it. The trick is, though, to get them right in the spinal cord. It stops them dead, but you can generally walk them along a few paces then put them down somewhere and they just sit there, all nice and quiet, just staring into space. But dead as a doornail."

Norton looked at Eddie for a moment, with the lights from the dashboard reflecting on his face, and couldn't help but shudder. "How did you know for sure it was Rossiter?" he asked. "I thought I saw you say something to him when you stepped up behind him."

Eddie laughed. "Well, when I saw him coming up the stairs, I thought this bloke's in pretty good shape for an old fella."

"Yeah. I thought that myself."



"Talk."

BIRTHDAY

"I couldn't see his eyes, but as he started walking towards Price I noticed that dip in his shoulder. So I walked up behind him and said: 'Hello Vince. Wish your brother a happy birthday for me.' He gave himself away and that's when I hit him."

Norton shook his head slowly. "Well blow me," he muttered.

Eddie looked at Norton and smiled, "No thanks, Les."

By now they were on General Holmes Drive and had actually passed the airport. It was getting on to 1.30 and there wasn't much traffic around, so Eddie slowed the Rolls and had a look in the rear-vision mirror. "I hope there's no cops around," he said, and spun the big car up over the median strip and on to the other side of the freeway. He cruised along a few hundred metres, driving slowly and looking out Norton's window. "Here it is," he said. He turned off the road and cut the motor.

"Righto, Les," said Eddie. "See that gate there? I'm going to open it — I've got the key. You get Rossiter out and drag him over there, then we'll both drag him off into the bush. Okay?"

Eddie got out and walked over to the gate. By the time he'd got the lock open Norton had Rossiter out of the Rolls and had dragged him across to where Eddie was waiting.

"Righto, Les," said Eddie, taking a grip on Rossiter's collar alongside Norton. "Up this way — there's a bit of a path. I've got a torch."

Eddie switched on a small flashlight and with Rossiter between them they started hauling him along a narrow, sandy trail that led off into the bush.

After about a 100 metres of stumbling through the darkness, faintly lit by the bouncing beam of Eddie's tiny flashlight, Norton noticed that the bush started to clear. About the same distance in front of them Norton could make out a group of construction workers pouring concrete underneath a line of arc-lights; their voices and the sounds of cement-mixers and other machinery pierced through the still of the night. They'd struggled about another 50 metres when Eddie called a halt. "We'll just wait here a minute," he said quietly.

Norton got down on his haunches and noticed that they'd stopped beside one of four wooden piers, formed up with scaffolding and ready for pouring. They were a little wider than phone booths and a couple of feet higher, and went down another six feet into the sand. They were to be part of a row of concrete piers supporting a new airstrip running out into Botany Bay.

As they squatted there Eddie produced a small "beeper" from one of his pockets and pressed a button. A few seconds later Norton heard a voice coming from barely 50 metres in front of them: "I'm just gon-

na duck off for a piss. I'll be back in a minute." One of the construction workers started walking towards them; crouching low, Eddie moved to the pier furthest away and waited for him, hiding in the shadow from the others.

As the workman approached Les could see he was a big, bull-necked fellow, wearing a pair of blue overalls and a red safety helmet. He stopped next to the pier Eddie was hiding behind, unzipped his fly and let out a great stream of urine which splashed and bubbled in the sand at his feet. Norton could just make out the words J.W. Foreman on the front of his safety helmet. Still hidden from the others, Eddie stood up and whispered something to the man, who banged the pier next to him with his fist. A wad of money changed hands, then the man zipped up his fly and without saying a word turned and walked back to the others.

"Okay, everything's sweet," said Eddie,

The truck driver waved, hit the tilt button and 50 tonnes of wet cement splattered down on top of Vince Rossiter

returning to Norton. "We've got to dump him in that pier I was sitting next to."

They dragged Rossiter over to the pier, where they stood him up against the scaffolding. Rossiter's body had stiffened a little and in the moonlight his face had turned a ghostly, chalky white.

"I'll climb up on the scaffolding," instructed Eddie, "and you pass him up to me." Eddie clambered a couple of feet up the metal pipes, reached down and grabbed Rossiter by the collar. "Okay. Pass him up, Les." Norton bent down, got a firm grip on Rossiter's ankles and lifted him up to shoulder height. "Okay, now give him one good shove." Les switched his grip to beneath Rossiter's feet, got his chest under him and heaved him straight up. Eddie tilted Rossiter's head back over the side of the empty scaffolding, allowing gravity to do the rest. Vince Rossiter's body tumbled down the shaft to land with a dull splash in a few feet of muddy water.

Eddie jumped down and they ran back and hid in the darkness at the edge of the last pier. "Just wait here a minute," he said.

They crouched there in the shadows, silently wiping sand and picking twigs from

their clothes as a huge cement truck, its load spinning slowly around on the back and led by the man with J.W. Foreman on his helmet, started rumbling up to the pier. When it got close enough the foreman blew his whistle, the truck stopped and two workmen came around and unshackled a short metal chute from the back of the truck, which they swung over the empty shaft. A third man wet the chute with a hose. Then, at a signal from one of the others, the foreman blew his whistle again, the truck driver waved his arm out of the window, hit the tilt button and 50 tonnes of wet, blue metal-thickened cement splattered down on top of Vince Rossiter, entombing him forever.

"Come on. Let's piss off." He picked up the trail with his torch and they headed back to the car.

"I might give Price a call," said Eddie, picking up the radio-telephone from between the two front seats of the Rolls. "Better let him know everything's sweet." Eddie hit the buttons and got through to The Kelly Club. "Hello, George. It's Eddie. Is Price there?"

"Hold on a sec, mate. I'll get him," replied George Brennan, the casino manager. In a few moments Price was on the phone.

"Hello Eddie. How did it go? Everything sweet?" His voice was controlled but it was apparent he was in a state of some excitement.

"I don't think your friend'll be bothering anyone for quite some time."

"Good on you. By Jesus, that was smooth work, son," Price chuckled into the phone.

Eddie glanced at Norton hunched in the car door, banging sand out of his shoes. "I couldn't have asked for a better back-up."

"He's a good, staunch man is Les," agreed Price. "There's a briefcase in the boot with 25 grand in it. Give him that when you drop him off home. In fact, why don't you both take the rest of the night off, get a couple of sheilas and go and have a blow-out somewhere. Take the Rolls and live it up a bit. Charge it all to me."

"How was Price?" asked Norton, closing the car door.

"Good as gold. He said to take the rest of the night off and have a drink on him. And there's a nice bonus for you when I drop you off."

"Beauty."

"Where do you fancy going?" asked Eddie, starting the car.

"Well, I wouldn't mind goin' home and getting changed first."

They cruised along silently for a while, each man immersed in his own thoughts as they absently listened to some music on the car radio. Norton was still bewildered by the pace of the night's events. He smiled to himself about the style they were travelling in.

"These Rolls Royces are all right, aren't

they?" he commented as he eased himself back into the seat.

"You like toffing it up, don't you, Les?"

"Why not?"

"Well here, grab one of these." Eddie produced two large, expensive Havana cigars from somewhere under the radio-cassette player.

They motored along a bit further, puffing away at the two huge cigars, when in the headlights they spotted two young girls hitchhiking along the side of the road.

"Hello," said Eddie, slowing down. "Two young spunks lookin' for a lift. We throw 'em in?"

"My oath," replied Norton.

Eddie hit the brakes and the girls ran up alongside. "Where are you going to, girls?" asked Norton, as the window glided down.

"Bondi." The two young girls couldn't quite believe that the gleaming Rolls had stopped for them.

"So are we — jump in." Les leaned over and opened the door.

They weren't bad little sorts — blondes, about 18 and wearing tight-fitting blue jeans, sneakers and denim shirts. From their sun-tanned faces, Norton figured they spent a fair bit of time at the beach.

"Where you been, anyway?" inquired Eddie, as they drove off.

"A party at Randwick," said the blonde behind Les.

"Any good?"

"No, it was up to shit."

It turned out that the girl sitting behind Les was named Ricky and the other one was Lea; both had just turned 19.

"So, where are you off to now, girls?" asked Norton, turning around. "Going straight home, are you?"

"S'pose so," responded Ricky, smiling back at Les. "I don't really want to but there's nothing else to do, is there?"

"Well, we've just been to a party ourselves," continued Norton. "A send-off for a dear friend of ours. But it was a bit formal and I'm just on my way home to get changed, then we're off to the Cross for a feed." He gave the cigar a bit of a puff and smiled at both girls. "Would you like to join us? Have a nice steak and a couple of bottles of wine? What do you reckon, Eddie?"

Eddie looked at the two young blondes in the rear-vision mirror and grinned at Norton. "I think it would only be the gentlemanly thing to do, Les. Want to come along girls?"

Ricky and Lea were both close to fainting. "Reckon we would," they chorused. Ricky spread herself a bit more comfortably on the back seat and had a good look around the Roller. "Wow, this is a really gas car," she exclaimed. "What do you guys do for a living?"

"Do for a living?" replied Norton. "We own a film company."

"Wow!" That was the icing on the cake for the girls. Not only were they being taken out to dinner in a Rolls Royce by two rich, mature gentlemen — now they could see

themselves in showbusiness.

"Yes, I'm a director," said Les, "and Edward here is a producer."

"Really. What sort of movies do you make?" asked Lea.

"Oh, telemovies, documentaries, commercials," replied Eddie. "All sorts of things. In fact we're starting production on a new movie next week."

"Fair dinkum," cried Ricky. "What's it called?"

"Ahh — Goodbye Vince," grinned Les. "It's about a guy who likes standing around watching aeroplanes."

"Wow! Any beach scenes in it?" asked Lea.

"Yeah, sure," replied Norton. "The main guy in it's a surfer."

"Far out. Oh look... we surf. What about giving us a part in your movie?" Lea was almost squealing with delight.

"Yeah, go on. Why don't you?" pleaded Ricky. "We've got unreal bodies. Look."

As they slowed up for the lights at Char-ing Cross, Ricky and Lea undid the fronts of their faded, denim shirts and thrust their chests towards Norton, who nearly fainted. Right before his eyes were four of the firmest, brownest, most beautiful boobs he'd ever seen.

"Jesus Christ," he proclaimed, nearly biting the end off his cigar. Eddie, looking on goggle-eyed into the rear vision mirror, almost ran up the behind of an old Ford

station wagon in front of them. Ricky and Lea then started undoing their jeans and sliding them down over their hips.

"Just hold on there a sec, girls," exclaimed Norton. "I think we might be better off discussing this back at my place."

"You sure?" asked Ricky.

"Oh yeah. We'll sort it out over a nice bottle of French champagne."

Ricky shrugged her beautiful brown shoulders. "All right," she said.

"Well. What do you reckon, Edward?" said Norton, turning to Eddie. "We going to give the girls a part in our movie?"

Eddie was gripping the steering wheel as though he was going to rip it out. "Give them anything they want," he squawked.

"Yeah, go on Les. Give us a part in your movie," said Ricky.

"Yeah, give us a contract," added Lea. "Oh, I don't know about a contract," replied Norton.

"If they want a contract, give 'em a bloody contract," blurted Eddie.

"Well, we'll see what happens back at my place," teased Norton. He pulled two hundred dollars out of his pocket and gave the girls a hundred each; they both just sat there slack-jawed. "I suppose we could give the girls some sort of work on the movie," he continued. "But there's just one thing," Norton insisted, turning to Eddie. "At this stage of production, I don't think we should offer the girls anything concrete." ☐





PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

“I think I’m out to change our society: there are too many things wrong with it.”

CLYDE HOLDING

PHOTO BY BILL ERRINGTON

Allan Clyde Holding is probably the closest thing to a complete professional in the Hawke Government. His political career stretches uninterrupted from Melbourne’s Richmond City Council to the Treasury benches in Canberra. In between those times he rose through the Victorian State Parliament to become Leader of the Opposition, and on one occasion very nearly Premier.

In many ways Holding is the archetypal Labor operator: tough, cynical, and good with the numbers. He can also be one of the most abrasive debaters in the House of Representatives, and the sharp side of his tongue has sometimes got him into trouble. But there is another aspect to Clyde Holding which is both more attractive and more complex. More than 30 years in politics have not quenched the fire in his belly which led him, as a young lawyer working in a squalid inner-Melbourne suburb, to move naturally into the Labor movement and pursue a personal crusade for greater social equality.

Holding seldom shows his idealism these days; he has found that many of his colleagues, particularly in his own pragmatic Labor Unity faction, see it as a sign of weakness. It is still there, however, and it surfaces most often when he talks about his current, almost impossibly difficult portfolio of Aboriginal Affairs. Holding is the meat in the sandwich; attacked — even hated — by both blacks and whites,

BY MUNGO MACCALLUM

INTERVIEW

he struggles to balance the often irrational pressure groups on both sides. But more than any other Aboriginal Affairs minister, he regards the job as a career in itself, not as an apprenticeship which will one day lead to a more comfortable, if less challenging, job.

Penthouse Political Contributor Mungo MacCallum spent a week travelling with Holding through Queensland and the Northern Territory before conducting this interview in the Minister's Canberra office. He says of Holding: "The man can be difficult, undiplomatic, and sometimes insensitive — but there is no doubting his dedication."

Penthouse: Aboriginal Affairs has always been something of a thankless task politically; you could say that the portfolio, since it was begun in the Sixties, has really been a political graveyard for ministers on both sides of the house — and yet you actually asked for the portfolio. Why?

Holding: Some people say that it's because I have a strong streak of masochism but I think the reason was simply that I'd had a very political background. I'd been in State Parliament for just on 18 years and run up against problems with Aboriginal Affairs there as a backbencher. And it seemed to me that this was the one great unresolved social issue in Australia. As we approach the bicentennial year it just seemed to me that Aboriginal Affairs ought not be regarded as a graveyard at all — but should be taken on by someone who did not see himself as a younger minister climbing up the greasy pole... someone who really felt that we ought to now try as a community to get our act together. I think that the way in which this one area of social and racial tension in Australia is resolved is going to very largely determine what sort of Australia we have.

Penthouse: Can we go back to when you first became interested in Aboriginal Affairs. What excited you about it as a political issue?

Holding: Well, as a backbencher — I think I'd only been in the State Parliament a mat-

ter of months — I'd read an article about conditions at Lake Tyers and I didn't really believe it. I didn't believe that in Victoria at that stage any group of people would be forced to live in the way in which it was described. So I borrowed the then Leader of the Opposition's car and journeyed down to Lake Tyers and found it was very much worse than had been described. I made a pretty strong speech about that and that excited the press interest. There was a full-page spread of pictures in the *Sun*, I think. From then the issue of land rights developed. It was a question of whether Aboriginal people were to be assimilated or whether they were to be given a title for their own area of land. That's when the early land rights marches in Australian history took place, and I was one of the state members involved. So it does have a long background.

Penthouse: Was it the matter of social injustice or the matter of equality that really got you to see it as a very important issue?

Holding: I think demonstrably as an issue of social injustice. I mean, I'd lived in a working class area all my life and there was plenty of evidence of social injustice there — but never anything like the kind of squalid conditions where Aboriginal women were trying to wash their kids and provide water for their families out of one tap that was servicing something like 14 families. They were the kind of living conditions under which they had to live, conditions in which no average citizen would even expect their pet animal to live.

Penthouse: When you started discussing the problem did you take the view that what was really missing was money... that if enough money was provided, everything would be okay?

Holding: No, it wasn't just a question of money — it was a question of attitude. I had a running battle with the Aboriginal Affairs Board as it was then known. There wasn't even a Minister of Housing. The accepted departmental view was "give them a house and everything will be all right." And really, government efforts were concentrated on making the Aboriginal people like us — the perception being that we were exemplary figures and it was only to be of benefit that we put them under constant pressure

so that they could aspire to the same kind of things that the white community did.

Penthouse: When you became Federal Minister you immediately started putting an enormous amount of emphasis on land rights — to the extent that it seemed that whereas other people saw money as the sole solution, you saw land rights as the whole solution. Is that fair?

Holding: Well, I think it was mixed. I think that really what was important for the Aboriginal people — and they themselves have identified this — was that the destruction of their society and their culture was related to their dispossession from the land. And in those parts of Australia where the culture was still intact what was relevant to that was that the land base that gave rise to that culture was intact. And therefore, if we were to identify and recognise Aboriginal people for what they were doing in terms of their contribution to a multi-cultural society developing in Australia, you had to start in terms of their perception of themselves. Australian history did not start when Captain Phillip sailed into Botany Bay. There is also a history for the people who have been here for 40,000 years or more — a continuous history — and that is part of what is the broad Australian legacy. The extent to which we can understand this and incorporate it into our own perceptions of where we are heading as a people, giving due regard to the position of the Aborigines in Australia, is going to determine what sort of society we have.

Penthouse: Land rights has always been a very complicated issue and an issue which most white Australians probably don't have a great appreciation of. Have you found in trying to sell the idea of land rights, not only to the electorate but also to your own colleagues, that misunderstandings still exist?

Holding: Yes, the real problem is that misunderstandings unfortunately still do exist in Australia. However, we are a multi-cultural society, and I think that the level of racial tolerance generally shown towards ethnic communities is now much higher than it was when I was a kid. In a sense this has by-passed Aboriginal people. There is a latent racism which is directed towards Aboriginal people that really goes back to the days when the colony was founded.

Penthouse: What forms does racism usually take? Is it simply an overall view that Aborigines are inferior, or is there more to it than that?

Holding: I think several factors are involved. People variously see Aborigines as inferior, or different, or on the booze, unreliable, shifty, or likely to go walkabout — all these factors emerge. Yet very few white Australians actually have had real contact with Aboriginal people. Aborigines are different, and they do think differently. There is an Aboriginal strength of character; there is an Aboriginal sense of family which transcends anything that I've seen

in any white community. Indeed it's that sense of family which I think has enabled them to survive. I've never met an Aboriginal yet who doesn't know who his relatives are, and I'm not talking about brothers and sisters — I'm talking a complex kinship relationship which involves hundreds of people.

Penthouse: Racism is usually based on the perception that a particular group of people form a threat: that they are going to take over our jobs, take our women, murder us in our beds or whatever. Yet it is hard to see how white Australians could have ever regarded Aborigines as a threat in that way, isn't it?

Holding: I think that it all relates to the way in which Australia was settled: it was settled from the south and they were hard times. They were brutal times. The troops weren't kind to the convicts and the convicts weren't kind to anybody else. Basically there was a very thin veneer of civilisation in the colony when it was founded. And everybody, but everybody, if they wanted to have someone to attack, could attack an Aborigine. What occurred in many parts of Australia was genocidal. I think Adolf Hitler showed us that you can't really contemplate an act of genocide unless you dehumanise people — unless you see them not as people. That perception of Aboriginal people as being something less than human was a necessary ingredient in the psychology of what occurred. And when we look back on it I think that many people find it easier to maintain that perception. That's an easier thing to do — it's almost built into us in some ways. It's a much easier thing to do than to say: "Look, really we ought to be making new assessments about all of this."

Penthouse: With the idea of land rights I think that for the first time some white people feel genuinely threatened by Aborigines.

Holding: Well, you've had groups like the League of Rights and people like the Premier of Queensland saying that land rights is really a communist conspiracy, that what it's about is creating enclaves for guerilla activity. That's one extreme. The other simple extreme is the kind of argument that is put by Hassell, the Leader of the Opposition in Western Australia, who, in press conferences on the west coast with Greiner and Kennett — people who ought to have known better — said quite openly: "Look, this concerns everybody because nobody's house is safe. An Aboriginal has only got to walk into your house and find a site at the bottom of the garden and your house will be up for claim." That created real fears. Now, there never was provision for that in any existing legislation and there was a formal finding by Paul Seaman in his enquiry that there hasn't been any claim put forward by Aboriginal people that involved the alienation of private property.

Penthouse: Yes, but the fear is still there and it's certainly a fear that is being played

on by the right, particularly in Western Australia. How do you get around explaining this? How, with that almost atavistic fear that some people have, can you explain to them that there really is nothing to worry about if they don't want to listen to you?

Holding: I think that there are several points that you have to stress. First of all you've got to give them some sort of knowledge and you've got to point out that Aboriginal people just weren't the simple, backward nomads that they have always been described as. In fact they have produced a very sophisticated lifestyle that was pretty much in harmony with the environment in a diverse number of ways, depending on where they lived throughout Australia. Secondly, it's a very old culture. You've got in parts of Australia a culture that goes back 30,000 years. The cave paintings, which are the best kept secret in Australia, are the finest collection of prehistoric rock art in the world. They are the only collection that's directly linked with a contemporary and ongoing culture. And their existence really is as I say one of Australia's best kept secrets. I think that their existence has been largely ignored by a white population who thought Aborigines incapable of sophisticated artistry. We haven't been prepared to sit back and contemplate that an Aboriginal artist in the 18th Century in fact had more time as an artist than any of his contemporaries in England. The Aboriginal artists were also the dancers, the poets, the

keepers of the law.

Penthouse: But the hard fact remains that in Western Australia, at least, there is a backlash about land rights.

Holding: But in the West the war has never ceased. The fact is that the last massacre in Australia was in 1936 — the police involved were using motor cars — so the war has never really stopped. I mean, there are younger men and women who now work in areas of Aboriginal affairs who were taken from their mothers in the early Fifties. People don't believe it's possible but that was happening in Australia 30 years ago. In Western Australia in many ways the war really has never ceased; in many ways the state's perceptions are those of a frontier society.

Penthouse: Which makes it very difficult for you in that there is a Labor government in WA which is facing an election this year.

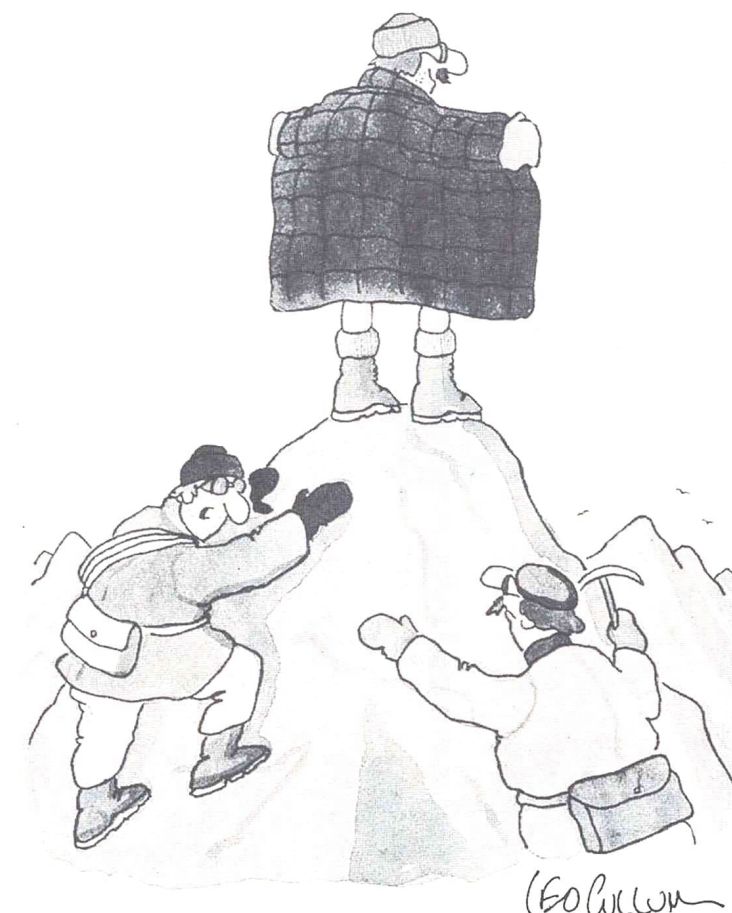
Holding: They are trying their very best to deal with that in terms of the very awkward situation that they have inherited; that's not easy for them and it's not easy for me.

Penthouse: It's certainly not easy for them in the sense that land rights is a very big issue in WA.

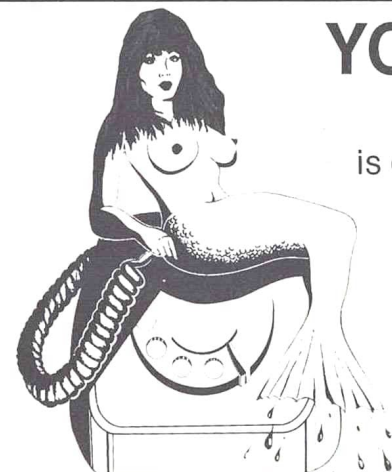
Holding: It's a very involved issue that brings out all of the worst aspects of prejudices.

Penthouse: So, what do you think about a Federal Minister who is trying to introduce uniform land rights legislation?

Holding: I think it depends who you're talk-



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ing to. You don't take this portfolio if you want to be popular — even popular within areas of your own party. You don't take this portfolio unless you realise that there really is an immense historic struggle involved and the processes just aren't easy. One of the problems I've inherited is that the average duration of a Minister for Aboriginal Affairs has been 15 months. That makes it a bit hard for public servants to gain a fix on where the department is heading or what its strategy is, when you're changing the ministers almost as often as you change your suit.

Penthouse: That's true, but it still does seem to me that the political problems in getting even a mild form of uniform land rights legislation through are looking more and more difficult, if only because you've got state elections coming up all the time.

Holding: I'm not as pessimistic as you on this because I think in the last two years a great deal has been achieved, both directly and indirectly. We've got our heritage legislation, which is the first piece of legislation. That was the subject of gloom and doom prophecies by vested interests like the mining industry, some of the farmers and indeed some of the states. It hasn't proved that way. The way it has worked is that the states, the Commonwealth and the Aboriginal communities are in much closer consultation, so that a lot of the problems which have been highlighted as clashes between Aborigines and those with other interests are now being resolved by negotiation. One of the aspects of talking that way has been that the pace with which the states have moved has increased. It's not an accident that since we came to government there has been land rights legislation introduced in every state south of the Northern Territory except Tasmania. There's been legislation in NSW, Queensland, Victoria, South Australia and Western

Australia.

Penthouse: But the types of legislation that have been introduced in the various states are wildly different, ranging from the Northern Territory Act as it was put in by the Fraser Government down to the Queensland Act, which is only really land rights legislation by a semantic quibble. It's not what most people would mean by land rights legislation.

Holding: Look, I agree with that, although on the other hand I think that in terms of a uniform model there is not really a great deal to be done except a bit of machinery sorting out. The Commonwealth, NSW, Victoria, South Australia — we've got our own amendments to the interpretation of the legislation. But that still gives us a real base to build on. And if one looks at that situation compared to where we were four years ago, then we are getting some runs on the board.

Penthouse: Half a loaf is better than no bread at all?

Holding: In Aboriginal Affairs that is certainly the case. But I think there's a lot of debating to be done and hopefully that will be allowed to continue in future years.

Penthouse: If you had your choice what would you like to see as the land rights legislation? Would it be the Western Australian model, the Northern Territory model, the South Australian model...

Holding: I think the Western Australian model is too far pitched in terms of other interests, but given the problems that you have in WA, the government had to really produce legislation to satisfy rural interests, to satisfy mining interests and then get around to satisfying Aboriginal interests. I think the balance is somewhere between the various pieces of legislation that exist. Many of the basic precepts are sound and some of the administrative structures are very sound within the Northern Territory and the South Australian legislation. I think that is where justice lies. I shouldn't forget that the Victorian legislation is very good and the NSW legislation we are talking about has some quite excellent concepts too.

Penthouse: With the Northern Territory legislation, a lot of people would say that the key to that is that the Aborigines have a fairly strong power of veto against mining on their lands if they don't want it. Is that fundamental to land rights legislation?

Holding: I think the role of Aborigines in controlling what occurs on their land is fairly fundamental to sensitive land rights legislation. The problem that we're facing is the way in which that is best exercised. The model that we have gone for says that that's best exercised through a tribunal. With all the criticism about land rights I haven't heard any criticism yet about the tribunal; in fact there is probably more safety in the long term for Aborigines in effective control of their land by using the tribunal mechanism. I don't think that the veto as it is understood in the Northern Ter-

ritory has always worked to in fact protect Aboriginal land management interests.

Penthouse: In regard to the control of mining, what sort of control have you got if you can't say "No"?

Holding: Say you get a large oil or natural gas find in the Northern Territory on Aboriginal land and the Aborigines object to the exploitation of that resource. Now, I don't believe that any government, in the long term and in regard to the nature of that particular resource, is going to allow that objection to stand. Rather than getting to that stage I think we should create a tribunal mechanism which enables Aboriginal people to argue before it. The tribunal would look at the nature of the mining, its relevance to the community, the benefits if it stays there, and then make a judgement about it, after counter-balancing it against the perceptions of the Aboriginal people. Now, I think that mechanism would provide more protection in the long run. The other aspect of the debate is that in many areas veto hasn't become so much an argument about what occurs on the lands as an argument as to what money is paid in compensation. And I think it's important that be understood. The fact is that history shows that where Aboriginal people are satisfied that their land is reasonably secure, that their sacred sites are secure, then on the whole they are very supportive of mining because it does bring them economic benefits. Now I think that is the basis on which you build. One of the unfortunate aspects of this whole land rights campaign has been a kind of double position which the mining companies have adopted. They are very conscious of the nature of the agreements that have been reached. However, at the same time, some of them are involved in a pretty heavy campaign which says that while they support land rights it has to be understood that land rights have to be subservient to mining interests. Let me say this in defence of the miners: they not only say that about land rights, they also say that about every other interest group — the environmentalists, the farmers, the pastoralists. All interests are subservient to the rights of miners. Hugh Morgan [Chairman of Western Mining Corporation] says that he has a divine right in this area.

Penthouse: Basically, Hugh Morgan says that he has a divine right to dig up anything that will hold still long enough for him to swing a pick at it. You are never going to satisfy the Hugh Morgans of this world.

Holding: Well, in order to justify his position, Morgan has made some pretty unfortunate comments about Aboriginal people and Aboriginal culture. He theologises in such a way that I think he's not good for the general practice of theology.

Penthouse: Yes, but having the Hugh Morgans on one side and the really militant Aborigines who believe that the land is unconditionally theirs on the other, you end up with something in the middle which

makes just about everybody feel vaguely uncomfortable and dissatisfied.

Holding: Yes, but isn't that what government in a democracy is all about? I mean, I always feel there is never quite the excitement in a democracy that you get in totalitarian states, where you can all stand around and shout, "Sieg Heil," and do over the local corner shop owner because you don't like his religion or race. The fact is that in democracy we are continuously involved in a balancing of interests. If a union official brings a claim for conditions or wages before a tribunal, he starts with an ambit claim and that's basically how our process of government also operates. Our process of government is really a process that tries to reconcile conflicting interests.

Penthouse: But there are very few issues which excite the same emotion — the same passion — as land rights. Industrial compromise is fine — people don't walk away screaming blue murder that they didn't get everything they wanted. With land rights they do.

Holding: I find the attitude extraordinary. I can go for weeks in Parliament without a single question on Aboriginal affairs being asked. On both sides of the Parliament there's genuine interest in these problems, but raise an issue like land rights... everybody has an opinion; everybody has a preference.

Penthouse: Everybody has a very strong opinion, too.

Holding: And they all know! I suppose it's really inevitable in that you're trying to deal in as sensitive a way as possible with the future of a race of people, at a time when that race of people are saying that ultimately the people have to make their own decisions about their future. And how you provide the right support and mechanism to encourage people to achieve that is a difficult exercise.

Penthouse: Aboriginal affairs has been an issue which has tended to be identified with the left of politics. It's one of those things like the environment and disarmament which, rightly or wrongly, is identified with the left. Yet you could hardly be called a frantic left-winger.

Holding: I have been called that on many occasions (laughs).

Penthouse: Do you feel you've mellowed?

Holding: No, I haven't mellowed and I don't know that I necessarily agree with that analysis. As an Opposition member I was very critical of former Ministers for Aboriginal Affairs. I was very critical of Fraser, who probably could have done a lot more. But I must say, sitting where I now sit and looking at the direction in which the conservative parties have gone on these issues, how quickly they have moved away from a basic position of support. Perhaps one didn't realise from the Opposition side of the House that in fact Malcolm Fraser, just by sitting and holding that position, was making a significant contribution, having regard to the kind of forces that were oper-



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INTERVIEW

ating in the conservative political structures in Australia. I suppose his position was not a left-wing position, although it may well be true that the issue was a left-wing issue. But I think, as we approach our bicentennial, we really have to think about the nature of Australian society, and I would like to see in our bicentennial celebrations every Australian Aborigine being able to say: "I can now take my place in the celebration of the nation, because my place in Australian society is secure. My culture is respected and I am respected. My kids are Australian but they are also Aboriginal Australian, and they have a legacy that goes back thousands of years."

Penthouse: If you weren't Minister for Aboriginal Affairs, what portfolio would you like — leaving aside the Prime Ministership of course?

Holding: I wouldn't want to be Prime Minister. I haven't really thought about that and to be perfectly honest all I want is to do this job and do it well. In the event it is necessary for someone else to take over — because I've stayed too long in the position — I think there is a life after politics, and there is a life after being Minister for Aboriginal Affairs. I've been around the Labor movement for a long time now. I lived through one split and through one exercise in federal intervention. And I just think I'm very comfortable in doing what I want to do and knowing that I'm doing it well.

Penthouse: As a Victorian, how do you see what's happening in the Labor Party factions now?

Holding: The recent reaffiliation of the four right-wing unions isn't going to change the basic philosophy of the Victorian branch of the Labor Party. I think that all that is going to happen is that there will be some movement of positions and the Victorian branch will finish up having a legitimate right. And that's not going to do us any harm.

Penthouse: A lot of people would say that your own faction in the Victorian branch — yours and Bob Hawke's — in fact operates as the right.

Holding: Well, that depends where people put you in the spectrum. I've never found that to be a particularly satisfactory analysis of people's positions in the Labor Party because you will find some people holding quite left-wing positions in their personal attitudes yet in other ways they are hopelessly bureaucratic, anti-libertarian and conservative on a whole range of issues. I remember as State Leader, when I first advocated a change in the procedures for rape cases so women couldn't be cross-examined about their previous sexual history, I had to meet with a solid phalanx of mainly lawyers from the left, right and centre, who thought this was a wholly outrageous proposition. You've only got to

watch a debate in Caucus about homosexual law reform to realise that the tags left, right and centre aren't necessarily all that meaningful.

Penthouse: I think this is one of the things that puzzles a lot of people about you. In many ways, because of your experience in State Parliament, you take a thoroughly pragmatic view of what you can do and what you can't do in politics. But at the same time you seem to have an idealistic streak a mile wide which comes out particularly in the way you approach Aboriginal affairs. Are there two Clyde Holdings?

Holding: No, there's one — but I think that I'm out to change our society: there's too many things wrong with it. I think that change in society only takes place when people are convinced of the need for a change and that everybody is better off because of that change. All the ideals in the world aren't going to help you if people don't want change, and therefore I think

Hopefully, within two decades we won't need a Minister for Aboriginal Affairs because of the societal changes that will have taken place

one has to deal with the real politics. There is no point in me producing a land rights model which ultimately will not withstand the range of pressures that can be foreseen emerging in this community over the next ten years. We've got to get it right in terms of all those pressures and that's not easy. That's the only way in which real and meaningful changes can be made. Otherwise what happens is that you get a change of government, and it's all undone.

Penthouse: What's the next step after land rights, assuming that you do eventually manage to fix that up?

Holding: I think the question that's a very complex one is compensation for dispossession. I don't have a final view on that, but land rights will solve many problems for isolated and rural communities. But that will not solve the problem of the most dispossessed. The most dispossessed groups of Aborigines are in Tasmania, Victoria and NSW; they have been separated from the whole cultural base of their people. In almost every area now they are seeking desperately to reaffirm that base. In many cases it's the kind of process that was talked about in the book *Roots*: there are

many Aborigines trying to trace their origins and their relatives and their ancestors. Problems of dispossession are quite different and therefore we have to approach them differently. In a place like Redfern in Sydney we have created as many problems as I think we've solved and therefore we need some new approaches. But ultimately the resolution of that is going to lie with the Aboriginal people themselves. A number of younger people could be encouraged by it: it could provide the kind of sophisticated political leadership that is needed. It could in fact pull together the talent that exists in Aboriginal society.

Penthouse: If Aborigines do become politicians along the white model, are they going to lose the last traces of their own Aboriginality?

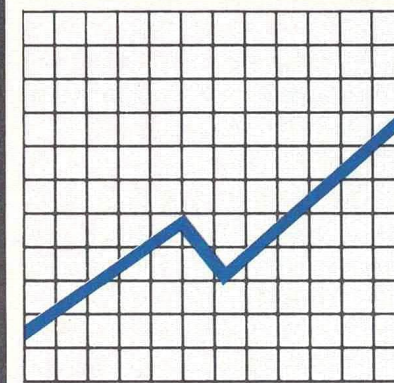
Holding: I find watching Aboriginal politicians within their own community a fascinating exercise. For the older men in those communities it is essentially very democratic in that they go around seeing everyone in the community and then make a decision. I spent my early years — my formative years — in Richmond. And it was the same way in which council and other politics were played amongst what were essentially descendants of the Irish community in that town. When I'm dealing with some of the problems in Aboriginal affairs, it often takes me back to Richmond in the Fifties. One of the problems in Aboriginal politics is that Aboriginal people have for a long time been involved in the politics of dispossession. They have been kept outside, and been the objects of paternalism and exploitation. And in the refining of their leadership they have really operated outside the political structures; they don't know what buttons to push in the same way that other lobby groups do. They have tended to stand outside the structure and abuse it and shout at it and hope that that will provoke a response in their direction. I've tried to involve Aborigines in the actual process of politics, and that hasn't always been really very successful because under pressure, when you've got to make hard-core political decisions, you revert to what you know best. And what you know best is your own politics. That's a great problem and I hope that over a period we can resolve it. One can see now, particularly in the case of some of the younger Aboriginal women coming through, that there's a strength of leadership there, there's a strength of purpose that, exposed to the process, would bring to the fore an Aboriginal politician within the next two decades.

Penthouse: Do you foresee an Aboriginal Minister for Aboriginal Affairs?

Holding: I hope by that time we wouldn't need a Minister for Aboriginal Affairs. Hopefully, within a period of two decades, there won't be a Minister for Aboriginal Affairs because of changes that will have taken place in Australian society — and by then Aborigines will be full members of that society. 

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU A HERO?



Being a hero used to be easy. All you had to do was slay a dragon or a giant and, next thing you knew, minstrels were singing songs about your bravery and fair maidens were offering to perform exotic acts on your body.

But times have changed. The days of the knight-errant and the lone gunfighter have gone the way of ten-cent chocolate bars and girls who wanted to grow up to be mummies instead of lawyers. Today's hero is much more likely to be a member of a team than he is to be a solitary warrior. Whether he's an astronaut, a mountain climber, a Nobel Prize winner, or a famous investigative reporter, he probably doesn't work alone. In our technological age, heroic deeds of world-class stature usually require backup. They also require a new type of hero: one who combines the independence of the traditional hero with an ability to function smoothly in the modern world of corporations and bureaucracies.

Men of this kind are rare. Independent-spirited men usually resist the very notion of teamwork, while most true team players lack the bravado necessary for the type of heroism that earns you at least a footnote in the history books. Yet such men exist, and they tend to end up in situations where this modern sort of heroism is required. Back in the early Sixties, for instance, Dr Sheldon Korchin of the University of California at Berkeley and Dr George Ruff of the University of Pennsylvania tested the first American astronauts and found them to have precisely this unusual blend of personality traits.

We've relied on such research in framing the following questions. If you answer them honestly, you may find out whether or not you've got what's needed to be a hero in the modern age.

- Here are three groups of activities. Select the group that appeals to you most.
 - Hiking, jogging, camping, hunting and canoeing
 - Gambling, snooker, playing cards, and spending pleasant evenings with the guys down at the local pub
 - Watching television, reading, listening to music, woodworking, pottering around the house
- Would you generally prefer to attend a sporting or cultural event?

- I'd always choose sport.
- I'd generally prefer the sporting event.
- I would always choose the cultural event.
- I generally prefer cultural events.
- I enjoy both sports and cultural activities.
- I don't like either sports or culture.

- If you had to choose, would you rather live in a small town or a large city?
 - town
 - city
- If you had to choose a sport to participate in, would it be a:
 - team sport like cricket or football?
 - one-on-one sport like tennis or squash?
 - sport where you're really competing only against yourself, such as skiing or fishing?

- Would you really like to be famous?
 - yes, very much
 - not particularly, but I wouldn't mind
 - no

- With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
 - I'm not the risk-taking type. Probably the only time I'd be tempted to take a great risk would be when

- somebody's life depended on it.
- I suppose I'm a calculated risk-taker. I'll take a risk if I think there's a good chance it will get me what I want.
- I like to take risks just for the hell of it; I like the excitement.

- Are you an impulsive person?
 - yes
 - sometimes, but not generally
 - no
- Do you have trouble putting your thoughts into words and communicating effectively?
 - Yes. I often know what I want to say, but when the words come out they don't say exactly what I had planned.
 - Sometimes. I seem to have trouble organising my thoughts and getting people to understand precisely what I mean; other times, I seem to be able to say exactly what I want.
 - No. I think I usually make my point clearly when I speak.
- Are you jealous or envious of people who seem to succeed at things more easily than you do?
 - yes
 - No. Generally I admire people with great talent; on the other hand, I can't stand people who are succeeding not because they're talented but because they kiss arses.
 - No. I couldn't care less why or how other people are succeeding; it's my own success that interests me.
- Do you feel uncomfortable being around people who are very talented or intelligent?
 - yes
 - sometimes
 - no
- When you fail at something, is the failure usually caused by:
 - yourself?
 - people or events beyond your control?
- How are you most likely to react when you fail to achieve something that is important to you?
 - I get very disappointed and often

The new type of hero
combines independence with an
ability to function
smoothly in a bureaucracy

- become depressed. Only rarely will I ever attempt to achieve anything in that area again.
- (b) I become very disappointed, but this only makes me try harder to achieve success in this area in the future.
- (c) Failures don't particularly bother me. That's life — you win some and you lose some. They just roll off my back.
13. Do you trust other people?
- (a) yes, generally I do
- (b) no
- (c) Nobody receives my trust automatically. I'll trust people who I know are competent and honest, but they have to show me those qualities first.
14. Do you ever experience doubts about yourself — about whether you're any good, about whether you've made the right choices in your life?
- (a) yes, frequently
- (b) sometimes
- (c) rarely or never
15. Do you feel you had a relatively secure and comfortable home life as a child?
- (a) yes
- (b) no
16. Were you the oldest male child in your family?
- (a) yes
- (b) no
17. As a child, did you spend enjoyable times doing things with your father or another male adult?
- (a) yes
- (b) no
18. Have you known since high school (or even before) pretty much what you wanted to do with your life?
- (a) yes
- (b) no
19. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
- (a) Fate is what you make it. While luck and chance may play small parts in our lives, we basically control our own destinies.
- (b) Human beings have very little control over their lives. Luck and chance are the major forces that determine who and what we are.
20. Has any of your co-workers become a good friend outside of work?
- (a) yes
- (b) no
21. Would you say you're a person with strong emotions?
- (a) yes
- (b) no
22. Are your emotions ever so strong that you feel as if you're going to lose control of yourself?
- (a) yes, frequently
- (b) sometimes
- (c) rarely or never
23. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
- (a) I believe that if you're going to do something, you should approach it in the most professional, craftsmanlike way possible. If you're not willing to take the time and effort necessary to do something well, you shouldn't do it at all.
- (b) I'm not a stickler for detail. I do what I have to do to get by, but I don't have a nervous breakdown just because I don't do something perfectly.
24. Are you very career-oriented?
- (a) yes
- (b) Moderately, but I won't let my career dominate my life.
- (c) no
25. Do you daydream and fantasise a lot?
- (a) yes
- (b) no
- (c) sometimes
- SCORING**
- All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 125 points; the lowest, 25.
1. a-5, b-1, c-2
2. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-3, e-4, f-1

3. a-5, b-1
4. a-1, b-2, c-5
5. a-1, b-4, c-5
6. a-1, b-5, c-2
7. a-1, b-4, c-5
8. a-1, b-3, c-5
9. a-1, b-5, c-3
10. a-1, b-3, c-5
11. a-5, b-1
12. a-1, b-5, c-1
13. a-1, b-3, c-5
14. a-1, b-3, c-5
15. a-5, b-1
16. a-5, b-1
17. a-5, b-1
18. a-5, b-1
19. a-5, b-1
20. a-1, b-5
21. a-5, b-1
22. a-1, b-2, c-5
23. a-5, b-1
24. a-5, b-3, c-1
25. a-1, b-5, c-3

Any score of 85 points or more suggests you have the makings of a modern-day hero. Men in this category exhibit those often-contradictory psychological traits that allow them to perform extraordinary deeds in a complex world. In general, they are "ordinary" middle-class men. Most of the time they think and behave pretty much like everyone else, yet they are able to preserve enough flair and autonomy to rise above the ordinary when a great challenge presents itself. They work within the system yet are not hemmed in by it.

Interestingly, they are usually not great risk-takers. They are extremely cautious about checking what they do.

A score below 85 points indicates that you probably don't have the odd blend of bravado, caution, independence, and conformism that characterises the modern-day hero. You may be the nicest guy in the world, but you're probably either too much of a risk-taker or too conservative a team player to operate consistently in areas of great danger or uncertainty.

Highly adventurous risk-takers tend to be a little careless; however, both the risk-taker and the team player are often more intellectually sophisticated than the would-be hero. They can live with — and often be fascinated by — the subtle ambiguities of life that drive him crazy. ☐

Recently arrived French model seeks partner to share in the fast life. (Photo supplied.)



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The two lucky winners of this month's competition prize will board the *Oriana* in Sydney on November 21, 1985 for a cruise departing for Auckland, Nuku'alofa, Vava'u, Pago Pago, Lautoka and Noumea. They'll enjoy the comfort of a two-berth, air-conditioned court cabin with private shower and toilet. They'll experience the thrill of travelling to six different ports in P & O's great white liner.

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**"Take me
away,
P&O!"**

Answer the three questions below, include your name, address and phone number and send your entry to *P & O Oriana Cruise Competition*, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. Answers to the questions can only be obtained from P & O's The Way Out brochure, available free of charge from all travel agencies.

1. Who did the jogging goddess look like?
2. What was the star sign of the amazing girl?
3. Who did Jodie and her friend meet at dinner?

Name: _____
Address: _____
Telephone: _____

NSW Permit No. TC85/1308. Issued under the Lotteries & Art Unions Act.

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To put yourself in the running for this wonderful prize, simply get hold of a free copy of P & O's brochure, *The Way Out*, from your travel agent, which will enable you to answer the three questions on the coupon on this page. When you've answered the questions send your entry to *Penthouse*. The first correct entry drawn by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win the P & O *Oriana* Cruise Competition.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile thereof. The P & O *Oriana* Cruise prize must be taken on November 21, 1985. The cruise is not transferable or redeemable for cash.

Entry and participation in this competition is completely free and open to all residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* magazine and P & O Australia Pty Ltd and their families. All participants must be 18 years old or over.

The winning entry will be the first correct entry drawn from the barrel by the editor of *Australian Penthouse*.

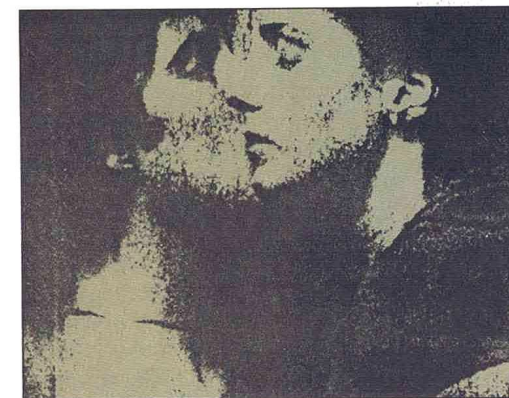
Closing date for competition entries will be last mail on Friday, September 20, 1985. The winner will be announced in an upcoming edition of *Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section. All entries become the property of *Australian Penthouse*.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person, and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters may reasonably require.

The promoters, P & O Cruises and *Australian Penthouse* magazine, shall be under no liability to the winning contestant and partner for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to persons or property or death or injury caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of anything or any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the P & O *Oriana* Cruise Competition (including negligent acts or omissions). On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions. This competition is brought to you by P & O Cruises and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

PART SEVEN

**SEXUAL
BOREDOM**



AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE GUIDE TO HUMAN SEXUALITY

One of the greatest enemies of a successful long-term relationship is routine. Whenever sexual behavior becomes stereotyped and predictable, there is a very real danger that sexual boredom may set in. Decreasing quality and intensity of the sexual response may result; the love-making routine that was once highly arousing now lacks excitement and has the potential to detract from the total relationship, rather than add to it. In this

sealed section we will discuss the problems caused by sexual boredom and look at some of their causes. We will also look at ways to avoid and to remedy this threat to a satisfying sexual relationship.

Dr. Carl

WHEN EXCITEMENT WANES

From a clinical point of view sexual boredom is a complex subject, as it may either be a cause or a result of many other problems in the relationship. Occasionally a couple may admit that their relationship has become "boring" and request help. More commonly, one of the partners may present themselves with a particular problem (for example, poor lubrication or impotence) and only after some time does it become apparent that sexual boredom is the real cause.

POSSIBLE CAUSES OF SEXUAL BOREDOM

Without doubt, the most significant cause of sexual boredom is lack of variety. After a while, even the most exciting relationship can fall into a set routine, especially when little attempt is made to be imaginative. This has little to do with romance or caring, and particularly applies to sexual behavior which has become stereotyped in its method, environment or schedule.

Lack Of Variety

Many couples are under the illusion that there is a perfect sequence of events in love-making. Some men, in particular, attempt to develop his sexual technique to the point where it becomes a predictable pattern. Whilst this "perfect love-making" may impress his partner initially, the lack of new experiences and of the unexpected may lead to reduced arousal and satisfaction in the long term.

I well remember a woman who consulted me, complaining of a lack of sexual interest: "I know that you are going to think this a bit strange, but I am sick and tired of my husband being nice to me before sex!" She went on to explain that her husband was an extremely considerate man, who went out of his way to be gentle and caring. Whenever he

felt in an amorous mood, he would become particularly attentive and make every effort to ensure that the mood was right. This included preparing a bubble-bath for her, which he knew his wife loved, so that she would feel warm and relaxed.

This sequence of events was a prelude to very tender love-making, and at first the wife was thrilled by this pampering and thoroughly enjoyed their sexual encounters. After two years, however, the bubble-bath routine became so predictable that instead of being aroused by the thought of what was to happen, she became irritated and disinterested. The woman was so frustrated with the situation that she told me: "If he fills up that damn bubble-bath again, I'll just scream!"

How was this situation allowed to develop? Although her husband's behavior was becoming annoying and her sexual enjoyment was suffering, the woman felt unable to discuss the matter with him without hurting his feelings. On counselling him, it became apparent that he was unaware that women sometimes enjoy initiating sexual encounters, and that his wife may respond to a more varied approach. Within a few weeks, by changing the foreplay procedure, both partners were once again enjoying their sexual relationship.

Timing

Probably our greatest restriction in modern society is time. Our lives are regulated by the clock and we rarely seem to have enough time to enjoy ourselves. This is especially so when considering sexual behavior. In a busy household, for example, where children have to be bathed and fed, clothing and lunches prepared, friends visited and chores done, it is not surprising that sex often comes a very poor last. In such situations, the sexual side of the relationship is expected to commence late at

night, when both partners are tired or preoccupied with the next day's activities. It's no wonder that one or the other of the partners will really not feel sexually inclined and that sex will be brief or even postponed.

It is not only tiredness which may be the problem. Unless special effort is made and time is set aside for love-making, the other areas of our lives may leave little opportunity to relax and fully enjoy sexual activities.

The same situation can develop if sex is *always* initiated at a certain time of the day, such as first thing in the morning, or only when certain conditions prevail — such as straight after taking a bath or shower. With a little forethought it should be possible to ensure that a particular routine is not established.

The Same Place

For many couples, the bedroom is the only place that they associate with love-making. Even then, their activities are restricted to the bed. The joy of experimenting with different situations is virtually unlimited and can encourage greater spontaneity and arousal. When the love-making technique has to be adapted to the environment (the lounge room settee, the kitchen table or the floor for example), new positions and sensations are bound to be discovered. Even the thought that someone may catch them over the kitchen table can be a real turn-on for some couples and add intensity to the sexual encounter.

Changing the scene for love-making can be a spontaneous response or a planned experience, when a special time is set aside for one another, and where the mood of the environment is important. Dim lights, soft music, comfortable cushions, something to eat and an uninterrupted evening in front of an open fire can do wonders for a fading sexual relationship.

Lack Of Mood Variation

Sex need not always be a serious activity. Often, anxiety regarding performance can significantly affect a partner's ability to relax, and can therefore limit arousal and enjoyment. With further unsuccessful attempts at love-making, negative emotions can be compounded and it is no wonder that one or both of the partners become bored with the situation. As we have stated many times before, the emphasis need not always be on intercourse and reaching orgasm. Exploring one another's bodies can be very rewarding both physically and emotionally, and tensions can be eased when sex is made a fun activity now and again. Being more spontaneous can also add variety to the mood of your love-making.

As illustrated by the story about the "bubble bath routine", irrespective of how well orchestrated and partner-oriented the mood you create, it will become ineffective if it does not vary. Sex which is always boisterous, always planned, always initiated in the same way, or always "prim and proper" may become boring and tiring for your partner.

Sexual Positions

Most couples tend to develop a technique which involves using the same sexual positions. For the inexperienced — and many others for that matter — the most common position is the so-called "missionary", with the woman lying on her back and her partner above her. Because this position involves an element of submission for the woman, it is possible that she may feel she has little control over the situation, both emotionally and physically. The woman is now faced with two choices: either to suggest a different position, which may offend her partner, or to submit to this position once more.

Even with the most comfortable and stimulating of positions, boredom may occur be-

cause the sensations and procedure are so predictable. If your partner is becoming successively less interested in your love-making activities, it may be wise to look at what is happening from their point of view. Perhaps the position which works for you may not be so stimulating for the partner. A compromise can always be attempted.

Inexperience And Shyness

When both partners are sexually inexperienced, there may be a greater tendency for sexual boredom to occur. Without a knowledge of the variety of positions, techniques, styles and sensations which can be incorporated into their love-making, the couple may have to be even more imaginative and work even harder at discovering new ways of pleasing one another. Some partners may be shy or nervous about trying something new in case of their partner's disapproval or of failure. The uneasiness of not really knowing what to do may cause tension in the sexual relationship, and so the couple stick to the same pattern of love-making, even though it may be less and less satisfying.

Lack Of Communication

Many problems in relationships are allowed to develop because of the lack of communication between partners and insight into their needs. It is particularly important in a sexual relationship for couples to express their feelings. When partners do not talk about their sexual likes and dislikes, they give little guidance as to how maximum arousal can be achieved and the relationship improved.

This situation may be satisfactory for a while, but sooner or later the partner whose needs are not being fulfilled will lose interest. Men in particular are often so engrossed in their own pleasures that they forget about the needs of their partner. Alternatively, they may place enormous

pressure on a woman to reach orgasm, because they believe that this will be the gauge of how successful they have been as lovers.

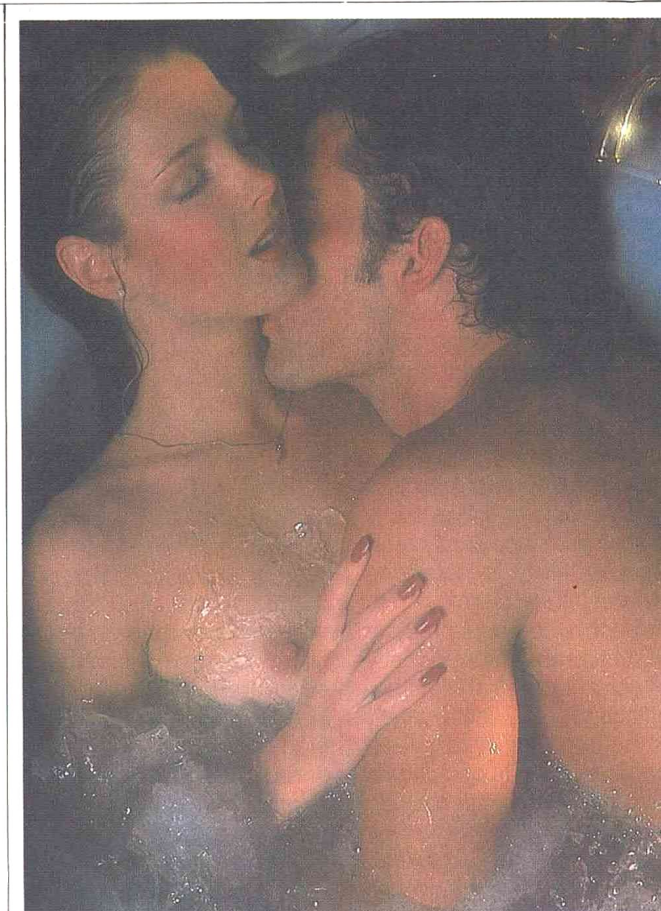
It is easy to realise how misunderstandings occur when communication is poor, and how negative emotions such as guilt, frustration, failure, lack of libido, insecurity, depression and anger can develop when sexual boredom is allowed to continue in a relationship. The situation may then be further complicated by the appearance of physical difficulties such as impotence and anorgasmia.

Workaholicism

Workaholics run an exceptionally high risk of falling into the sexual boredom trap. They usually arrive home late after an exhausting day, and even then their minds may be tuned to tomorrow's business matters. Many even bring their work home for evenings and weekends, and it is not surprising if their relationships begin to deteriorate.

Time to communicate and relax with their partner is limited. The closeness the couple once had may diminish to the point where the partner feels unimportant to them and perhaps angry at their apparent lack of caring and concern. Naturally, the relationship as a whole may suffer and their partner may find difficulty in responding sexually, especially when sex takes on an insignificant role and appears to be just another item the workaholic must fit into the already busy schedule. Under these circumstances, sexual activity may be brief and unadventurous — certainly not the whirlwind thrill of early romance.

On the other hand, a sexual relationship which has been allowed to reach the stage where it seems mundane and really not worth the effort may actually encourage an unfulfilled partner to direct their energies and interests to other areas. (This is especially the case when one of the partners



A change of scene can alleviate sexual boredom.

is apathetic or unwilling to experiment.) For some, this may mean having an affair, but for others, throwing themselves into long hours of work can be the perfect solution. Work may provide the stimulation, challenge and feelings of achievement lacking in their sexual relationship; it will keep them occupied during their leisure time and physically tire them, so that their sexual desire is greatly reduced.

Alcohol

It doesn't take much imagination to understand how this problem in a relationship can lead to sexual boredom. Whilst one or two glasses of alcohol may help you relax and reduce inhibitions, even relatively small quantities will influence the body's ability to respond to sexual stimuli. Obviously some people seem more susceptible to the effects of alcohol on their sexual functioning than others, but it is important to assess this level with

your partner at another sober time when your mind is clear and you are more likely to be objective and responsive. Listen carefully to your partner's thoughts on the matter; they may just hold a warning as to how your sexual and general relationship will suffer if sex and alcohol are mixed.

Apart from the obvious social and emotional damage to a relationship, very few partners are turned on by a drunken lover. Although you may be unaware that your behavior has been affected by a few social drinks, your partner may see a personality change; you may be unusually aggressive, demanding, uncontrolled, incoherent, impotent or slobbering and generally unappealing. When sex constantly takes place under these conditions, the partner will be quickly turned off. If they do feel particularly sexy, chances are they may be frustrated by your continual inability to fulfill their needs.

PROBLEMS CAUSED
BY SEXUAL
BOREDOM

What sort of problems are caused by sexual boredom? They are many and varied and at first glance may not seem to be directly related to an unfulfilled sex life. However, so serious is the question of long-term apathy and unexciting sexual activity to relationships that a number of problems are likely to result. If allowed to exist unchecked, particularly if there are other marital problems, it is possible that the relationship may be in serious difficulty. By correcting the central issue of sexual boredom, the couple may at least be given an opportunity to work through their other difficulties and allow their friendship, affection and (hopefully) love to once again become important in their relationship.

Some of the problems which may be attributed to sexual boredom are discussed below. Included are a few case histories which demonstrate why it is necessary for the therapist to take a detailed sexual history.

Decreased Vaginal Secretions

There are many causes of this problem, some of which are physical. In most cases, however, the cause is psychological.

Elizabeth had been married for ten years to David, an engineer. They had two children aged three and five years. Over the past few months, Elizabeth had noted that intercourse was becoming rather painful for her, especially on initial penetration. She would often complain of tender, swollen inner lips (labia minora) for days after intercourse, and she was not very keen to engage in love-making with her husband.

On closer questioning, it was apparent that love-making for Elizabeth and David was becoming fairly routine. Elizabeth described how David would often sit up



Poor sexual relations lead to anger which can cause irreparable barriers in a relationship.

until very late in the evening going over work from the office, and would then join her in bed. By this time she was tired and had sometimes dozed off. "He would start to kiss me and put his hands under my nightie. I think he expected me to become instantly aroused and responsive to him. Although I suppose I was glad that he wanted to make love to me, there was always a certain urgency to his actions and I guess I didn't want to hurt his feelings."

Examination of Elizabeth showed that she was a normal, healthy lady of 33, with no abnormality of her genitals or pelvis. When both she and David were interviewed, they admitted that it was some years since their last holiday together (without the children) and that life for them had become centred around the home, the office and the family. So busy was their lifestyle that they were often exhausted on weekends or else involved in catching up on the week's activities.

With only a small amount of counselling, the couple began to realise that the cause of Elizabeth's vaginal dryness was most likely the rather boring sexual routine that had set in, and that David had not been giving her the time nor the stimulation to become aroused naturally. They agreed to organise special

moments together and to rearrange their daily routines a little, so as to allow more opportunity for talking and cuddling. Some variations to their sexual techniques were also discussed, and both stated that they were looking forward to a more interesting sexual relationship.

In a follow-up consultation, Elizabeth stated: "Things are much better now. David is not bringing quite so much work home, and now that we have arranged a swap system with some neighbors (where we all agree to look after each other's kids) our sex life has greatly improved. I still use a little lubrication jelly (as suggested) at times, but mostly there's no need for that. I'm finding that I'm becoming more aroused since we have been spending time together — I sometimes quite surprise myself as to just how wet I can become."

Examination of Elizabeth showed that she was a normal, healthy lady of 33, with no abnormality of her genitals or pelvis. When both she and David were interviewed, they admitted that it was some years since their last holiday together (without the children) and that life for them had become centred around the home, the office and the family. So busy was their lifestyle that they were often exhausted on weekends or else involved in catching up on the week's activities.

Anorgasmia

When a woman has difficulty reaching orgasm, it is known as anorgasmia. Many perfectly normal, healthy females who otherwise really enjoy sexual activities experience anorgasmia of some type — they may never have had an orgasm, may only be able to reach orgasm through manual stimulation, or may not be able to reach orgasm with one particular partner. The

causes are rarely physical, and can usually be attributed to social and/or emotional factors.

A woman should not be expected to orgasm with every sexual encounter, and may experience short periods of anorgasmia when overly tired or depressed. It is only when a previously orgasmic female experiences a gradual waning of her orgasmic responses with her partner that sexual boredom may be the reason.

Impotence

There are a number of reasons for this very embarrassing and frustrating problem. The following case history illustrates how sexual boredom can be one of them.

Matthew had always been fairly sexually active. He had had many girlfriends before his present relationship, and was certainly experienced as a lover. He met his wife Janet four years ago and they lived together for two years before they were married. Since the marriage nine months ago, Matthew experienced more and more difficulty in maintaining his erections, and for the last few months had not been able to achieve a reasonable erection at all during love-making.

He came to me with serious doubts about the future of the marriage and his relationship with his wife, especially since

he had much more success when masturbating and fantasising on his own. "I really enjoy sex and I know I wouldn't have this problem with anybody else. I feel so frustrated and inadequate, and I don't think that I can go on much longer like this. We're becoming irritable and it's really affecting our relationship."

Unfortunately their time together was not really quality time and neither seemed to be making an effort to be involved in the other's activities or to foster the emotional side of their relationship. Matthew would garden while Janet would sew; she would prefer to read, while Matthew enjoyed watching television.

Their relationship had very much settled into a comfortable routine, even before their marriage. Their sexual encounters, which used to be interesting and exciting in their early romance, had very much deteriorated in frequency, variety and arousal levels.

"I suppose this is to be expected after you've been together for a while." A rather boring routine had developed: they usually made love before going to sleep at night (Janet was always up much earlier in the mornings, busy with breakfast and getting ready for work), and they never got around to organising special times for their sexual relationship, such as during the day on weekends or going to bed earlier.

This couple's impotence problem had been brought on by the fact that complacency and boredom had been allowed to enter their sexual relationship.

Flirting And Infidelity

These behaviors are a common response to waning sexual intensity in a relationship, especially in an age of permissiveness and emphasis on the needs of the individual. When partners seek sexual fulfillment elsewhere, they are often motivated by a desire to prove that they are not the cause of the

poor sexual relationship, as well as through frustration. "I guess I was just bored with our sex life and I wanted to experience that sensation of really being sexually excited and fulfilled again," is a common response.

Dissatisfaction with the sexual side of a relationship is a common hazard to any long-term partnership. Unfortunately the affair is often more exciting and fulfilling from a sexual point of view. The wanderer must then be very careful to assess the new relationship objectively, and allow for the fact that the sexual intensity may be due to the novel experiences. Many otherwise stable long-term relationships have been destroyed for a new relationship, which turns out to be no more than a passing sexual attraction. Often a partner fails to realise that it is often just a boring sexual routine which is the cause of their spouse's apparent lack of enjoyment and desire.

Avoidance Behavior

Most of us are familiar with the story of the woman who suddenly develops a headache whenever she is approached by her husband. Society tends to lay the blame upon the unresponsive and sexually "frigid" female of the partnership. The truth may be, however, that the male's sexual advances and techniques have become stereotyped and unimaginative.

It is difficult for a woman to respond warmly and sensuously to a partner who is far from sensuous and tender himself. Women take much longer to become sexually aroused than men, because the changes in a woman's body in preparation for intercourse are more complex. If the woman is not given the time and opportunity to become fully aroused and responsive before penetration takes place, then not only is she less likely to enjoy the love-making but intercourse may actually be painful for her. It is only natural that she

may be apprehensive about further sexual encounters.

Sleep Disturbances

We all experience sleep disturbances at some time, but it is not generally acknowledged that our moods and feelings have a powerful influence on our sleep pattern. For example, the very anxious patient quite often has great difficulty in getting to sleep, whereas the depressed patient classically wakes in the early hours of the morning and is unable to go back to sleep. Similarly, many sexologists believe that regular sexual satisfaction is important to good health in general, and restful sleep.

We probably still have a lot to learn about the relationship between orgasm and the sensation of sleepiness. Many men will be aware that soon after a satisfying orgasm, they experience a pleasant sensation of tiredness described in one textbook of physiology as "out of all proportion to the amount of energy expended."

There appears to be a fundamental difference between men and women in this regard, in that some women report similar feelings to men following orgasm and others become more alert.

In any case, there is a real danger in some relationships that the male who is quickly aroused and satisfied may leave his partner partially aroused and unsatisfied, whilst he enters into a deep slumber. When asking women about their sleep disturbance, I often question whether their partner is sleeping well. If the woman says that she has trouble getting to sleep but states that her partner sleeps "too well", this is often a signal that there is a sexual problem between this couple.

Deep Pelvic Congestion Syndrome

This physical problem is almost directly related to lack of sexual fulfillment. Previous articles in *Penthouse* have discussed how during the

process of arousal in the female, the blood vessels (in particular the veins) become engorged with blood. This is a natural and healthy situation and may give rise to a throbbing sensation within the pelvis.

Soon after orgasm, this congestion of blood vessels begins to rapidly disappear and the blood supply to the pelvis returns to normal. When the woman is highly aroused but does not achieve full satisfaction and orgasm, it is likely that the blood vessels of the pelvis will remain in a congested state. Depending upon how sensitive the woman is to this situation, she may experience slight discomfort or a constant dull ache in her lower abdomen which may last for some hours. Until the work of Masters and Johnson, this discomfort often went unrecognized or else it was diagnosed as anything from appendicitis to constipation!

It is obvious that in a sexual relationship where the woman is rarely aroused enough to reach orgasm, pelvic congestion syndrome may become a regular problem.

Depression And Anger

The frustration caused by a poor sexual relationship may result in some partners becoming very depressed. Instead of trying to determine what the real problem is, they often withdraw and imagine all sorts of negative factors working against them — their partner no longer finds them desirable, they have "lost their knack", the total relationship is failing etc.

Others become angry, often blaming their partner because attempts to enjoy an encounter fail. The partner naturally becomes defensive: "You never complained about my abilities before!" or "I'll show her who is sexually incapable!"

When depression or anger is left unsolved between partners, the damage to their romance and their feelings may be irreparable.

REMEDIES FOR
SEXUAL BOREDOM

Every relationship, irrespective of how sexually fantastic and how much the couple are in love, will go through fluctuations in sexual desire and enjoyment. This is quite normal and will be influenced by everyday factors such as the woman's hormonal cycle, family harmony, health, business and financial worries. Provided reasonable attention is given to the relationship, sexual enjoyment should improve as problems are alleviated and highs are reached.

When sexual interest and enjoyment remain at a low, however, a conscious effort will be needed on both sides to regain that excitement of earlier days.

Work at the relationship as a whole. Look at the relationship in total and work at those areas which will help re-establish respect, trust, appreciation, caring and tenderness. It is often difficult for a partner to respond to affection and attention during love-making when these behaviors are non-existent in other areas of the relationship.

Try to remember the way you behaved when the relationship began and re-introduce some of those activities which your partner obviously enjoyed. Perhaps you were a little more attentive and thoughtful, such as giving an occasional small gift just to say "I care", helping in everyday tasks, discussing and compromising a little more

rather than arguing, or sharing in a favorite activity. Most people respond to pampering.

Place more emphasis on foreplay and non-sexual sex. Many couples base each sexual encounter on an unspoken understanding that intercourse and orgasm are the ultimate goals. By reducing the emphasis on these aspects of love-making and concentrating more on "non-sexual" sex, the pressure to perform is reduced. Couples can then relax and experience other types of stimulation, and in the process often find that they are becoming more responsive to their partner.

A sensual and unhurried body massage with oil, for example, really dwelling on those areas your partner finds pleasurable, may provide sensations previously unexperienced. The soles of the feet, the inner thighs, the small of the back, the neck or the buttocks may be particularly responsive.

Communication is important. Discuss your likes, dislikes and emotions tactfully with your partner. Try to avoid making your partner feel incompetent or guilty, using such statements as: "I thought it might be nice for us to try . . .", rather than: "You always do that and you know it turns me off!"

Communication will assist you both in achieving the most fulfilling sexual relationship possible. When each partner is aware of the other's needs, the love-making technique can be adapted accordingly, and further problems hopefully

avoided. Allowing an unpleasant activity to continue, simply because you do not want to hurt your partner's feelings, may simply cause a more annoying problem to develop. This will not only hinder your responses, but may be even more damaging when your partner eventually realises that attempts to please you are having quite the opposite result.

Remember that women often equate sex with love, and so may be more likely to be hurt when sexual problems arise. Here again it is advisable to discuss any difficulties or feelings which may be interfering with your enjoyment, in case your lack of response may be misunderstood. Your partner may misinterpret your waning sexual desire as an indication that you no longer find them attractive, or even that you are "obviously getting it elsewhere." In truth you may just be about to lose a major business contract.

Vary your love-making as much as possible, avoiding any long-term regular routine with your partner, particularly in regard to:

- the positions you use for stimulation and intercourse. The possibilities here are in the hundreds. Enjoy trying new ways.
- the mood you create, which will influence the type of love-making session and even how much you enjoy the experience. Moods may be planned or spontaneous, fun or serious, boisterous or tender, and so on.
- the procedure. Vary the way the sexual activities commence, the types of stimulation you use, their sequence, which partner initiates the sexual contact etc.
- where sex takes place. Unfortunately, some couples have only ever made love on their bed. If you ate a magnificent variety of foods in the same restaurant week after week you would probably become tired of the experience, and yet we expect our sexual relationships to flourish in the

same surroundings. You may find that a simple change of venue will not only provide a feeling of novelty to the encounter, but will necessitate new approaches, techniques and positions. (Making love in the bath, for example.) For those of you who really only feel comfortable in your bedroom, try to focus the action in another part of the room rather than the bed. (In front of the mirror, against the wall, or around a chair, for example.)

- the time love-making occurs. Be aware of times which may not be conducive to satisfactory sexual encounters and try to avoid them, such as when one partner is really tired or under stress, or when thoughts are preoccupied with other matters.

Make a conscious effort to set aside times to be with your partner when distractions will be minimal and emotions compatible, even if it means sometimes coming home at lunchtime, organising the children to be elsewhere on the weekend, or having dinner later. It is unreasonable to expect your partner to respond to your sexual advances at the same time each day or on particular days of the week. Love-making should always arise from a desire for one another and not a schedule! After a while, the pressure of being expected to switch on in this way will reduce the partner's ability to respond at all.

Read books and ask questions. There are many helpful manuals on the subject of sexuality in any local library. These may not be on the general shelves, of course, but there is no need to be embarrassed about asking for them; they are often among the most requested books in the library.

A chat to your medical practitioner or a counsellor may also be beneficial. If they feel that they are not experienced enough to answer your questions and assist with your problems, they will be able to refer you to someone more

qualified in the area.

An erotic video or even an R-rated movie may give you some pointers as well. Take note of how flirting and arousal begin and try to incorporate these into your love-making.

Be innovative and imaginative, including props and activities you do not usually associate with love-making. These can sometimes ease the tension and break mundane sexual routine. The possibilities are endless and no doubt you will be able to discover even more which work for you. If your partner is a little apprehensive at first, be patient and gently encourage them, but don't insist they indulge in any activity which they feel is objectionable. This will only foster tension and form a barrier to your goal of pleasing one another more. Here are a few suggestions:

- Introduce fantasy, a good weapon in the battle against boredom. Fantasies can be shared or private, but their results are the same — to increase awareness and arousal. It often comes as a shock to the true romantic that during love-making, their partner may be fantasising about an event in the past, another lover or a "forbidden" experience such as having more than one partner at the one time.

Usually the fantasies are harmless thoughts which serve only to heighten excitement and thus the enjoyment of the physical experience with the partner. It is only when fantasies are meant to include reality that trouble may

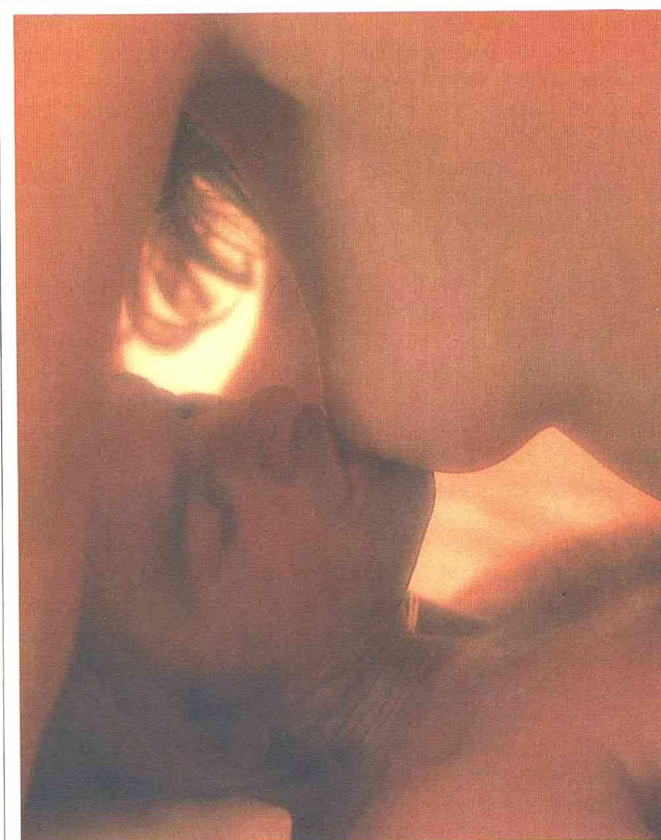
occur.

Some couples find enjoyment in openly discussing their fantasies together, as a means of turning each other on. Approach the subject gradually and assess your partner's reactions; if their response is negative, then your fantasies can be your own private arousal technique.

- Role-play. Nearly all of us have a sense of drama, and we all enjoy acting out a role on occasions. Role-playing is perhaps one of the simplest ways of introducing innovation into the relationship. Pretending that you and your partner are strangers is one example.

One couple I know use variations on this theme regularly to inject excitement into their love life. They may "accidentally" meet in a restaurant, or "have an affair" in the back seat of their car, for instance. The wife often wears a wig or changes her style of dressing, according to the mood of their fantasy.

- Use sexy clothing. This is an easy way to influence the mood of a sexual encounter. The old turn-on of suspender belt and stockings will usually excite even the most unresponsive partner. High boots, see-through nighties and uniforms may all be helpful in encouraging that extra arousal. Experiment to see what pleases your partner most.
- Try something out of character. If you tend to be conservative, be a little daring. When you are out at an expensive restaurant, whisper to your



Initiation of sex by the female and female dominant sexual positions, if unusual in your sex life, should be gently encouraged to avoid routine sex.

partner that you are not wearing panties. If you are usually very business-like, become very domesticated and attentive; make a special dinner and pamper your partner.

- Look at your sexual relationship from your partner's point of view. Are you doing all the taking and giving little stimulation in return? Do you always insist that you adopt those positions which you find most stimulating?

• Introduce props such as erotic magazines, movies, mirrors, vibrators, food, silk or fur. Try to choose and experiment with those items which you think will give both you and your partner pleasure.

Help your partner overcome shyness and apprehension with patient encouragement. One of the greatest difficulties in introducing innovations into a sexual relationship is shyness. This problem may be based on sexual inexperience, or be due to genuine anxiety and lack of self-confidence. Of utmost im-

portance is good communication and the ability to be understanding. As I have mentioned earlier, it is probably best to commence with just small variations to your love-making repertoire. When your partner gains confidence and realises how much more exciting your sexual relationship can be, they may then feel like being more adventurous.

CONCLUSION

In a new relationship, sexuality is usually given a high priority. As the couple become more familiar with one another, and ever-increasing distractions enter their relationship, they are likely to become more complacent about love-making and devote less of their energies to fostering this side of their partnership.

I have tried to suggest in this article some ways of recognising and combatting the problem of sexual boredom. Being aware of the signs and the dangers — and caring enough to try — is the key.

Vary love-making positions, locations and mood settings.



Fantasy clothing and play are good weapons against boredom.



LETTERS

Kegel questions

My problem seems to be quite common amongst women. I have great difficulty in obtaining any satisfaction from the act of sex, although I can orgasm through oral sex. I read in February *Penthouse* about certain "Kegel" exercises that can aid in inducing orgasm which you had printed in a previous edition. I was unable to find this edition so was hoping you'd perhaps print them again. — Ms K.P., address withheld

The exercises you describe were originally developed to assist women with bladder problems. We now realise that they can be equally beneficial in helping men develop stronger erections and control ejaculation, and in increasing women's arousal and vaginal muscle tone. Kegel exercises concentrate on a group of muscles known as the pubococcygeus (also known as the PC muscles).

To identify these muscles, try to interrupt the flow of urine during urination. It is the PC muscles you will be using and you may also notice a tightening sensation around the anus. During intercourse, you may often tighten and relax these muscles to increase arousal, even though you may not always be conscious of doing so.

Kegel exercises incorporate

three muscle movements: tensing, relaxing and bearing down.

Exercise 1 ("Slow Clenches"): Slowly contract and release the PC muscles. Try to gradually build up the strength of the contraction and hold each "clench" for at least three seconds before releasing.

Exercise 2 ("Flutter"): Tense and release the PC muscles as quickly as possible in succession, while maintaining a steady rhythm.

Exercise 3 ("Push-Outs"): Push or bear down, as though you're trying to have a bowel movement, force out urine or are in labor. This movement will involve other abdominal muscles as well as the pubococcygeus.

These exercises may be practised at any time or place — in the shower, while watching TV, at your desk, waiting for a bus, in a lift etc. At first you may not have perfect control over your PC muscles because of their weakness, but strength, control and endurance should improve with regular exercising. As with any new exercise, it is best to begin gradually and not to overdo those first few enthusiastic days. In his book *ESO*, Dr Brauer suggests you begin with ten of each exercise, five times per day for one week; then to add five of each exercise per week until you are

performing around 30 "slow-clenches", 30 "flutters" and 30 "push-outs" in sets of five per day.

Penis problem

I am aged 23 years and I'm concerned about the size of my penis. When my penis is erect, it is only about 13cm long, and I am worried whether this is long enough to satisfy a woman. During the last 12 months I've had a number of relationships which don't seem to have worked from a sexual point of view, and I wonder whether my penis size is responsible. Both my last two girlfriends said that they really weren't satisfied.

Is there any method to increase the size of the penis? Will more frequent masturbation help? — Mr R.F., Caringbah, NSW

Your letter is one of many from male readers concerning penis size; it seems this subject is much more on the minds of men than of women. Firstly, let me reiterate a basic fact: the size of the penis is definitely NOT the most important factor in a successful relationship. The size of your penis is in the "normal range" and given the proper opportunity to relax and enjoy foreplay, your partner should be able to be satisfied with a penis of your size. It may be beneficial for you to read an

earlier *Penthouse* sealed section entitled "Sexual Arousal" [October 1984].

There does not appear to be any real scientific proof that exercises (including masturbation) will increase penis size. Please be assured that yours is quite normal and try to concentrate more on your technique than on your equipment.

Penile pimples

I thought that you might be able to help me with a problem I have. I haven't been to a doctor as I feel very embarrassed about it.

Near the tip of my penis, where the shaft finishes and the glans begins, I have a series of very small lumps that extend all the way around. Each one is about the size of a ball in a ball-point pen. They don't cause any discomfort, but ever since I've had them they've worried me. I have been circumcised, am a virgin and am not gay. — Name and address withheld

The small lumps on your penis are really small sebaceous glands and are quite normal. Every male has them — some perhaps more prominently or abundantly than others. They form a ring around the corona or glans of the penis and usually do not give rise to any problems whatsoever.

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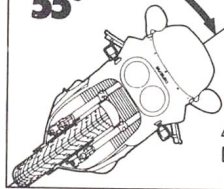
NEXT...

The next instalment of the *Penthouse* Guide To Human Sexuality will focus on contraception. Despite the great advances in modern medicine, the variety of contraceptive devices available to both men and women in the Eighties still presents major problems. In the next instalment we will discuss the current status of contraceptive measures such as The Pill, as well as looking at developments in surgical methods of contraception including vasectomy. We will also consider how various methods of contraception are likely to affect your sexuality in the long and short term.

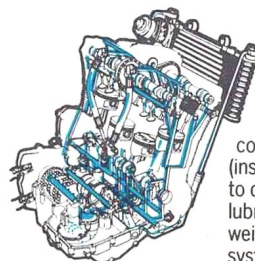
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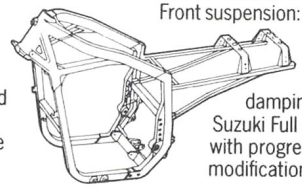


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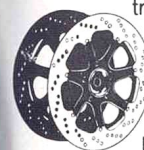
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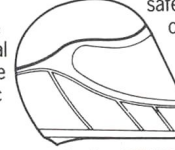
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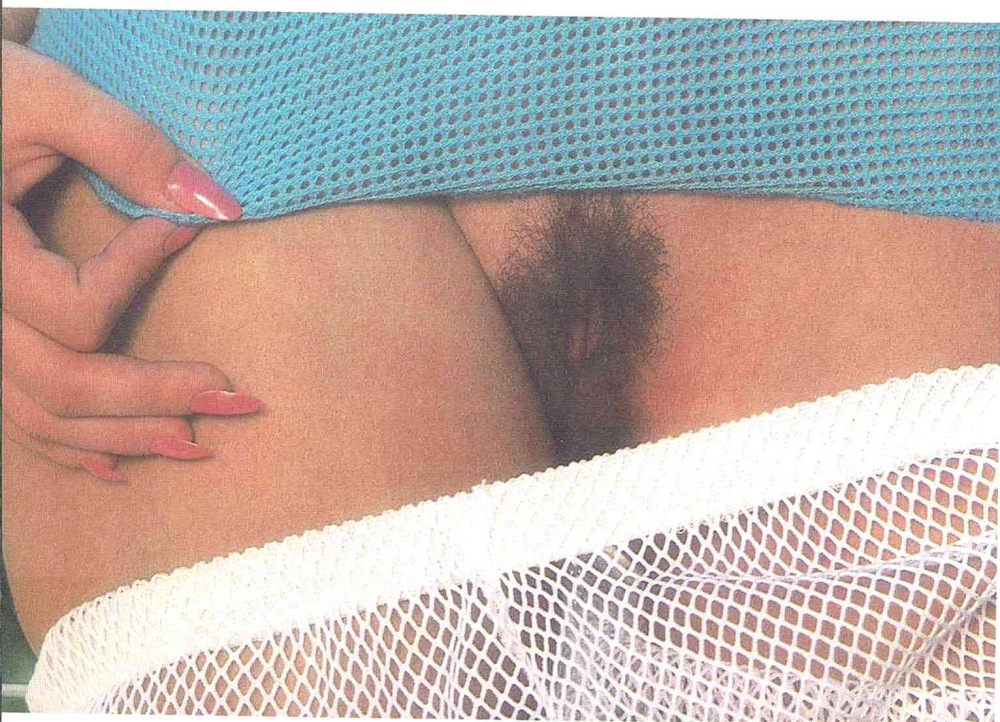
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THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT

Even as a teenager in school, starry-eyed Cornelia recalls that she was always fascinated by older men. Though she drew the line at her teachers ("Megalomania never turned me on..."), she could easily avert boredom with fantasy romps across her mind-field, having her pick of all the sexiest senior men.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS





In those days she longed for somebody to elevate her above the flighty adolescent passions of her peers. "I realised that since older men have been around longer, they know naturally how to better utilise their time."





"I need more time than most to feel comfortable with somebody, but that's not to say I don't have respect for the heat of the moment. Let's just say I like to see moments merge into hours. . ."

OT





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LOOSE ENDS



ALTERED STATES

The idea of floating naked in a sensory isolation tank to relax was first put to me by a trusted mate; he said he was so bored that he couldn't wait for the "meditative" music to tell him when to get out, the mystical heights of the experience limited to the question of whether or not he should have a wank to pass the time.

The intrigue of the idea was floated to me again when I watched *Altered States*. In that film the right combination of chemicals in the blood and the tank's effects transformed the tank-tester into a cosmically corny cross between *Greystoke* and *Alien*.

I had to try. Behind the Float To Relax arcade shopfront in Sydney's "double-pay" North Shore, I was led into a back room where I showered and shampooed before entering the tank. I floated for an hour.

"How was it?" Rodney Stoddart, the proprietor, gently asked me as I sat down for the customary cuppa and chinwag after the event.

"Er... how was what?" I replied, still drying my ears.

"The float."

"Oh yes, the float." The events — or rather, the glorious non-event — of the past fleeting hour drifted back to me, the passage of time lost. I could recall nothing in particular beyond the first 20 minutes or

so. I knew I hadn't been to sleep, but...

"How do you feel?" Rodney asked.

"Er... relaxed!" I realised. *It had worked*, dammit. I hadn't grown hair all over my back and I had taken my mind off my dick for more than half an hour! Somehow the body-temperature Epsom salt solution (amazingly buoyant), the dark and the quiet had lifted me out of my wonder-if-I-have-a-parking-ticket state of mind into a peaceful resting place. Something urged me to wax lyrical, but I knew I couldn't explain it.

Others have tried. They can give you a pamphlet listing eight theories of floating ("only eight??" I hear you ask), with

explanations ranging from the idea that floating increases the secretion of endorphins — natural opiates — in the brain, to the connection we make with our Ancient Selves, our primordial cousins whose natural element was salt water. This "tank-wank", as my mate called it, and proud boasts like: *Experience the Wonder of Your Inner Self Totally Effortlessly*, invariably invite scepticism, our Aussie defence mechanism against snowballing Californication. But after floating you realise it's simply not an issue. The trouble with talking about something like floating is that the novice is more likely to expect results when such expectations are one of the

inane daily hurdles that floating helps to dissipate for its beneficiaries. The very idea of "trying" to relax is a contradiction; you don't try to do anything.

Brain researcher John Lilly originated the idea about 30 years ago in his experiments with LSD. The business that sprang up after the 1972 publication of his book, *The Centre Of The Cyclone*, now sees commercial floating centres in more than 100 American cities. Rodney Stoddart heard about the idea and opened his centre two years ago. He now gets 130 to 160 visits a week from a diverse range of people, from the cosmically inclined to the high-powered executives who worry themselves, literally, sick. Forays into other states have been made since then.

Various courses are offered, including the use of videos and tape recordings, said to offer superlearning potential in the tank environment and specialising in anything from downhill skiing to the ever-durable "Gaining confidence with the opposite sex." Basic sessions average about \$20 an hour.

But above all, the floater can learn with a bit of practice that the idea is to simply *do it*, with the only object being not to do or expect *anything*... but relax. — Graeme Sims ■

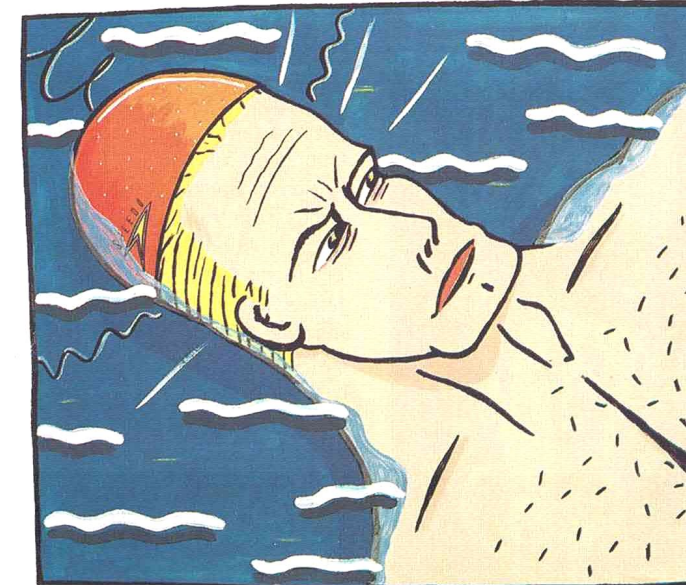


Illustration by Jim Mitchell

BEYOND SOCKS AND SLIPPERS

Father's Day comes but once a year, a day to be on the receiving end of pairs of socks and underpants, ties and slippers, pyjamas you'll never wear unless for some unfortunate reason you end up in hospital, and tools and implements to hint at jobs to be done around the house and garden. Unlike Christmas, Easter, Valentine's Day and Mother's Day, which started out as more than the commercial occasions they are today, Father's Day was a purely commercial creation, albeit one with a nice thought behind it. And it was created by men for men, no doubt in an effort to set aside at least one day of the year on which to be on the other end of the gift distribution process.

And that's the spirit of this competition. *Penthouse* wants to give you something for nothing, and that something doesn't contain anything that even remotely looks like socks, underpants or garden edgers. The first six readers whose entries are drawn out of the *Penthouse* Esky will receive a Father's Day package containing two bottles of Saxonvale wine, a gift collection of products from L'Homme comprising a Duo Pack of Eau de Toilette and After Shave Lotion, Perfumed Talc and L'Homme Soap, and a selection of items from the Ink Group, a leading Australian greeting card publisher.

The Saxonvale wine pack

includes a Cabernet Sauvignon Shiraz, a medal-winning drop described by winemaker Alasdair Sutherland as: "A medium-bodied wine showing balanced French and American oak characteristics which are both complex and integrated." A Limited Release White Burgundy completes the pack. This wine is an excellent example of a wooded Hunter Valley Semillon. Controlled fermentation in small American oak casks has increased the complexity and ensured a wine that will age and develop well. If you're into winespeak, this one has a "full and flavorsome palate, finishing with a soft, clean acidity."

L'Homme is an extremely popular male fragrance, said by its manufacturers to appeal to the active sportsman, but don't let that put you off. Created by the French fragrance and toiletries house Roger & Gallet, L'Homme's sporty freshness is derived from spearmint, juniper berries, sage and coriander. The L'Homme Duo Pack is valued at around \$36, the Perfumed Soap is \$8.50 and the L'Homme Perfumed Talc is \$12.50. The Ink Group range of greeting cards and gifts is available nationally at leading department stores, stationers, newsagents and gift shops.

Send entries to Loose Ends Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. Get 'em in quick — entries close Friday, August 30. No proof of fatherhood required. ■

LOOSE

TOTALLY TASTELESS TRIVIA

There still seems not a prick in sight to burst the trivia balloon that has been inflating at an alarming rate since two beer-swilling Canadians first conceived the game Trivial Pursuit. Scores of trivia games and books continue to flood on to the market to be lapped up by all those whose creed is: "It's not who you know but what you know about the mating habits of speckled ferrets and the color of Sandra Dee's nail polish in *Gidget Goes To Rome*."

For diehard spermologists (trivia collectors), keeping up with this tidal wave of new and more obscure useless information is surely a time and money consuming process. And for those who've thought all along that this trivia lark was for the birds, the continued deluge of drivel must be making them damn near sick. So, for both groups, here's a couple of trivia quizzes gleaned from currently available trivia merchandise. For the fans, they're a free sample of the goods, and for the detractors the questions should be just the ticket to push them beyond the boundaries of biliousness.

The first quiz is taken from the pages of *Totally Tasteless Trivia*, a tawdry little tome by American Ira Wasp, published by Pocket Books. The second comes from Vices, a trivia card set from Axlon Games that sells for around \$30 in book and games stores. You'll find the answers on page 150.

TOTALLY TASTELESS TRIVIA

1. What common medical condition can be caused by analingus?
2. What problem did Lord Laurence Olivier have that he said led to difficulties in his marriage with actress Vivien Leigh?

3. Which American president posed nude as an artist's model?
4. Under the laws of Zoroastrianism, the ancient religion of Iran, a man was sentenced to 2000 lashes and made to perform a long series of public works, including the killing of 3000 snakes, for what offence?
5. How long can a tapeworm live in a person's intestines?
6. What proportion of British women are lesbians?
7. What singing idol died while sitting on the toilet?
8. What body part is named after the Greek god of marriage?
9. What invention by the Turks was introduced in Europe in the 1700s to facilitate urination, fornication and rape?
10. Orange peels, alfalfa and clay are among the materials used to produce different brands of what common household product?

- VICES
1. What did a Maori protester do to Princess Diana and Prince Charles in New Zealand in 1983?
 2. What post-punk band lost two members to drug overdoses in 1982?
 3. What American actress said that cocaine wasn't habit-forming because she'd been using it for years?
 4. Who was a "bugger for the bottle" according to Monty Python's "Philosophers' Song"?
 5. According to John Lennon, who introduced the Beatles to marijuana?
 6. Who established a prize for great accomplishments so he wouldn't be known as a merchant of death?
 7. According to the *Book Of Sex Lists*, in what two favorite locations do women masturbate?
 8. What British-born silent screen star's first two marriages were to 16-year-old girls?
 9. How many eggs did Cool Hand Luke attempt to eat in one sitting?
 10. What does a klismaphiliac take for pleasure? ■



The shortest man in the motorcycle section of the inaugural Wynn's Safari off-road blast from Sydney to Darwin knows what it's all about to be stuck in the saddle, horizon-splitting every day for a week.

Belgian Gaston Rahier, a man with immense tenacity, has conquered the world's longest, most masochistic motorised endurance event — the 14,000km Paris to Dakar — for

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

the past two years and is almost certainly heading Down Under for the trans-continental rip connecting the Harbor City with the most northerly capital. From start to finish, Rahier and 74 motorcycle and 200 four-wheeled entrants face some of the most daunting terrain Australia has to offer — in daily slabs of 750kms.

For the bike riders, the job of traversing the Simpson Desert and vast horror stretches of some of the worst roads in three states is both mind and strength-numbing, as well as being highly dangerous. The very nature of the terrain will test a rider's endurance, skill and clear-headedness to the

MATTERS SEXUAL

Madonna, flavor of the month in the rock world, and now movie star to boot, has been anything but tight-lipped with interviewers who have clamored for audiences with her. The sexily shop-soiled blonde who performs her hit "Like A Virgin" clad in a belly button-revealing bridal gown recently discussed her aversion for men who hadn't gone all the way: "I wouldn't like to sleep with a guy who was a virgin," she confided. "I'd have to teach him stuff, and I don't have the patience." In another article she confesses what really does turn her on — crucifixes. "They're really sexy because there's a naked man on them. If I wasn't doing what I'm doing, I'd become a nun." ... *Playgirl* magazine, a US publication featuring naked beefcake pictorials, recently ran an article advising its readers on taking revenge on ex-boyfriends. Tricks of note included: "a. Cut all threads but one on all buttons of estranged lover's shirts. b. Tell gossipy friends that your lover is still hot for you, thus dampening the ardor of any new flame in his life. c. Telephone a donation of at least \$5000 to an old-time religion

show in your ex-lover's name." Criticism of men's magazines seems to pale in comparison. Canadian meatcutter Harry Bouhwuis has designed a pair of ladies' stainless steel chain-link panties in a bid to protect women from rapists. A Massachusetts company is planning to manufacture the panties in a range of sizes and sell them for \$179 a pair. The inventor advises the women to wear the one-kilogram panties whenever they go out, leaving the padlock key at home to prevent the victim from being forced to unlock her drawers. ... Witnessing natural childbirth can make men impotent, according to psychologist Sam Janus, clinical professor of psychiatry at New York Medical College. "There is a great deal of pressure on today's woman to give birth naturally, without painkilling drugs," says Janus. "And the husband is expected to coach her through the delivery." But watching the birth can traumatise the husband, Janus claims, citing three major reasons: his wife may appear "extremely unattractive" to him during childbirth; the sight of all the blood may "freak him out"; and sometimes the

limit. First into Darwin wins and that means the bikes will need to be on the gas from the August 24 flag off from Sydney Showground, with barely a few kilometres of sedate riding to clear city limits.

The undoubted star performers in the line-up are BMW-riding Rahier and possibly the works four-wheel-drive Porsches, both adversaries in the Paris to Dakar. Although the bike wins every year, it's not in direct competition with the cars.

The 37-year-old Belgian has been to Australia only once — on a virtual promotional junket during the time he was thrashing his way to successive 125cc motocross world championships in 1975-77 for Suzuki. His transition from ex-world champion to the leader of the pack storming east to west across the Sahara has been surprising and upsetting to the imperious French, who thought they had a mortgage on the event — until their little

neighbor made up his mind to scuttle them.

Gastonette — meaning Baby Gaston — is the derisive Gallic label given to the man who upstaged Parisian hero Hubert Auriol. Auriol was lead rider for BMW and 1981 and 1983 Paris to Dakar winner; that was before he huffed off to Italy's Cagiva when he learned Le Bebe's pay packet with sponsors' bonuses for 1984 amounted to \$120,000 — considerably more francs than he collects.

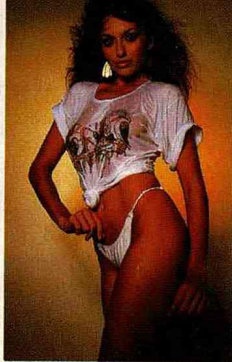
But no-one could justly deny the little bloke for what latter-day rewards have come his way. In 1982 one of Gaston's wrists was almost completely severed. The hand was only saved after being sewn back on and surgically linked to his abdomen for several weeks, in order to maintain blood supply. It's that sort of right stuff that lurks beneath his diminutive, muscular exterior. — Noel Christensen ■



husband feels guilty for causing his wife so much pain. "The guilt-ridden husband doesn't want to hurt his wife by impregnating her again," Janus says, "and unpleasant memories of the birth persist — all of which can cause impotence that can last for months and even years. Marriages have terminated as a result." Janus documented more than 400 cases of men who witnessed natural childbirth and says that nearly 30 percent of the men developed postbirth impotence with their wives as a result. ... Feminism and horror films have not been bed partners before but all that

could change with the release of *The Bride*, a \$13 million remake of *The Bride Of Frankenstein* starring Sting and *Flashdance* star Jennifer Beals. Ms Beals, as the bride in question, turns on her creator and in a climactic scene hands Dr Frankenstein his balls on a plate. Says Beals: "I didn't want her to betray her own sex. Even though it's about a woman who's created in a laboratory by a man, in the end she succeeds in separating herself from him with her newly acquired intelligence." It's enough to make Frankie wish he'd never gone to Hollywood. ■





THE WETTER THE BETTER

Wet T-shirt time is fast approaching up around Cairns and prospective contestants are no doubt flexing their pectorals in anticipation. Each year T-shirt makers Gumtree Corner stage their National Gold T-Shirt competition including that old crowd-pleaser the wet T-shirt

event. In the past, beach girls have flocked to join the ranks of the damp damsels and the competition is always stiff. That's last year's winner Marie Cantarella pictured.

The competition will be staged on the night of October 5 at the Kewarra Beach Resort north of Cairns. The winner will receive a week's accommodation for two at the resort and a \$5000 *Penthouse* centrefold modelling contract if she so chooses. The runner up wins a modelling contract as Miss Gumtree Corner. Enquiries about the competition and details of entry will be answered by phoning Gumtree Corner T-Shirt Headquarters on (07) 535764. ■

beard, using light, gentle strokes. Try to use as few strokes as possible. Start with the cheeks, sideburns and neck. The whiskers on your lips and chin are the toughest and require the most water softening.

- The best shave is achieved when the angle between the blade and the skin is around 26 degrees. Modern pivoting head razors are designed to automatically maintain this optimum angle. Some people still swear by the old-fashioned "cut-throat" razor, but any advantage in the quality of the shave is more than outweighed by the inconvenience and hazards involved in using one.

- Rinse your blades often in hot water. A clogged blade does a lousy job. Also, always rinse your razor in very hot water before putting it away to reduce corrosion. But never wipe it dry, as this only dulls the blade.

- For a really close shave, go over the entire area again, shaving this time against the grain. You needn't pull your skin taut before the blade; lifting and turning your head should achieve the necessary stretching.

- Rinse your face by splashing with warm water; splash again with an astringent or aftershave if you use it and dry your face. If your skin is dry, a moisturising balm could be used now if you wish.

- Your beard pattern is as unique as your fingerprints and no-one can say how long a blade should last. Some beards can blunt a blade in one or two shaves; others may take 30 or more. Always take care of your razor and change blades as soon as you feel it pull or scrape, even if you're in the middle of a shave. That way, even if your technique may not be perfect, at least it won't be bloody awful. ■

THE RAZOR'S EDGE

natural skin secretions which form an oil film over your beard, hampering saturation.

- If you prefer to shave at the hand basin after your shower, apply an aerosol cream or shaving soap to your wet skin. The water softening process reverses very quickly as the moisture evaporates, leaving the hair in its original hard state. An aerosol cream or shaving soap provides a blanket to retain the absorbed water in the beard and also a lubricant which helps reduce friction between the blade and the skin. If your skin is oily, a shave soap and brush is recommended. If it's normal to oily, use lather shave cream and a brush. If your skin is normal to dry or soap-sensitive, brushless shave creams or aerosols are the go.

- Shave with the grain of the

Whether or not you look like the chairman of the Norman Gunston Appreciation Society after every shave, hints on how to give yourself the perfect shave and get the most out of your razor blades never go astray. Very few men are ever "taught" how to shave; there just comes a time when the stuff starts sprouting and you start scraping it off, right? Consequently a lot of men end up giving themselves a lifetime of bad shaves, when they could, by following a few simple steps, achieve optimum results in the daily battle with the beard. The gay blades at Gillette recommend the following regimen.

- Wetter is better. Shave during or after showering, not before. Dry hair is extremely damaging to the cutting action of the blade and you should soak your face for at least two minutes under a hot shower to fully saturate and soften growth sufficiently for comfortable shaving. Also wash your face with mild soap to remove

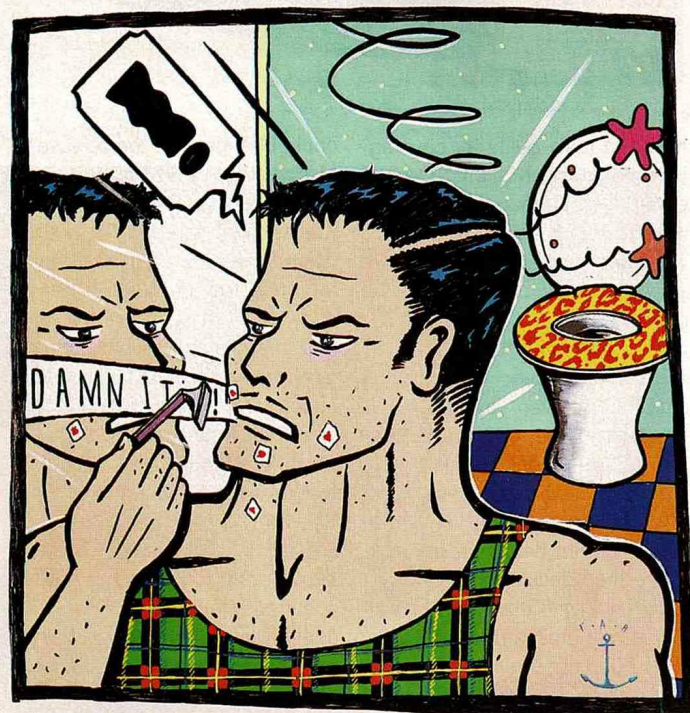


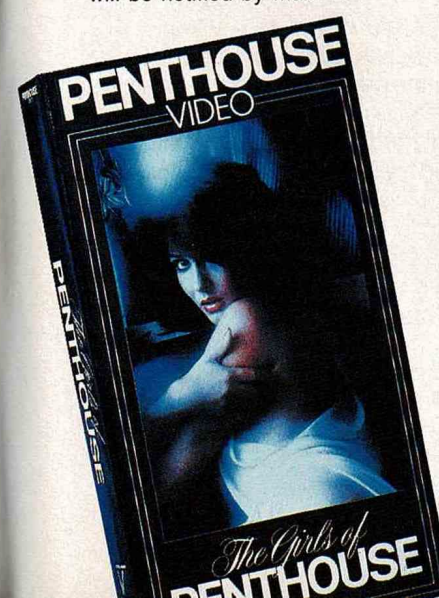
Illustration by Jim Mitchell



WIN A PENTHOUSE VIDEO

Penthouse has been dabbling in the world of video — and the results are mindblowing. *The Girls Of Penthouse*, out now on Vestron Video, is an hour-long excursion into the best of erotic home entertainment. It carries an R-rating to conform with Australian censorship laws, but it's slicker, sassier, hotter and more beautifully produced than anything else you're likely to find in the R section of your local video outlet.

We've got six copies of the video to give away to readers who can tell us in 25 words or less why they would like to have their own copy of *The Girls Of Penthouse*. Send your entries, including your home address, to *Penthouse* Video Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. Winners will be notified by mail. ■



SEX FUNK RULES, O.K!

Vicky O'Keefe is nothing if not irrepressible, and since she's discovered sex funk there's been no holding her down.

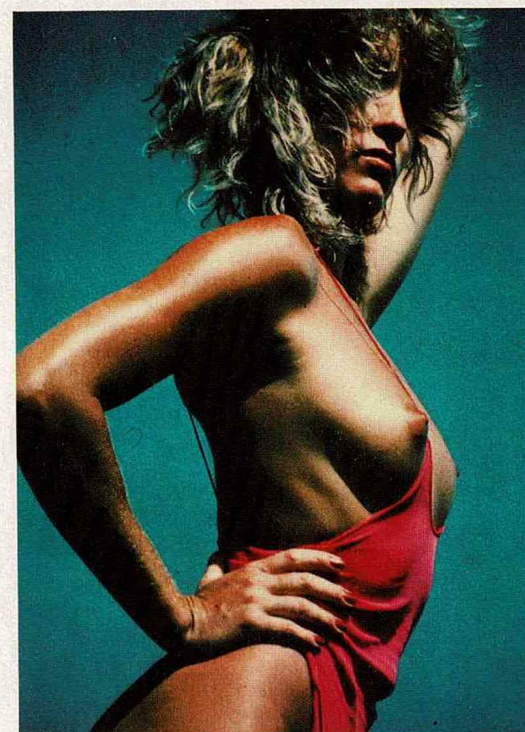
And why not? The last three years have been tough enough. There's been life on the road to contend with, a failed follow-up single after a promising debut, and a dropped record contract. None of this has done much to curb her vivacious and sometimes brash confidence: "What's happened doesn't really worry me... that's just the industry. And anyway, who else is there, at the moment, doing what I want to do in Australia?"

Until just recently, Vicky was working with her own band, Vokrok, doing the standard slog-around-Australia number that counts as "paying your dues" in the rock industry. There have been appearances on TEN's *Starsearch* program and a national support tour with that other leather-bound lady of rock, Suzi Quatro.

"Hard work but fun" is how she describes that tour. But it was work that paid off when it brought her to the attention of Quatro's Australian promoter. Negotiations have since commenced overseas for a possible "export" deal with Vicky O'Keefe as the marketable commodity.

Now, with Vokrok off the road to write new material, Vicky is moving in a new direction... toward the kind of sex funk that's best exemplified by names like Vanity, Prince and Madonna. To fill in time while not performing live, she's been doing session work as well as appearing as guest presenter for both the Mo Awards and the Tenth Countdown Music and Video Awards. And the idea of even more public exposure is exactly to Vicky's liking...

Time will tell if the new Vicky O'Keefe is the one the public wants. She's sassy enough to tell them where to put it if they don't. In any case, this uninhibited and outrageous Ms O'Keefe is exactly what her illustrious dad would have wanted. Australia's original Wild One may be about to be outdone. — Eloise McAnulty ■



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

The wild and wonderful women of Darwin are well represented here by Julie Logue, the subject of this month's winning Polaroid Photo Competition entry. Wayne Miles of Stuart Park captured the sexy savage on Polaroid film and wins himself a prize from Polaroid for his effort. He chooses between the Polaroid SLR 680 camera, or the revolutionary AutoProcess kit that allows the photographer to process his own transparencies in minutes.

If you reckon you've got what it takes to win yourself a prize send us one or more revealing snaps taken on any film and you're a candidate. Your model may also be in the running to be considered as a *Penthouse* Pet if she so wishes. Send your entries to *Penthouse* attaching the completed coupon below.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject).....of..... am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over:

Signature of subject: _____ Date: _____

Signature of witness: _____ Date: _____



Adelaide's Virginia Kelly

COMING IN OCTOBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Snow Jobs — Bolivia's cocaine kitchens are the starting point for the drug's long journey, a trail which ends in the sinuses of the rich and famous. Photographer Jeff Rotman is one of the few outsiders who have been allowed in (and out!) of these crude factories. Don't miss his sensational photo-essay.

The Church — Australians in London have a long-standing joke about the way they spend their Sunday mornings. They call it "going to Church." The novice soon finds that this gathering has nothing to do with conventional religious service. Join the throng for the sort of outrageous communion which only a homesick Australian could swallow.

Battle Stations — If the fight for television ratings is war, then the crews which man the Australian news services, helicopters are the front-line campaigners. This dramatic pictorial feature shows how they regularly put their lives on the line to bring the news first.

The Investigator — Journalist David Hickie's best-selling revelations about the origins of organised crime in NSW, *The Prince And The Premier*, were the result of years of painstaking and sometimes risky research. This fascinating story reveals the machinations which are inevitable for the man who fancies himself as a modern-day Sherlock Holmes.

Pet Of The Month — Spend a day with South Australian student Virginia Kelly as she goes from the kitchen to the campus before getting down to some serious homework. We guarantee you'll give full marks to this stunning pictorial study.

BARS

Continued from page 38

in helping Thai prisoners to break the heroin cycle and regain self-esteem were seen as the major reason for the Royal clemency. Burgess left behind an enterprise that now produces 20,000 dolls each year, all made by the prisoners for the local wholesale market.

Such cases are very much the exception rather than the rule. Most of the Australians imprisoned overseas have pinned all their hopes on Australia's proposed prisoner transfer program. For people like Warren Fellows and Kay Ayers in Thailand, and David Ireland, Robert Symes and Robert Pavone in Malaysia, the exchange program is their last hope of being reunited with their families within the next decade. (Both Ireland and Symes are serving life sentences for offences which may have got them a maximum of 18 months had they been convicted in Australia.)

The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Bill Hayden, discussed the idea with Thai authorities in mid-1984. However, any agreement will take years to finalise and there seems little hope that the 17 Australians already serving sentences in Thai jails and the nine awaiting trial will be repatriated in the near future.

A major factor hampering the exchange scheme is the fact that in Australia, prisons are the responsibility of the states. At least two states have indicated a reluctance to join any bilateral agreement, reasoning that any tourist who breaches the law in Australia should do their time here unless the penalty is less than one year. This rather futile attempt to cling to states' rights will ensure that Australian prisoners overseas, serving a variety of different sentences for the same crime, will continue to have their rights abrogated.

Political apathy and the presumption of guilt are also contributing factors. According to Michael Barrett, "The government makes promises and you get your hopes up, and nothing ever happens. They just don't seem to be interested."

And as to the treatment of Australians in overseas jails, there's the problem of upsetting delicate diplomatic relations. According to Senator Missen, "There is a tendency for the government to say that if we ask too many questions it damages relations and I think there is a tendency to excuse themselves from asking such questions... but the fact is that if you have people from the embassy making enquiries like: 'Where is the prisoner? Can we see him?', then there is some assurance that he mightn't be tortured or treated too badly."

In the ticklish trade-off between the rights of Australians in foreign jails and the need to preserve diplomatic relations, the prisoners have been and will no doubt continue to be the big losers. 

It could be your lucky night



If you're looking for something different in the way of entertainment, an evening at the Empress Club is certainly a novel way to spend it.

The Empress Club, possibly the most luxurious and best run club in Sydney, where you can relax and enjoy a quiet game of cards without breaking the law. While Casinos are operating legally in other states, only some games of chance can be played without breaking the law in New South Wales.

But what a far cry from just a few years ago; there are no steel doors or threateningly large gentlemen to keep the peace.

A coffee lounge and an a la carte night restaurant overlooks the everchanging night life of the Cross, where you can enjoy a sandwich or a steak. The clientele come from all walks of life, and all are equally intent on the fall of the cards. Attractive waitresses move quietly between bar and tables, serving complimentary drinks. The plush furnishings and carpets and the murmur of dealers calling the cards, all create an atmosphere in which to relax and enjoy. But why not see for yourself? It could be your lucky night!

66
THE EMPRESS CLUB

The Empress Club open 5 pm—6am 7 days a week at 66 Darlinghurst Road, Kings Cross.



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